SEP 2 4 '57

The Saturday Evening
POST
September 28, 1957 – 15¢

America's Strangest Religion

I CALL ON TENNESSEE ERNIE
By PETE MARTIN

The Headaches of Notre Dame

LIBR BALDWIN
WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA OHIO
10-58

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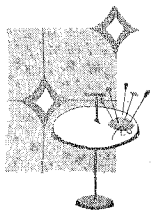
Floor is Armstrong Cork Tile, Style 410 in Mocha Tan.

it took a bit of brass . . . and a cork tile floor



Armstrong Cork Tile is just right for a bedroom floor. It has rich, natural color and texture. It looks so luxuriously warm and comfortable and *feels* that way — even to bare feet. Cork Tile is wonderfully easy to keep clean, too. A whisk of the mop and every speck of dust and lint is gone from its beautiful, smooth surface. In this distinctive bedroom, the Armstrong Cork Tile floor furnishes a handsome background for lace, brass, and velvet. As an added touch of elegance, hollow diamonds of brass with centers of gleaming white vinyl are set right into the floor — one of today's most dramatic new decorating ideas. For your really important rooms, there's delightful luxury at surprisingly reasonable cost waiting for you — when you have modern, fashionable floors of Armstrong Cork Tile.

SEND 25¢ FOR NEW BOOK, "SUCCESSFUL DECORATING," 32 color pages full of ideas and color schemes for every room. Description of this distinctive bedroom, with complete list of furnishings, is also available, free of charge. Write Armstrong Cork Company, 5709 Madison Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Armstrong

THE MODERN FASHION IN

FLOORS

LINOLEUM • INLAID VINYL CORLON® • EXCELON® VINYL-ASBESTOS TILE • CUSTOM CORLON PLASTIC TILE • RUBBER TILE • CORK TILE • ASPHALT TILE • LINOTILE®

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This Is Your Wife

How the telephone helps her to be five busy people

This is the pretty girl you married.

She's the family chef. And the nurse. And the chauffeur and maid.

And when she's all dressed up for an evening out—doesn't she look just wonderful!

How does she do it?

Of course she's smart and it keeps her busy, but she never could manage it without the telephone.

When the "chef" needs groceries, she telephones. Supplies from the drugstore? The "nurse" phones her order.

A train to be met? The telephone tells the "chauffeur" which one. A beauty shop appointment? A call from the "glamour girl" makes it easily and quickly.

Handy, ever-ready telephones—in living room, bedroom, kitchen and hobby room—mean more comfort, convenience and security for everybody.

Working together to bring people together . . . **BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

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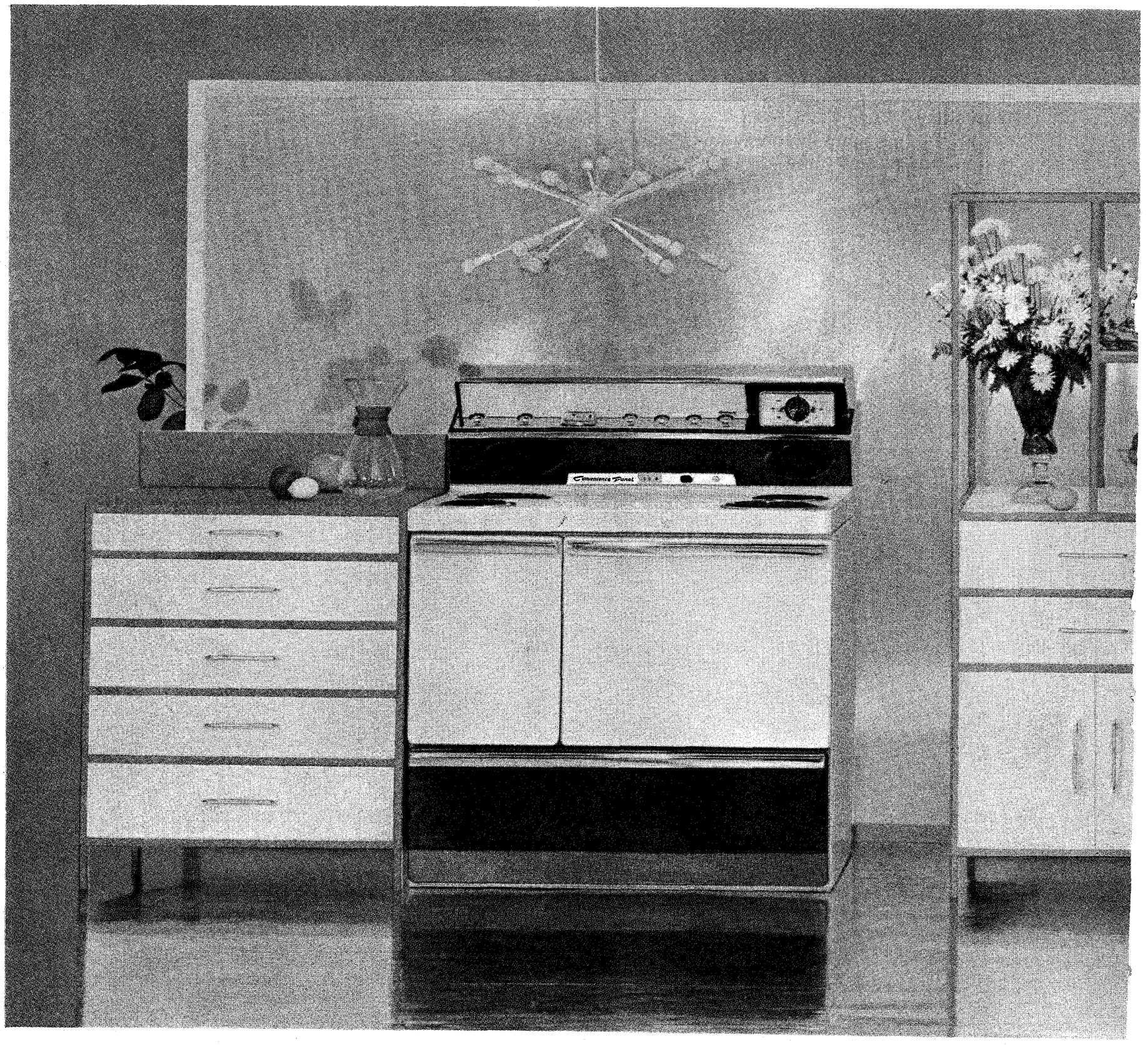
New for 1958 from Westinghouse...

THE SHAPE >



NEW 1958 WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC RANGE (*Left*) with two Miracle Ovens that bake perfectly . . . exclusive Plug-Out surface and oven heaters that lift out completely for easiest cleaning.

NEW 1958 COLD INJECTOR WESTINGHOUSE (*Center*) chills foods and drinks faster than any other refrigerator . . . no refrigerator stores better, looks better, serves you as well. Watch for tests that prove it!

NEW 1958 WESTINGHOUSE SPACE-MATES (*Right*) a complete laundry in only 25 inches.

Laundromat® automatic washer (*at bottom*) with Revolving Agitator that washes cleaner, rinses better, cleans itself. Two-Cycle Fabric Master Dial marked for fine and regular fabrics.

Westinghouse electric dryer (*on top*) with patented direct air flow system dries faster, thriftier. Auto-Dry Dial shuts Dryer off when clothes are dry.

It's here! A whole new idea in styling! Now, with these beaut new Westinghouse "Shape of Tomorrow" appliances, you achieve the "built-in" look without the expense of actually buil in. Put them in your home—and suddenly you're living in future! They're clean, fresh, uncluttered! The smooth-flowing tour of their square design blends in perfectly beside your pre cabinets, fits in beautifully under existing shelves . . . yet avoids harsh, sharp-cornered look of many appliances being offered to

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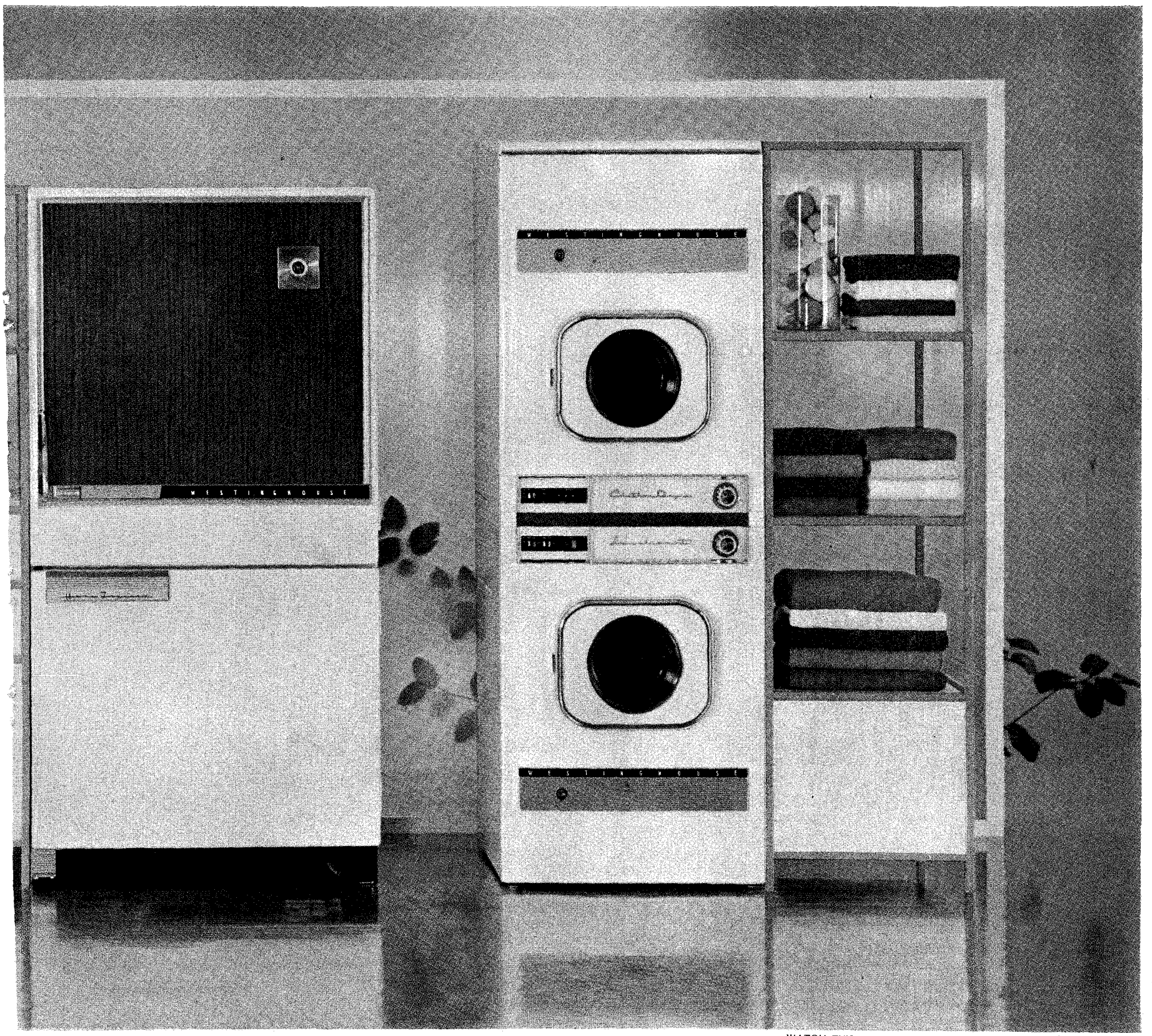
OF TOMORROW

The Built-in-Look without the built-in-cost!



WATCH TV'S TOP DRAMATIC SHOW, STUDIO ONE, EACH WEEK

nd you'll find the "Shape of Tomorrow" *inside* these Westinghouse ranges, refrigerators, and home laundries, o! They bring you more convenience and work-saving atures than you dared dream about. Even if you're not con-dering an immediate purchase, see your Westinghouse Dealer id start planning for the future. The beautiful new "Shape of omorrow" is available *in all* Westinghouse models, in all sizes, id in all price lines. You'll find them on his showroom floor now!

You can be sure... if it's

WESTINGHOUSE

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC CORPORATION, MAJOR APPLIANCE DIVISION, MANSFIELD, OHIO

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Editorials

We Have a Loyal Ally in the Orient—the Philippines

By BRUNO SHAW

When I was in Korea the summer before last, United States Ambassador William S. B. Lacy gave me an interesting sidelight on the Philippines election which, while he was counselor to the embassy in Manila, had put the late Ramon Magsaysay into the presidency.

Magsaysay, during his campaign, came often to Bill Lacy's home. His opposition decided to make political hay out of it. They denounced Magsaysay as an "American puppet."

Lacy warned Magsaysay to keep away, for his own sake. He laughed. "You don't understand how the Filipino people feel about the United States," he said. "I'm going to make my friendship with the United States my main campaign slogan."

A few weeks later, when I breakfasted with President Magsaysay at Malacañan, the Philippine White House, he confirmed the story. "Regardless of what the politicians here say in an election campaign," he cautioned me, "don't let anyone tell you that the Filipino people don't know who their real friends are."

When Magsaysay met sudden death in an airplane accident several months ago, Carlos P. Garcia, the vice president, succeeded to his office. Since our only dependable allies in an otherwise dubiously friendly or outrightly hostile Far East are the Philippines, Free China on Formosa, and South Korea, a letter from President Garcia brings happy and welcome assurances. With his permission, I quote from it here:

"President Magsaysay was not only the best friend of democracy in Asia but he did everything in his lifetime to fight its foremost enemy—Communism—on every front.

"It is my sincere hope that you will continue to be generous with your abiding interest in this country. On my part, I see no reason why I should depart from the policies of my illustrious predecessor in so far as the cordial relations of my country with the free world are concerned. Those relations being based on mutual respect and understanding and a kinship of lofty ideals, there is certainly nothing more to be desired."

In another letter President Garcia amplified his sentiments on the subject of Communism. "The policy I would like to emphasize," he wrote me, "is not merely a question of choosing to oppose something of which we disapprove; nor is it a question of taking sides in a matter of dispute between two other principals. It is a matter of self-defense, a matter of acting to contain and repel an aggressive, malignant force. Active participation in the struggle against Communism is imposed upon us by the nature of its conspiratorial methods . . . neutralism is denied to us by the mere fact that we, as a non-Communist area, are a target of hostile Communist intentions.

"Our democratic principles are worthy of defense, and will be defended to the utmost. Let those who entertain any doubt as to our intentions so realize."

A "Right to Work" Law Might Help Rid Unions of Goons

Senator McClellan's investigation has shown the country how heavily labor racketeers depend on the union, or closed shop. Hoodlums could buy charters for phony locals as easily as a court favorite in the eighteenth century could purchase the privilege of taxing a township on profitable terms.

Charter in hand, the "labor leader" can approach a timid or venal employer and force the signature of a "sweetheart contract." Thereafter, the employees must either join the union or be fired. Initiation fees and monthly dues become payroll deductions—money which the workers never see.

In the case of gangster-controlled union locals, this becomes a matter of sensational scandal. But is the position of the individual worker much different in the immense industrial unions which are able to impose unionism as a condition of employment? Typically, at the time of hiring, he is told that he must join the union if he wants to work. It is merely a matter of authorizing the payment of part of his pay to an unseen group who claim to be looking out for his interests.

Attendance at union meetings is neither required nor usually encouraged, any more than a ward politician likes heavy turnouts at the polls in a routine primary. It is not uncommon for factory locals with a membership of 3000 to hold business meetings with not more than fifty persons present.

This is not a healthy situation, either for the country or for the cause of unionism. Responsible union members, brought up to regard their cause as almost a religious movement, feel uneasy about a situation which amounts to the exploitation of labor. On one job last summer unions were exacting fifty-dollar initiation fees and three to five dollars a month dues from students who could work only two months as a means of helping to pay their own way through college. Fellow workmen were indignant, but it did them no good.

Eighteen states, in conformity with provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act, have passed right-to-work laws which forbid compulsory unionism. Needless to say, this is denounced as union-busting, rather than hailed with approval as a defense of individual rights. The New York State President of the C.I.O. found something sinister in the fact that Senators McClellan (Ark.), Mundt (S. Dak.), Goldwater (Ariz.) and Ervin (N.C.) come from states with right-to-work laws.

Yet it is clear that compulsory unionism leads directly to evils which labor's high command, no matter how well-intentioned, cannot control.

Some kind of congressional action, failing action by all the states, is plainly necessary to redress the balance of power between the country and the unions. If, however, the right-to-work laws are left within the jurisdiction of the states, there still remains the possibility of regulating union activities. If, as labor leaders contend, the unions are important public utilities, there seems no good reason why their monopoly should not come under the same kind of strict supervision as other utilities work under.

Those Foreign-Aid Dollars Will Have to be Stretched Out

After much talk about budgetary cuts, Congress has cut the foreign-aid program fairly deep. Now it's up to the administrators to make a dollar do a maximum job. Eric A. Johnston, chairman of the International Development Advisory Board, feels the past decade has "established clear criteria of success" in the administration of foreign aid.

Nevertheless, there are areas where our foreign-aid money has not accomplished its task. This has been due to two factors. First, there is the attitude of some countries receiving aid. They lay down rules detrimental to investment by private United States firms as well as to international government aid.

Then there is the almost universal attitude that projects must be big, brassy and expensive. Perhaps the words spoken recently by a New Zealand representative in the United Nations may keep some foreign aiders on the right track. In the midst of the U.N. debate on the dubious international-aid program, SUNFED (Special United Nations Fund for Economic Development), New Zealand's N.V. Lough observed that "the assumption is often made that high living standards cannot be reached in any country until a high degree of industrial development has been achieved." However, Lough quoted figures which purported to show that New Zealand had a higher average income than any other country. And yet, because it is agricultural rather than industrial, some U.N. bureaucrats consider New Zealand "underdeveloped."

What is New Zealand's secret of success without foreign aid? The answer is simple: the country has made the best use of its own agriculture resources. Mr. Lough also said that countries which put up the money to support "underdeveloped" nations have a right to be sure that "the governments receiving their contributions will not nullify their effectiveness by actions which destroy confidence and set back progress toward the lifting of living standards and the elimination of poverty."

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Your home is truly modern only when it has TWINDOW

This twin-glass windowpane keeps rooms warmer in winter, cooler in summer. It reduces heating and cooling costs...minimizes cold air downdrafts... eliminates the need for storm windows.

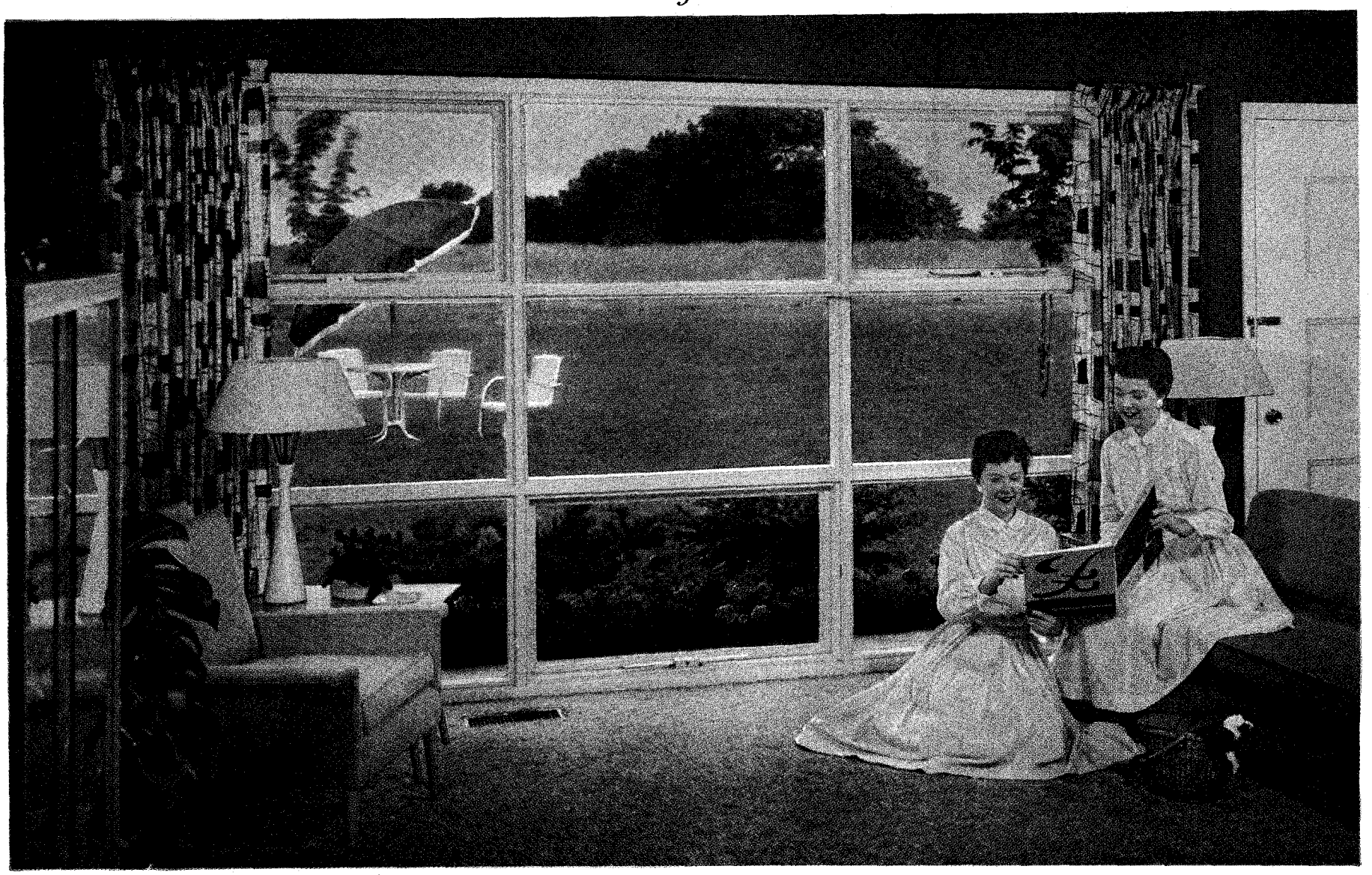
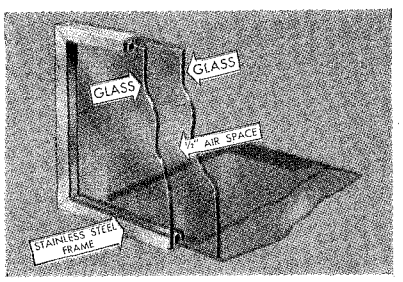
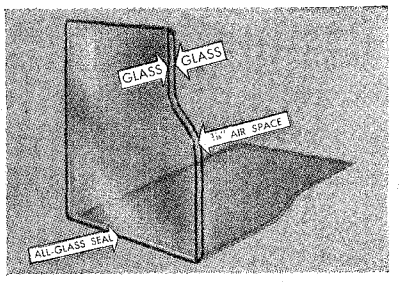


Photo Courtesy Pease Homes, Hamilton, Ohio

TWO TYPES OF TWINDOW®



METAL EDGE. These units are designed for larger window areas and where maximum insulation is needed. They are constructed of two panes of ¼" clear-vision Plate Glass, with a ½" sealed air space between them. The exclusive stainless steel frame protects the glass against chipping and creates exceptionally strong units.



GLASS EDGE. These windowpanes are ideal for modern window wall construction. They are made up of two panes of ⅛" PENNVERNON® — the quality window glass—with a 3/16" air space between them. These units have high insulating value and they are available in popular sizes for a variety of window styles.

No HOME is truly modern unless it utilizes the most advanced materials and techniques for greater comfort and convenience—products like TWINDOW, Pittsburgh's twin-glass windowpane that has insulation built in.

Because of its amazing insulating properties, TWINDOW keeps your home more comfortable winter and summer. You can enjoy nature's ever-changing landscape, through a "wall of glass," from the comfort of your easy chair. TWINDOW helps to reduce heating and air-conditioning costs, too. Window fogging and icing are practically eliminated. Cold air downdrafts, the cause of many winter colds and other illnesses, are substantially reduced. What's more you are spared the labor and bother of putting up storm windows in the fall and taking them down in the spring, for TWINDOW is storm sash in *permanent* form.

When buying, building or renovating your home, make sure you have TWINDOW in every room. Consult your architect or builder for detailed information. And for our full-color, descriptive booklet on TWINDOW, why not fill in and return the convenient coupon?

TWINDOW

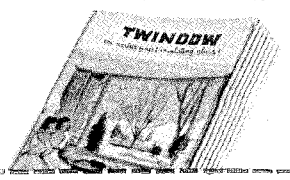
the world's finest insulating glass!

PAINTS · GLASS · CHEMICALS · BRUSHES · PLASTICS · FIBER GLASS

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS COMPANY

IN CANADA: CANADIAN PITTSBURGH INDUSTRIES LIMITED

FREE BOOK. Illustrated in full color, this valuable brochure should be in the hands of every homemaker interested in creating a *truly modern* home with TWINDOW.



PLEASE PRINT

Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
Room 7360, 632 Fort Duquesne Blvd., Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

Without obligation on my part, please send me your free book on TWINDOW . . . the world's finest insulating glass.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... Zone.... State.....

If you live in California, Oregon or Washington, send to W. P. Fuller & Co., Room 941, 301 Mission St., San Francisco 19, Calif.

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A public service advertisement published in the interests of the American automobile owner

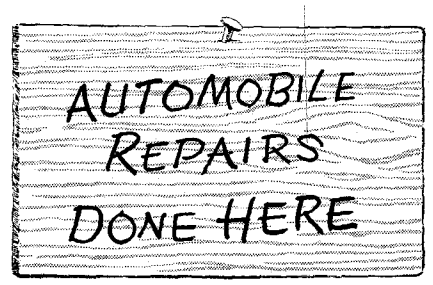
Today's automotive service: *are you sold too much of it?*

a candid statement on the car owner's problems, and industry goals, in a complex world on wheels.

When the first man in town to own an Auto stalled it on Main Street, and looked wildly about for assistance, the first glimmering concept of automotive service was born.

Chances are this muttering motorist, his gasbuggy pushed by a few town loafers, or pulled by a horse that was handy, made tracks for livery stable or blacksmith shop. Here, with the aid of the manufacturer's handbook, a ballpeen hammer, and reckless courage, repairs were somehow made.

And the smith or the hostler, in his moment of triumph, proudly hung out a new sign. Hastily scrawled on a white-pine shingle, it read simply: "Automobile Repairs Done Here."



Ever since that time, automobile servicing and repair, in all its facets from pumping gas to grinding valves, has loomed large in the consciousness of Americans on the go. Until today, the motorist sometimes feels so bewildered by the technical complexities under the hood of his car, he tends to be darkly suspicious of a serviceman's every suggestion as a plot to relieve him of hard-earned money.

The plain facts are these. In the past ten years, especially, automobile servicing has grown too complicated for the average motorist to keep up with it. And the number of motorists has multiplied so rapidly that auto service repair shops are hard-pressed to maintain their reputation and high standards of workmanship.

One of the problems is well-trained mechanics. Another is the motorist's constant desire for something new, something better, in automobiles, and the brilliant successes of the auto manufacturers in gratifying these desires. Still another is the tendency of the average serviceman to undersell, rather than oversell, the need for servicing. He is painfully aware of his customer's readiness to think he is being sold a bill of goods.

Serviceman's Dilemma

The serviceman, then, is really betwixt and between. On the one hand, he is urged by manufacturer, distributor, and jobber, to perform all the proper preventive maintenance the modern car needs. On the other, he faces a vague but nonetheless real customer resistance based on the idea that he may be, after all, a slick supersalesman out to make a few more bucks.

The more the problem is studied, the more apparent it becomes

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by Carter Carburetor, Division of ACF Industries, Inc.

that the essential industry need today is for increased confidence and trust between serviceman and car owner. The quickest route to mutual satisfaction is not a joint perusal of intricate engine specifications, but rather a clear understanding of the serviceman's role in an excitingly dynamic country — crisscrossed by superhighways and agleam with 62 million automobiles.

Because a car is no better than the service it receives, Carter recognized many years ago that the company's responsibility as a major automotive parts manufacturer could not cease once its products were installed on new automobiles. There remained the key question of servicing Carter fuel system equipment to maintain performance at the peak of power during the life of the car.

Carter Takes Lead in Training

This could only be accomplished in the local service shops across the nation, and even then only by skilled mechanics familiar with the automotive fuel system. How to make sure of this? For Carter there was just one positive course of action: the mechanics would have to be trained by Carter.

Carter's Factory Service School in St. Louis, one of the oldest automotive service schools in existence, swung into operation in 1934. From the very start, it was an enormous success. Mechanics, often recommended by Carter Central Distributors and Service Distributors, came from all across the country to learn how to take carburetors apart and put them back together in top-running condition.

As automobile registrations mounted each year, Carter soon had the problem being faced today by the nation's regular educational institutions: overcrowding. "We'll take the school to the men," was the decision, and so the Carter Personal Instruction extension courses, conducted by Carter Distributors in each area, came into being.

35,000 Carter Graduates

Today, there are more than 35,000 Carter-Trained Graduates of these schools in fuel system service and repair, strategically located everywhere in the country, as part of the Carter nation-wide service system network.

The Carter factory course in carburetor service and rebuilding and engine tune-up extends over a three-week period. Students become, in effect, Carter employees during the training period, and are paid a salary by Carter.

So great is the interest in this Carter course of instruction that recently the first all-girl class was graduated at the factory school. The ladies were not there as a publicity stunt — they are accredited mechanics who match their automotive skills against those of men every working day.

A few months ago, Carter President Charles E. Heitman, announced that instruction in the general principles of fuel injection had been added to the curriculum of the Carter Factory School.

This new course was being added, Mr. Heitman explained, to prepare servicemen for Carter's anticipated entry into the fuel injection field. Thus to the extent that fuel injection becomes a part of the automotive scene, the men who display the Carter Sign will have a head start in knowing how to service it. The day of the "grease monkey" and the "hammer mechanic" is long since past, and the motorists of America can be grateful for it.

But right here is where the average motorist is likely to part company, at least for the sake of argument, with automobile and automotive parts manufacturers.

The "Good Old Days"

"If you say your products are so good," he asks, "how come you're always telling me to have them serviced, and checked-up, and tuned-up, and what have you?" And he will tell tales of the good old days when jackrabbit jalopies were fueled on kerosene, spliced with fence wire, and repaired with a crowbar — forgetting that these legendary autos belong, in their rough simplicity, to history and the museum.

Today he is the first to demand a car that gives him more, does more for him, rides and looks and performs better. The truth is the modern automobile and its myriad parts are precision instruments, which by their very nature need regular servicing if they are to run at their best. That's why "tune-up" is an important part of the Carter course to mechanics, why Carter and your Carter-Trained man urge regular fuel system inspection and servicing.

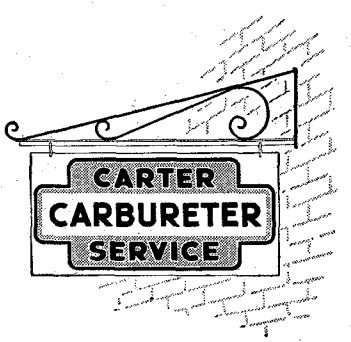
There's an old saying at Carter: "If you need a tune-up, you're already paying for it." Worth thinking about from the standpoint of your car's road performance on the day you are reading this.

The Future—And Carter

What about the future? Carter sees its job ahead as three-fold: to maintain its outstanding record of engineering advances in the automotive field; to meet its responsibility to you by training servicemen in your locality in the skills they need to serve you better; to enable these same men to become even better citizens of the community by helping them increase the scope of service and responsibility in their businesses.

Consider that cars of every major automobile manufacturer in America are Carter-equipped, that 24 million cars on the road today have Carter fuel system equipment, and you can see that your Carter man occupies a position of unique importance in the automotive service picture.

The span of years between the crude sign of the old blacksmith-repairman and that of the Carter-Trained fuel systems expert of today is shorter than a man's lifetime. Yet the road is marked with many famous milestones, and its limits are constantly extended.



For it is at the frontiers of the future that the automotive industry will always fulfill the promise of the past. At Carter, we intend to do more than our share of this pioneering. *Carter Carburetor, Division of ACF Industries Incorporated, St. Louis 7, Mo.*

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Back to school

In school, physics teacher Vernon C. Beier demonstrates principle of centrifugal force to his Springfield, Ill. students.

In industry, the application of centrifugal force is seen by Beier and Milwaukee science teacher Norman Shulstad as they test a centrifugal pump while engineer supervises from recording center.

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after a summer in industry

Summer Fellowships bring high school science teachers to Allis-Chalmers to study how industry applies the same principles taught in their classrooms

It's been a busy summer for the 1957 participants of an expanding Summer Science Fellowship Program, now offered annually to science teachers from schools in several of the cities where Allis-Chalmers has plants.

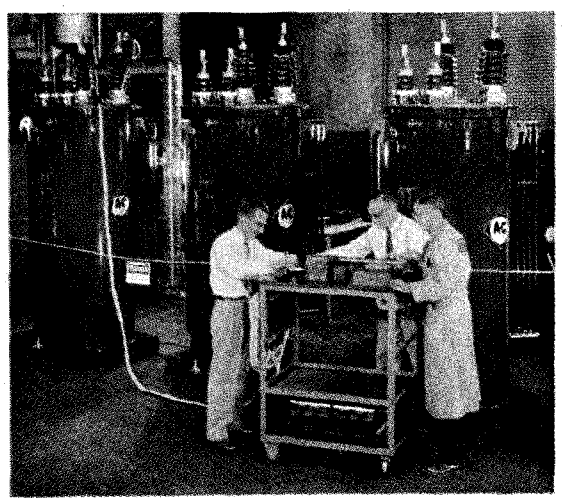
They've performed experiments in our research laboratories . . . seen raw materials transformed into finished products in our plants . . . explored new ideas in design . . . and exchanged views with people throughout our organization.

Now in its second year, the "summer school of industry" will continue to expand. It is good for education and industry to work together in this way . . . helping to find and guide capable young people into scientific and technical careers in industry and the teaching profession. At Allis-Chalmers we accept this responsibility, for we know that *Engineering in Action* begins in the classroom. ALLIS-CHALMERS, GENERAL OFFICES, MILWAUKEE 1, WISCONSIN.

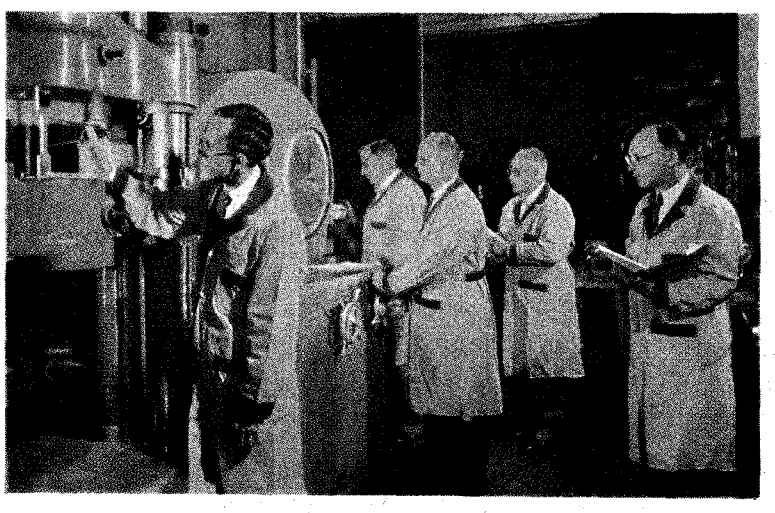
ALLIS-CHALMERS

Where Engineering in Action is at work on your future—today

At Springfield, Ill. proving ground, local teachers see practical application of leverage—the digging power of an Allis-Chalmers tractor shovel as test engineer supervises.



At Pittsburgh, Pa. plant, two teachers and technician apply a basic principle of electricity to check operating efficiency of power transformers before shipment.



Five Milwaukee-area teachers analyze a metal bar in physical testing laboratory to determine the strength and "stretch" limits of metal used to manufacture Allis-Chalmers equipment.

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UPSET STOMACH ?

Why wait for slow-dissolving tablets ?...
FIZRIN
INSTANT SELTZER ANALGESIC
DIRECTIONS. For adults and children over 12. pour the contents of this packet into a glass— then fill half full with water—drink while effervescing. Full directions on carton or insert.
TEAR HERE
OVER-INDULGENCE IN FOOD OR DRINK SOUR STOMACH
FIZRIN
ALKALIZER INSTANT SELTZER ANALGESIC
PAIN RELIEVER
CONTENTS: 8 PACKETS
COLD SYMPTOMS
DISSOLVES INSTANTLY
even with cold water

NEW! FIZRIN® *INSTANT* SELTZER

brings relief faster than any tablet

Get relief the modern instant way! Fizrin Instant Seltzer is a new superfine powder, made by an exclusive patented process. Brings you a modern formulation of pain reliever and alkalizers in wonderful instant form. Fizrin dissolves instantly, is ready to take instantly, to go to work instantly.

Amazingly effective alkalizing action! In Fizrin you get a brand-new compound of not one but *two* fast-working alkalizers that are most effective in neutralizing excess stomach acids which cause heartburn, sour stomach, indigestion.

Always pharmacy fresh! Each dose of Fizrin is measured and foil sealed, protected from moist air. Brings you full strength, effectively fresh relief.

Fizzes as you drink! *Fizrin dissolves instantly even with cold water,* making a refreshing, clean-tasting drink. You're sure to enjoy the fizzing, sparkling Fizrin taste!

Fizrin also brings faster pain relief! Fizrin contains a pain-reliever so effective, so safe doctors everywhere prescribe it. And because of Fizrin's instant fizzing action, this pain reliever gets into your system faster—goes to work faster than any tablet to relieve headaches, muscular aches.

Why wait? . . . get FIZRIN . . . get relief the instant way!

For Stomach Upsets, Headaches, Muscular Pains, Painful Discomforts of Colds

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"What's *New* in Protection?"

The America Fore Comprehensive Homeowners Policy!

In one policy this insurance guards you against virtually all the insurable hazards which threaten the homeowner with loss—fire, windstorm, explosion, burglary, theft, liability and many other perils.

The big feature about the Comprehensive Homeowners Policy is that **YOU** can **CHOOSE** the kinds and amounts of coverages **YOU** want.

And best of all—if your selection includes fire, theft and liability insurance, you qualify for **PREMIUM SAVINGS OF 10% TO 30%** compared to the cost of like individual policies.

A nearby America Fore agent will furnish full details about the Comprehensive Homeowners Policy and can arrange for convenient monthly, quarterly, semi-annual or annual budget payments if you wish. For his name, call Western Union by number—ask for Operator 25.

America Fore
INSURANCE GROUP

★ The Continental Insurance Company
★ Fidelity-Phenix Fire Insurance Company
★ Niagara Fire Insurance Company
★ The Fidelity and Casualty Company of New York

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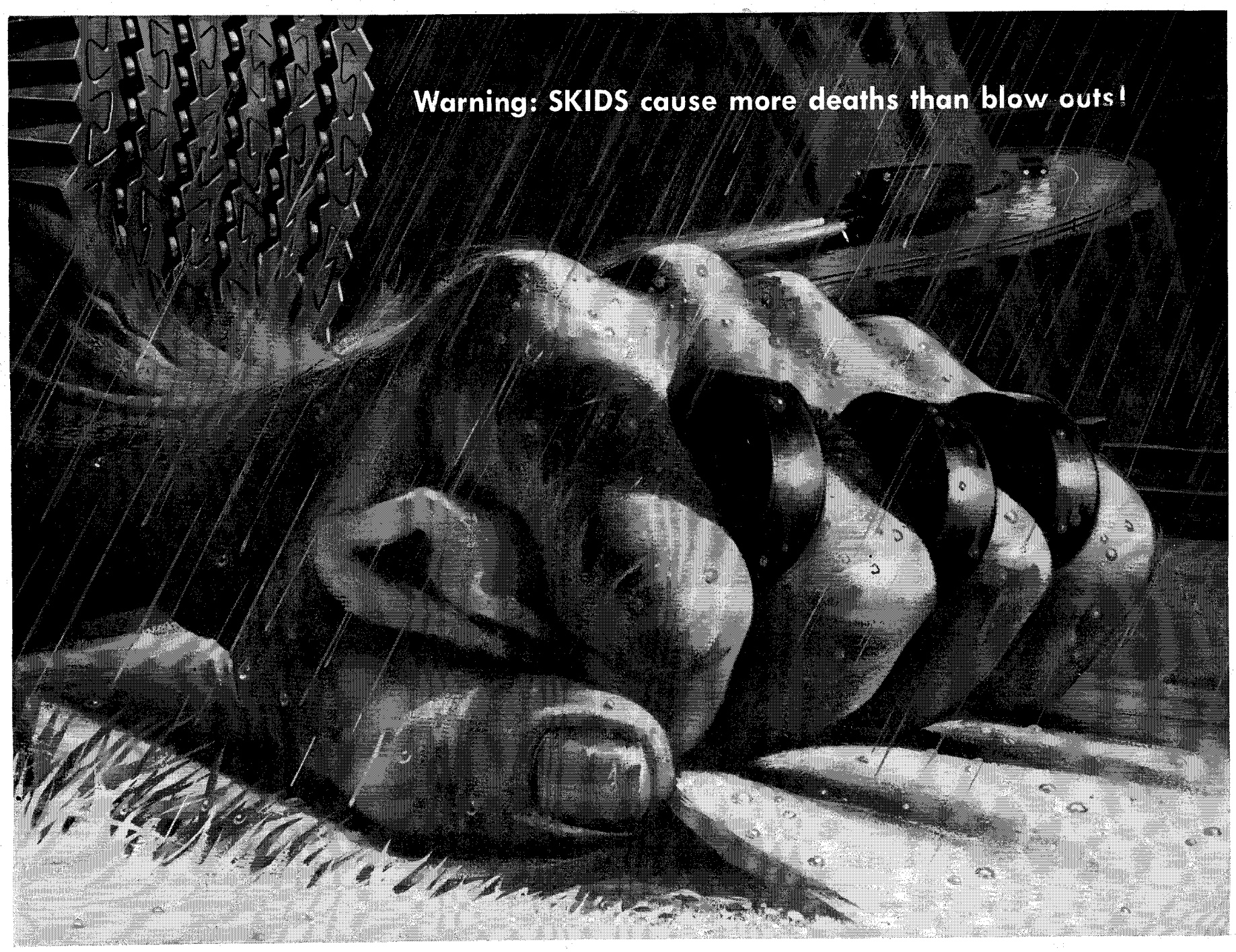
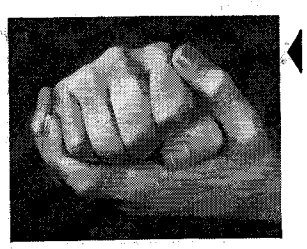
ARMSTRONG TIRES'

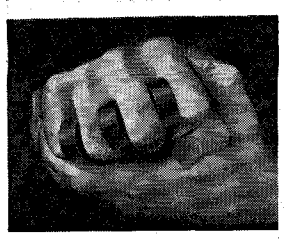
"Ounce of Prevention" Grip can save your life



Exclusive Safety Discs Grip Road, Stop Skids As No Other Tire Can



LIKE A SQUEEZED FIST, TREAD RIBS OF ORDINARY TIRES COMPRESS under braking pressure into a smooth, slippery surface . . . lose their grip. Without warning, a sudden skid can bring disaster! Even brand new tires can "go smooth" this way—*and you skid!*



LIKE FIST AT LEFT, ARMSTRONG TIRES CAN'T SQUEEZE SMOOTH. Safety Discs keep tread open so it *always* grips, no matter how hard you brake. Look for these patented Safety Disc Tires when you buy. They stop skids as no other tires can, yet cost no more.

ARMSTRONG SAFETY DISC TIRES

UNCONDITIONAL ROAD HAZARD

LIFETIME GUARANTEE

The longest, strongest guarantee in the industry.

Find Your Armstrong Dealer In The 'Yellow Pages'

ARMSTRONG Rhino-Flex TIRES

MAKERS OF ARMSTRONG *Pure-Foam* FOR FURNITURE AND BEDDING • HOME OFFICE, WEST HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

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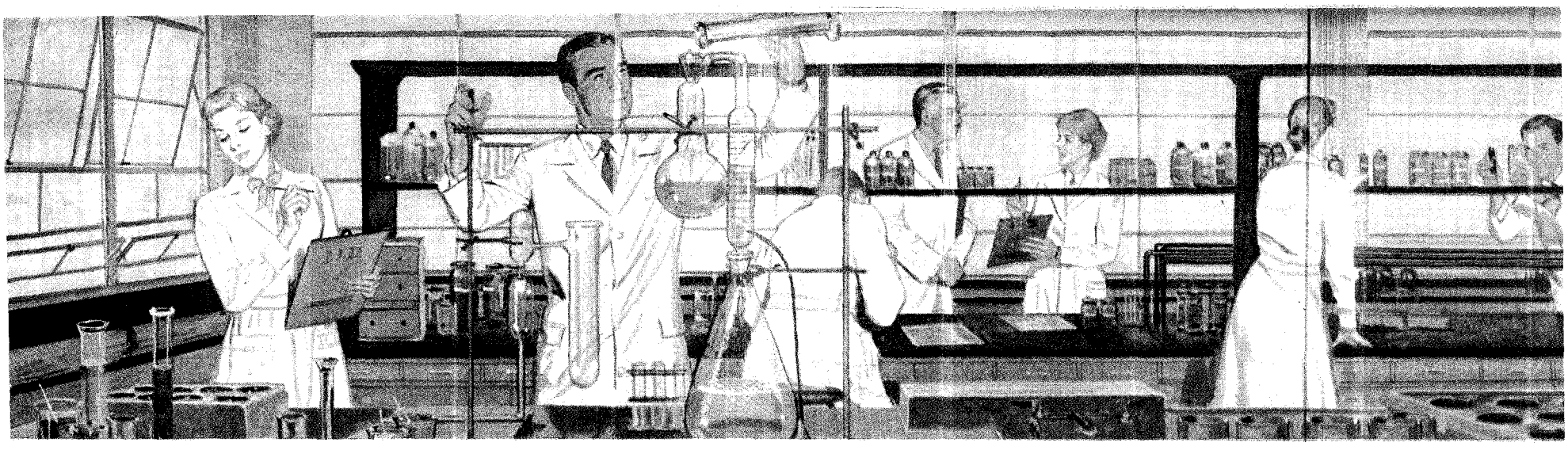
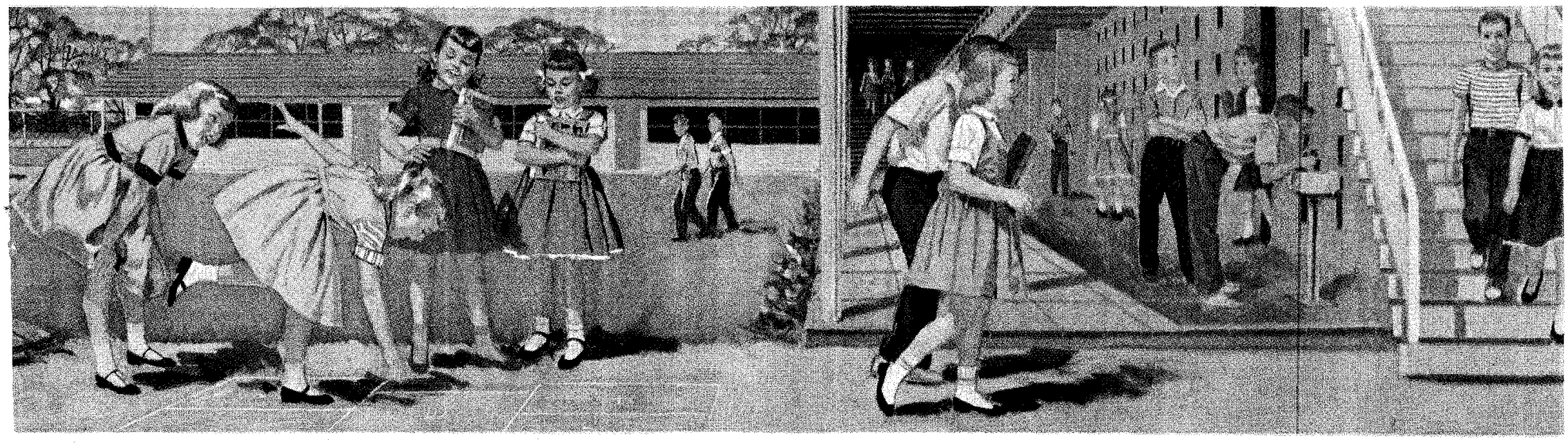
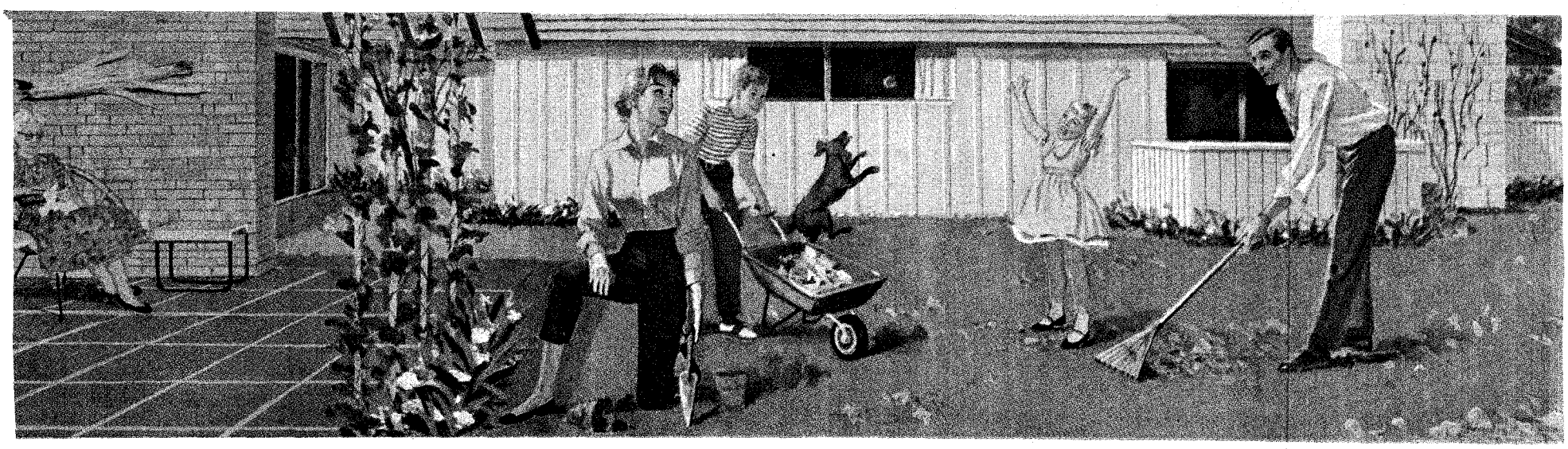


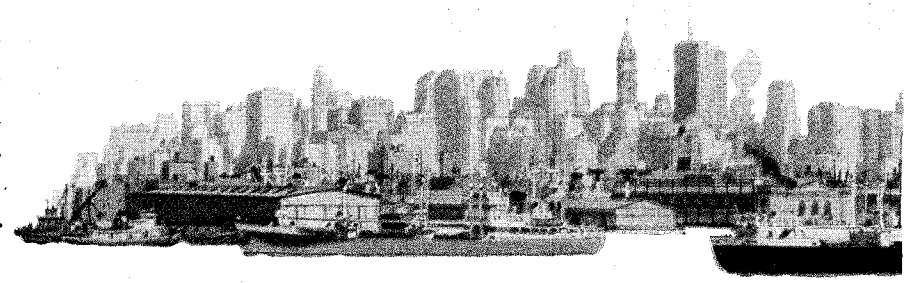
They work better because they live better



in prosperous Greater Philadelphia



Greater Philadelphia is a gold mine of manpower . . . skilled, steady workers who find living conditions excellent for themselves and for their families. Together, they represent more than 260 different trades, crafts, and specialized skills. Their diverse abilities, reliability, and large numbers constitute an advantage to business which is hard to beat. Add to this such attractive assets as rail, air, and superhighway networks; America's fastest-growing port; a market of over twenty million people within a 100-mile radius; abundant low-cost electric power . . . and you will see why the Greater Philadelphia area is such an ideal place for your business.



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A business-managed, tax-paying utility company owned by nearly 100,000 stockholders . . . Serving the world's greatest industrial area. Delaware Valley

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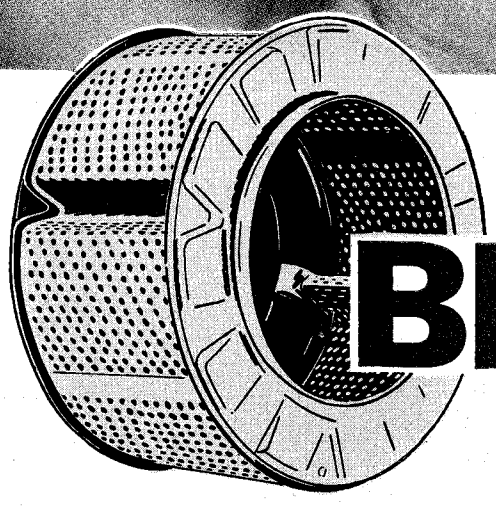
The Philco-Bendix Duomatic for 1958!



. . . with the amazing new

BIG FILTER DRUM

washes and dries 45 minutes faster!

Now! Wash and fluff-dry in one machine. The Big Filter Drum does the whole job in as little as an hour . . . *up to 45 minutes faster* in the '58 Philco-Bendix Duomatic washer-dryer combination.

BIG FILTER DRUM WASHES CLEANEST! Clothes tumble and plunge over two feet into penetrating suds. Every speck of dirt is gently loosened . . . washed away forever! No lint anywhere! Duomatic's Big Filter Drum has 2880 filter holes that wash out lint, sand and other impurities. Your clothes get a total of three clear-water rinses for extra-clean results.

BIG FILTER DRUM FLUFF-DRIES FASTEST! The Philco-Bendix Duomatic washes and dries clothes up to 45 minutes faster than other combinations. The Duomatic not only dries, but also sanitizes and smooths out the wrinkles in clothes. No sorting of fabrics is ever necessary. Even new synthetic fabrics dry safely in the Big Filter Drum. Thermostats guarantee perfect drying temperature!

Don't buy any laundry appliance until you see the 1958 Duomatic now being shown at Philco-Bendix dealers. You'll see why we say, "Look ahead . . . and you'll choose Philco!"

What to look for in a combination

- Choice of fuel: gas, LP, or electric
- An automatic, "power soak" cycle for heavily soiled clothes
- Controls where children can't reach them
- Built-in heater to **keep** water HOT during wash
- A spin-dry system that **fully** damp-dries clothes . . . shortens drying time
- A water miser that saves water on smaller loads
- A "safe for all fabrics" drying system that smooths out wrinkles . . . cuts ironing time by one-third
- Choice of water temperatures. Cold, cool, warm, medium hot and HOT
- A soap door for proper distribution of wash solutions

Only Duomatic gives you all these features proved by five years of actual home use!

PHILCO-BENDIX®

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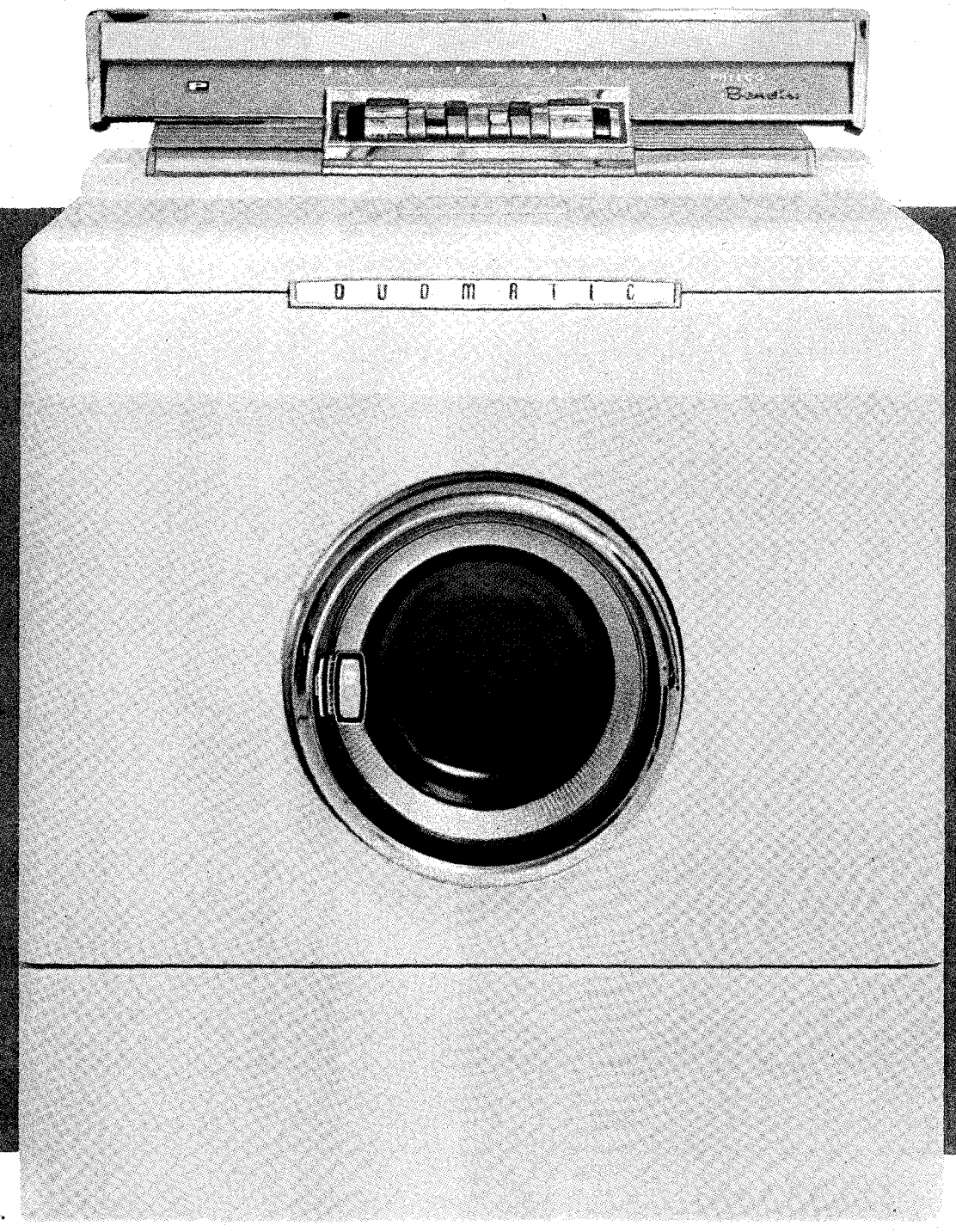
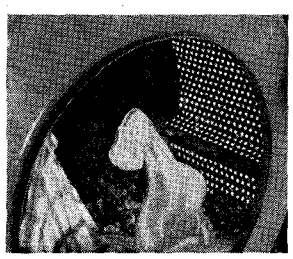


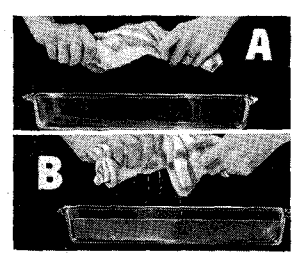
"It's a washer...
it's a dryer...
it's <u>TWO</u> in one!"

Philco-Bendix Duomatic is available in white, also pastel pink, yellow and green.

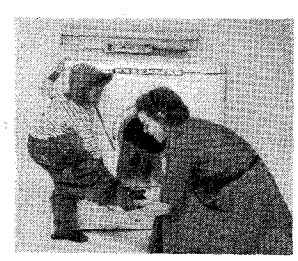
Duomatic's **BIG FILTER DRUM** *washes cleanest...dries fastest...does away with lint on clothes!*



Washes cleanest. Far more washing action in the Big Filter Drum. Clothes tumble and plunge two feet into active, penetrating suds – fifty times a minute! 2880 filter holes eliminate dirt and other impurities . . . make lint a thing of the past.



Fastest drying! Squeeze tests prove: (A) Duomatic damp-dries completely before fluff-drying. (B) You can squeeze up to 3 quarts of water out of clothes from other combinations. The Duomatic washes and dries up to 45 minutes faster!



"Power soak." Just eleven minutes in the Big Filter Drum's three-step soak cycle is equal to ordinary overnight soaking! Just what you need for food stains, heavily soiled work and play clothes. Only Duomatic has the wonderful "power soak."

Safe for all fabrics. Your sheer dainties – your "miracle" fabrics – are guaranteed safe in the Big Filter Drum. Duomatic's exclusive drying system is thermostatically controlled. No more temperature guessing!

Trouble-free! The Big Filter Drum and every other part in the Philco-Bendix Duomatic must stand up to a rugged engineering "life test" equal to many years of actual use! It's your assurance of trouble-free service.

Add clothes any time! Forget something? Open the door and tuck it in. Water level in the Big Filter Drum is below the porthole opening. All action stops when safety door is opened, starts again when it's closed. So convenient!

LOOK AHEAD...and you'll choose PHILCO®

Philco-Bendix Home Laundry Appliances are brought to you by Philco Corporation

'58 DUOMATIC

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In the air . . . on land . . . afloat . . . good meals and Sexton Quality Foods go together. You see gleaming Sexton trucks everywhere—constantly delivering shipments to America's leading eating establishments.

Sexton Quality Foods

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Sexton insures tasteful meals on airlines!

Sexton Quality Foods go with you when you travel the skyways. From soups to sauces, from unusual specialties to flavorful staples, you get delicious dishes. Most leading air, rail and water transportation lines serve fine Sexton Foods.

Sexton wins top honors for school meals!

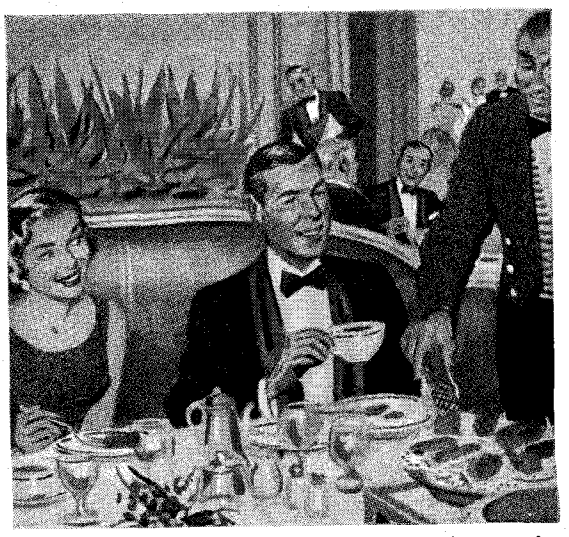
From college eating halls to grade-school cafeterias, Sexton Foods touch the spot. Sexton supplies most of America's best-known educational institutions.

America's greatest food service for restaurants, hotels, clubs, motels, resorts, coffee shops and fountains . . . hospitals and nursing homes . . . schools, colleges and camps . . . railroads, airlines, steamships . . . industrial dining rooms.

Sexton Quality Foods have earned the esteem of exacting establishments that serve millions of meals daily. Sexton is a synonym for food excellence—assuring you top flavor, wholesomeness and uniformity.

Sexton Quality Foods constantly bring zest and distinction to the menus of more and more of the nation's best places to eat. The Sexton reputation has grown great throughout 74 years. Sexton serves America with a network of warehouses coast to coast.

JOHN SEXTON & CO.



Treat your family to a restaurant meal—soon!

Surprise your loved ones for a change of scene. Invite them to a remembered treat. Seat them to a special feast at an attractive restaurant. Sexton Quality Foods are featured at most recommended eating places.

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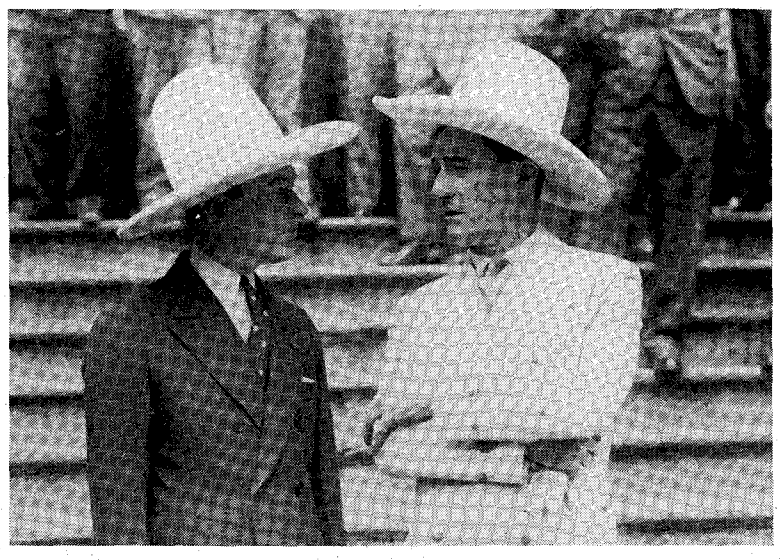
PICTURES WITH A PAST

Remember When?



REMEMBER when Tom Mix made a "cowboy" of New York's Mayor Jimmy Walker? Mix (right) suddenly produced a ten-gallon hat like his own and slapped it on the dapper Walker. The mayor, a real ham himself, loved it. He gave Mix's cow pony, Tony, what was said to be the first official reception ever accorded a horse at City Hall. That was in 1928. Mix, a former Kansas-Oklahoma-Texas law officer, made 370 Western films before the new "talkies" eased him out in 1932 because of his squeaky voice. He died in 1944, age sixty, in an Arizona auto accident—sad end for a cowboy hero. R. E. SYRCHE

REMEMBER Aimee Semple McPherson? Few women stirred more argument than this white-gowned evangelist whose husky voice inspired millions in the 1920's. She worked "cures" at Los Angeles revivals and built the $500,000 Angelus Temple. She married three times. Seldom happy, she died of sleeping pills.

FLORENCE BIRKHEAD

IT's a safe bet that modern boxers like Robinson and Basilio never trained escorted by a lady on a horse. The lady here is Rose, second wife of the great Bob Fitzsimmons (right). He had her come along for this exclusive photo which I took just before his 1902 San Francisco bout with Jim Jeffries. Fitz married Rose after her brother, Martin, formerly his manager, wed Fitz's divorced first wife.

THOMAS H. (SOLDIER TOM) WILSON

NEW ROYAL TRITON

Announcing a new formulation of Royal Triton 10-30... the amazing purple motor oil

Now more than ever, all-weather Royal Triton 10-30 prolongs your engine's trouble-free performance for thousands of extra miles. Royal Triton 10-30—the all-weather grade of the amazing purple motor oils. Ask for it wherever fine motor oils are sold.

UNION OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles: Union Oil Bldg. • New York: 45 Rockefeller Plaza • Chicago: 1605 Bankers Bldg. • Boston: 214 Harvard Ave. Philadelphia: No. One Wynnewood Rd., Wynnewood, Pa. • Kansas City, Mo.: 612 W. 47th St. • Dallas: Fidelity Union Life Bldg. New Orleans: 644 Nat'l Bank of Commerce Bldg. • Atlanta: 1401 Peachtree St.

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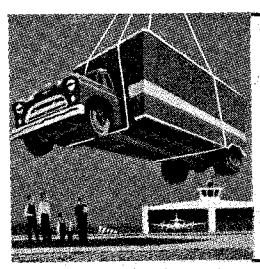
For safety in emergencies . . .

almost all service trucks rely on Rayon Hi-Test Tire Cord



The Rayon Cord from only *one* tire is strong enough to lift this 12,000-pound truck... safely! Pound for pound, Rayon Cord is as strong as steel.

Whenever breakdowns occur on a turnpike, emergency service trucks *must* get to the trouble safely and quickly in order to prevent unnecessary traffic tie-ups. They rely on Rayon Hi-Test Tires to get them there. Isn't this a good reason why you should ride on Rayon, too! Here's where Rayon's safety counts most: *Rayon is the only cord that actually grows stronger as tires run hotter at high road speeds.* Rayon Hi-Test Tires also give you a quieter ride and are free of the troublesome "morning thump" that is found in other tires. No wonder nine out of ten cars ride on Rayon! For premium safety at no premium in price, insist on RAYON HI-TEST Tires. *Every* automobile manufacturer uses them as original equipment on new models. American Rayon Institute, Inc., 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, New York.

Be sure you ride on Rayon—world's leading tire cord

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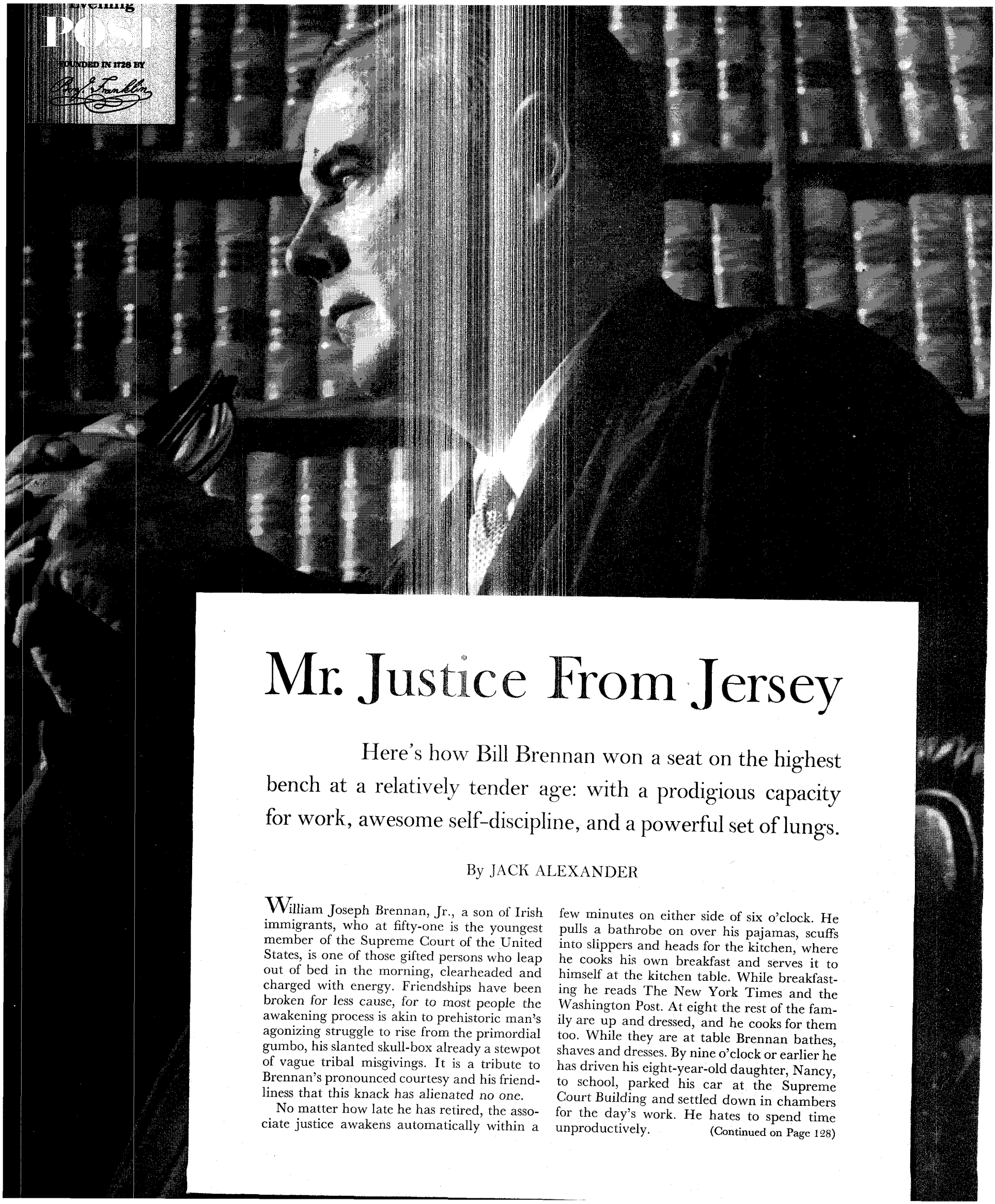
Evening
POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Ben. Franklin



Mr. Justice From Jersey

Here's how Bill Brennan won a seat on the highest bench at a relatively tender age: with a prodigious capacity for work, awesome self-discipline, and a powerful set of lungs.

By JACK ALEXANDER

William Joseph Brennan, Jr., a son of Irish immigrants, who at fifty-one is the youngest member of the Supreme Court of the United States, is one of those gifted persons who leap out of bed in the morning, clearheaded and charged with energy. Friendships have been broken for less cause, for to most people the awakening process is akin to prehistoric man's agonizing struggle to rise from the primordial gumbo, his slanted skull-box already a stewpot of vague tribal misgivings. It is a tribute to Brennan's pronounced courtesy and his friendliness that this knack has alienated no one.

No matter how late he has retired, the associate justice awakens automatically within a few minutes on either side of six o'clock. He pulls a bathrobe on over his pajamas, scuffs into slippers and heads for the kitchen, where he cooks his own breakfast and serves it to himself at the kitchen table. While breakfasting he reads The New York Times and the Washington Post. At eight the rest of the family are up and dressed, and he cooks for them too. While they are at table Brennan bathes, shaves and dresses. By nine o'clock or earlier he has driven his eight-year-old daughter, Nancy, to school, parked his car at the Supreme Court Building and settled down in chambers for the day's work. He hates to spend time unproductively.

(Continued on Page 128)

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Hysterical fervor grips a Rella, Kentucky, congregation as Preacher Lewis Saylor brandishes a pair of deadly snakes, in a rite of the Holiness Branch of the Church of God.

America's Strangest Religion

In the remote Kentucky-Tennessee mountains, members of this weird cult test their faith against the serpent's sting. Some die in agony, but the rest come back for more.

By JOHN KOBLER

Holding a handful of writhing rattlesnakes aloft, a "saint" proclaims his unique faith. "We shore don' aim to get bit," one cultist said. "If it happens, hit just means we ain't been payin' attention to the Lord."

The Holiness Branch of the Church of God is a sect native to the Tennessee and Kentucky mountains, with offshoots scattered throughout the Southeastern hinterlands, whose full-fledged communicants regularly test their faith by courting injury and death. A few of the "saints," as those consecrated members style themselves, drink poison. A few expose their bare flesh to fire. All of them handle venomous snakes. By no other means, they contend, can man be purged of sin and enter heaven.

They base their creed on a literal interpretation of two Biblical texts—Mark 16:18: "They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them," and Isaiah 43:2: ". . . when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned."

To submit to medication when stricken, Holiness Branch dogma holds, is to defy God's

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Gathered on the Kentucky-Virginia state line—a point from which they easily elude police—believers manipulate timber rattlers and copperheads, chanting. A serpent which has killed a "saint" is especially cherished.

will. Thus, in the forty-eight years since the sect was founded, at least twenty-five "saints" have perished in slow agony, rejecting aid with their last breath. But the sect endures, disregarding the derision of unbelievers and the state laws which ban its perilous rites.

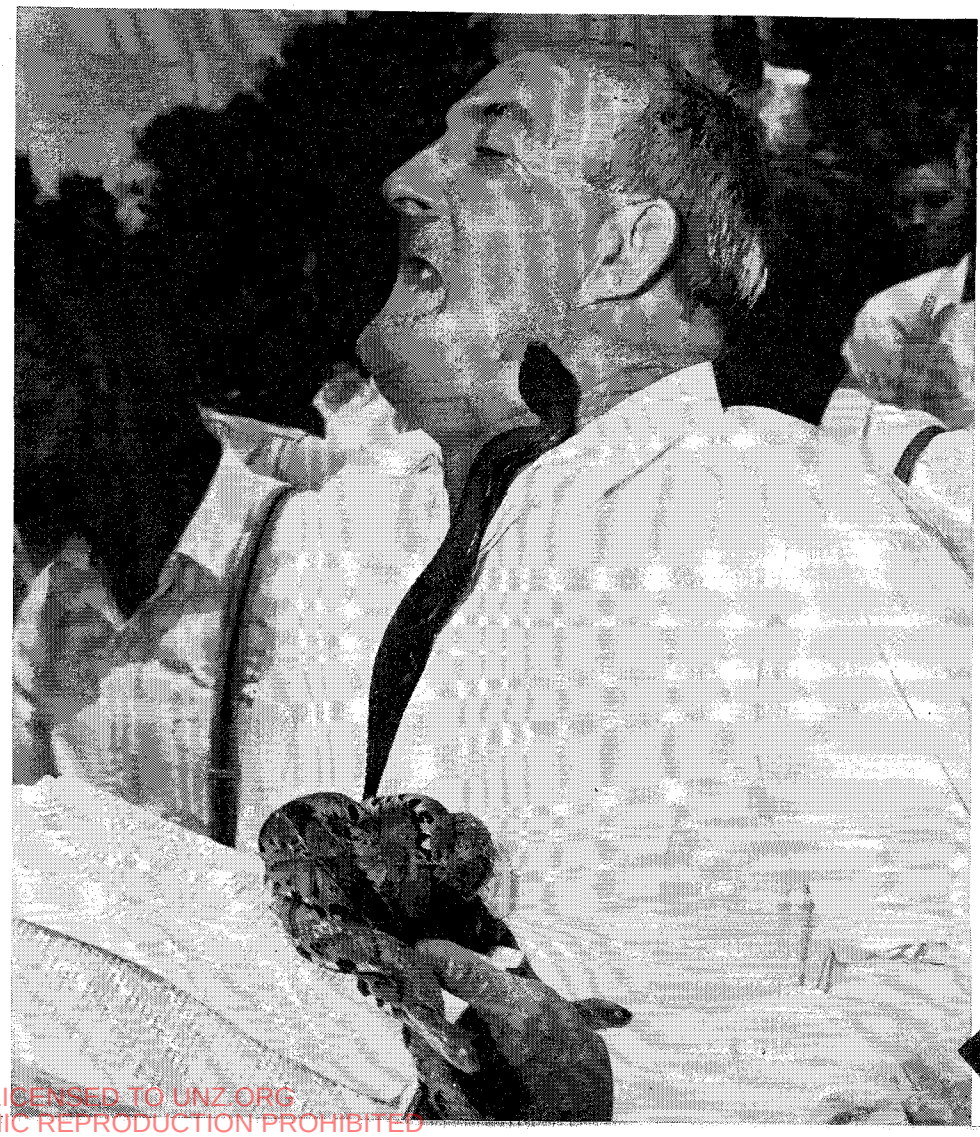
Among the leading Holiness Branch preachers is sixty-four-year-old Oscar Hutton, a paunchy, pink-cheeked Kentuckian, who has survived ten snake bites and more arrests than he can remember. In a brambly hollow on Stone Mountain, straddling the Kentucky-Virginia line, Brother Hutton conducts open-air services beginning at high noon the second Sunday of every month from spring to fall. The spot was chosen with care. Should the Kentucky state troopers approach, the worshipers scurry over into Virginia, and vice versa. "We're willin' to abide by the law of the land when hit don't cross the law of God," says the preacher.

Seven snakes were brought to a recent typical service by a pair of gaunt young mountaineers, Larry Johnson and Kelsey Meadows. On each of four knuckles of Johnson's right hand a letter was tattooed to spell L-O-V-E. Meadows' forearms bore the scars of several fangings. He and Johnson carried the snakes in padlocked wooden cages with hinged screen tops. The boxes held a (Continued on Page 153)

The Reverend Oscar Hutton, his neck wreathed in rattlesnakes, stands lost in fervent prayer.

Raymond Hayes (left) fondles a rattlesnake, his friend a copperhead. "Hit's either take up serpents," they believe, "or hell."

Preview of death: Ex-moonshiner Lee Valentine suffered rattlesnakes to slither up his body once too often. A few months after this picture was taken he was mortally bitten behind his ear.



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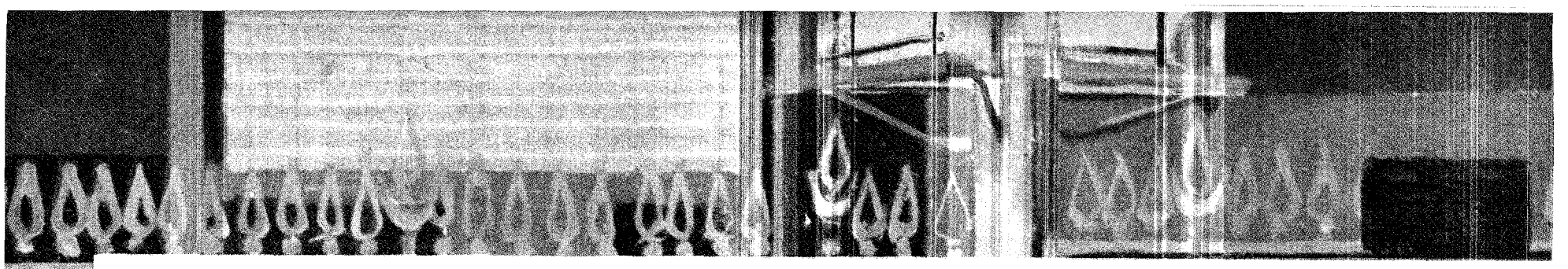

A POST NOVELETTE COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

The fat lady.

Mr. Kennedy.

MANHATTAN CASTAWAY

By THOMAS WALSH

Cathy Ann, age five, was alone in the city. But she wasn't afraid. . . . How could she know that someone wanted to kill her?

It was all different from what Cathy Ann Proctor had imagined it would be—vastly different. Even the house, to begin there, was not at all like the pictures of it that Mr. Kennedy had sent on; but a shabby and rather depressing little affair of worn brick, with a narrow alley at one side and a tin garage in back, but no nice trees around it, as at Aunt Lucy's, and no play yard. Inside, too, there were just tiny boxes of rooms crowded together, with old-fashioned heavy drapes at the front windows that were always drawn (and drawn upstairs in the bedrooms too; because—or so the fat woman told mamma placidly—the afternoon sun always faded things). But it seemed like just a dark nasty old house to Cathy Ann, and quiet in a secretive and deliberate way, somehow; hushed quiet, as of things watching you or whispering to each other out in the hall where there were heavy shadows under the stairs, even at bright noon; and where, every so often, you could hear the fat woman moving softly and mysteriously around back in the cellar entry or in the kitchen.

No. It wasn't a nice visit for them. It wasn't—oh, friendly. Even mamma must have been pretty disappointed about it—about the house, and the way Mr. Kennedy behaved himself, and the fat woman who had to be called Aunt Henrietta now, just because she was Mr. Kennedy's sister. At the railroad station the first day, when he met mamma and Cathy Ann, Mr. Kennedy had looked handsome and distinguished in a neatly pressed gray suit and a blue tie, but afterward—after the first day practically—he was just about as mean as anything. He wouldn't speak much, not even to mamma; he would only watch the television at night or read his newspapers. Once, too, when mamma sat down with him and patted his hand playfully, he put an arm around her, not noticing Cathy Ann out in the dining room, but then he looked up over her head, so mamma couldn't see him, and raised his eyebrows at the fat woman, and made that kind of a mouth when you didn't like something.

Then the next day he went out right after lunch, and stayed out a long time—important business, the fat woman told mamma—and didn't even come home to supper with them. But Thursday he did. Thursday he was all flushed when Cathy Ann opened the street door, and his breath smelt sour and heavy in the front hall, and after he threw his overcoat on a chair some kind of letter dropped out of it, and mamma picked it up for him. He snatched it away.

"Oh, for heaven's sakes," he said, almost shouting at mamma and almost putting his face against her. "Has that started already? The sneaking and prying?"

Then he stamped out into the kitchen, and he and the fat woman began mumbling together. "Drunken fool," the fat woman called somebody out there. "And just when ——"

"Oh, yes," Mr. Kennedy said. "I know. But I'm the one who has to listen to her, and put up with her; not you. Well, I've had enough of it; about all I can ——"

Then the fat woman noticed that he had left the kitchen door open. She slammed it, and mamma got up from her chair, and looked all around, as if she wanted Aunt Lucy or someone. She wrung her hands too. But then the fat woman bustled in, very pleasant for once, and mamma put a hand up over her eyes, and said something about one of her sick headaches coming on; and the fat woman got real friendly and considerate, and brought aspirins from the bathroom and made tea.

Then, after supper, when Mr. Kennedy had gone to bed, the fat woman sat in the living room with them in her black dress and white apron. She had some kind of little plants on the window sill, not half so green and fresh-looking as Aunt Lucy's, but when Cathy Ann dropped one of the plants the fat woman tightened her lips and patted Cathy Ann on the cheek and told mamma not to bother about it; children were children. She was just being polite, however, because she made the second tap a bit harder than the other one, as if she could hurt cruelly whenever she had the desire to hurt, and as if she wanted Cathy Ann to know that from now on, and to be

(Continued on Page 142)

Illustrated by Austin Briggs

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"We get people," said Lieutenant McTiernan, "who walk into this station and tell a kid like that to wait around for them—and then never show up again."

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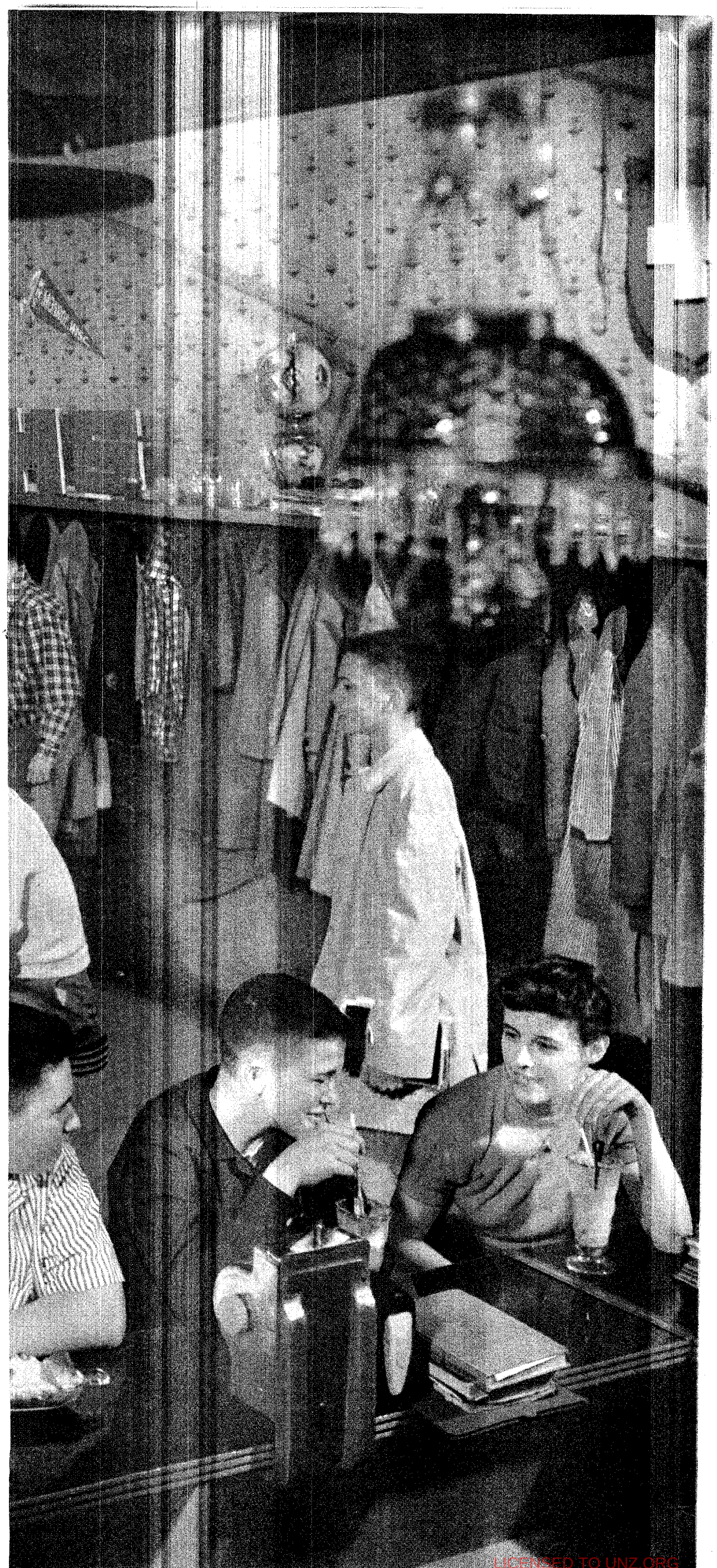

The Face of AMERICA

Teen-age Rendezvous

Among the traditional tribal rites of the American adolescent, few are more significant than the gathering at the soda fountain. Here, at the Old Fashioned Ice Cream Shop, in Monroe, Wisconsin, the high-school set meets nearly every afternoon to make or break dates, compare cars, gripe about homework and stuff a prodigious number of coins into the juke box. For gregarious youngsters who daily monopolize Candy Kitchens, Sugar Bowls and Sweet Shops everywhere, nothing else has quite the tonic effect of this hubbub of wisecracks, laughter, and across-the-room greetings over the noisy beat of the latest hit record. To the hapless adult who strays into these precincts, such goings-on are the baffling gibberish of a strange generation. But to the youngsters themselves, this is a social arena far more compelling than the classroom. ● Photograph by John Burns

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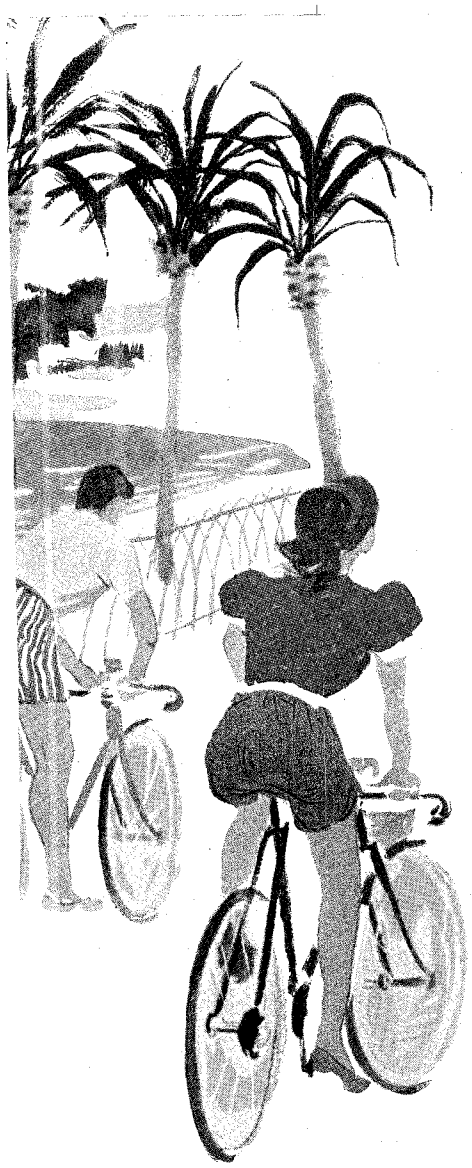
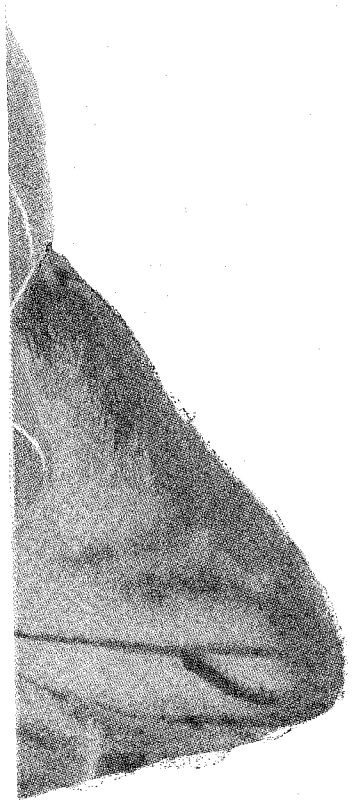


"Doc," Liz said, "you haven't got the idea I'm chasing you, have you? Because I am."

Liz just couldn't sit back and let another woman steal her man. So she decided to use

The Strategy of Love

By RICHARD STERN



Illustrated by Joe Bowler

Mrs. G. Parnell Potter, somewhat past middle age, with hair dyed red and a mouth like a trap, owned, among other things, a major-league ball club and a farm system to go with it. Now, sitting in the sun on the terrace of her villa, high above the sparkling Mediterranean, she said to Liz, "For a sports writer, even female-type, you seem pretty starry-eyed, junior."

Liz was silent.

"He's a good boy," Mrs. Potter said. "I've watched him for years, checked on him. He was a good ballplayer. Now he's a first-rate bone surgeon. Only thing is, he's in love and ——"

"I don't believe it," Liz said.

"Like I said, junior, starry-eyed."

Liz stood up. She said politely, "Go soak your head, Mrs. Potter." She missed the softening of the trap mouth, the slight twitching at its corners as she marched out to the waiting taxi and drove down the hill into Nice for her appointment.

Doctor Mills seemed no older, merely polished and assured—Heine Mills with a high gloss. It was difficult to picture him going into second, spikes high, to break up a double play, or laying a neat bunt down the first-base line to bring into range a beanball pitcher who needed to be shown the light.

"How you hitting them, doc?" Liz said. There were forces inside of her, memories, myths and dreams all mixed up together and churning around, and these she found hard to control. "Still swinging for the fences?"

He said nothing, merely looked at her.

"I'm over here on vacation. From time to time, I do a sort of series on whatever happened to them after they quit baseball. Some sell insurance, some sell clothes or sporting goods, some run restaurants." Enough of others. "You save lives." She nodded. "Heine the Clutch."

"Knock it off," Mills said. "I'm not a side-show freak." (Continued on Page 100)

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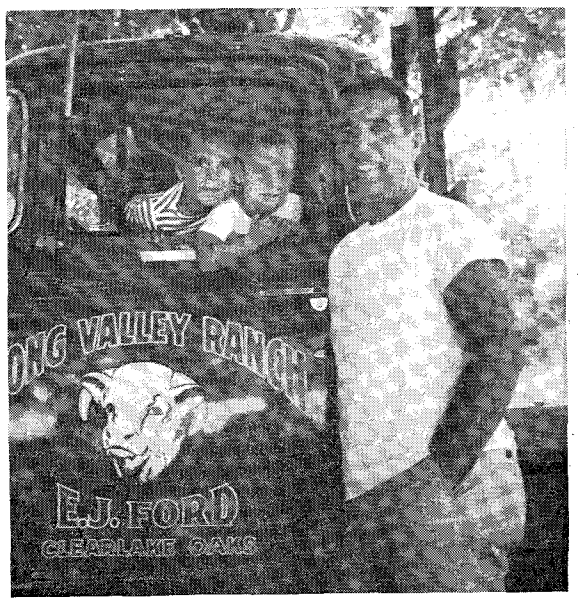

Rancher Ford and sons. He grew up a farm boy, now raises cattle on a ranch 500 miles north of Hollywood.

I CALL ON TENNESSEE ERNIE

BY PETE MARTIN

A Post editor delves into the remarkable success of TV's easygoing, hymn-singing, country-talking Ernie Ford, who values his happy home more than money or fame.

Ernie and Betty have two boys: Jeffery, 7, and Brion, 5. "I want to see a lot of my kids," he says, "before I push them out of the nest."

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He has the South in his mouth, he looks like Grace Kelly's husband, only he's taller ("I r'ar up to a full six feet; I don't believe the Prince does that") and talking to him made me think of H. G. Wells' book, The Time Machine. In that book the machine carried people backward into bygone years. For me, talking to Tennessee Ernie was a trip on such a machine. I was born and brought up in Virginia, but most of my Southern accent was kidded out of me in high school in Seattle and, later, at the University of Pennsylvania. Even telephone operators had joshed me about it. But as I talked to Ernie, I found myself dropping my "*g*'s" and my "can't's" becoming "cain't's" once more until I was practically chewing a cud of magnolia blossoms.

I asked him, "I'm curious to know what qualities you have that made you one of the NBC TV shows that landed in the top ten of the rating lists last season."

"One reason why there are always big apples at the top of any basket," Tennessee Ernie told me, "is because a lot of little apples keep them up there. I've got a lot of real useful little apples holding me up, and I'm grateful to them. Another way of answering your question is to tell you what my fan mail says. I receive more letters than there are fleas on a wet dog. Folks write in to tell me that I not only entertain them but I put them at their ease. People don't feel they have to dress up to visit with me. If they want to, they can sit around in their pajama tops and I'll bet a lot of them do.

"I don't make a big to-do out of entertaining them. I want our shows to be good, but I don't think it's worth making a Federal case out of each one of them to do it. I just want to be a friendly visitor, and I don't want folks to feel I'm pushing to entertain them.

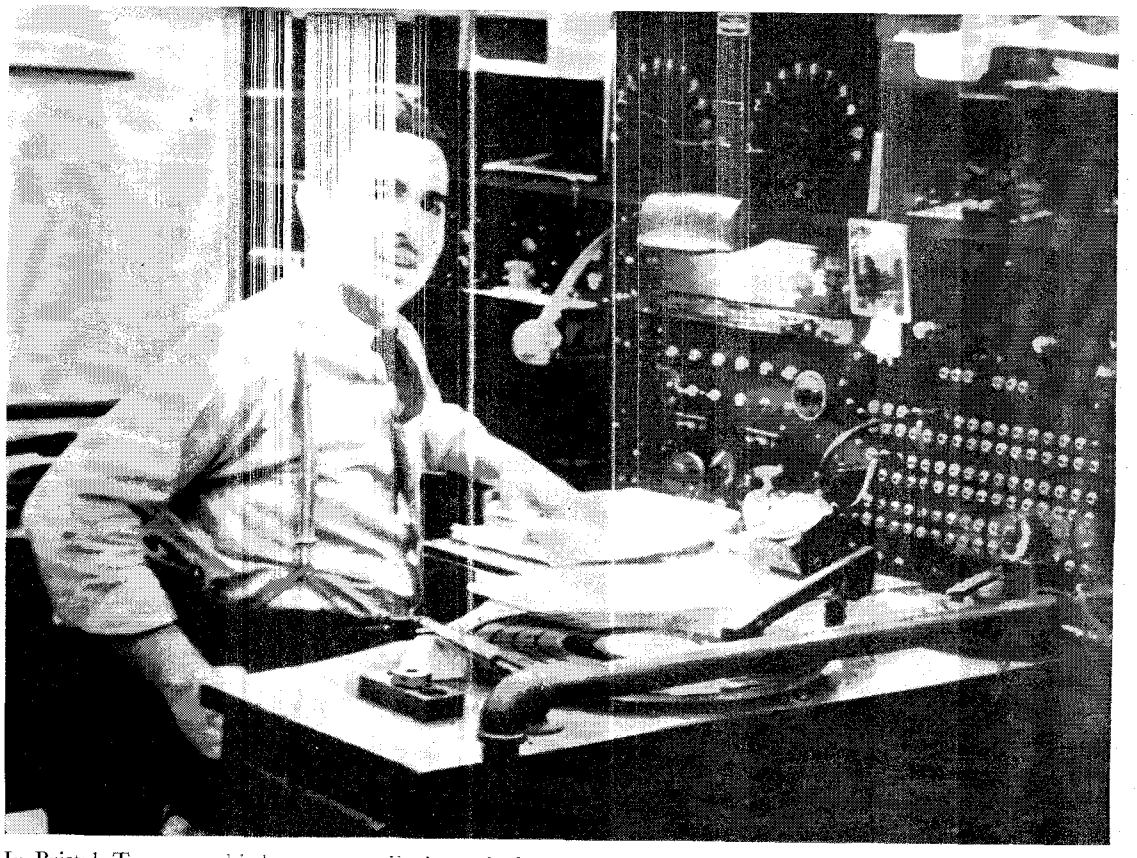
"Another thing I've got going for me is that it amazes people that there's anything ordinary and simple about a man or a woman in show business. That's why I like to jaw with them on the air about simple, ordinary things. That makes me more of a friend of the family. That's the kind of atmosphere I try for, whether I'm singing, dancing or talking. I even try to give our commercials an easygoing, 'Don't jump till I holler frog' flavor."

"How do you go about it?" I asked.

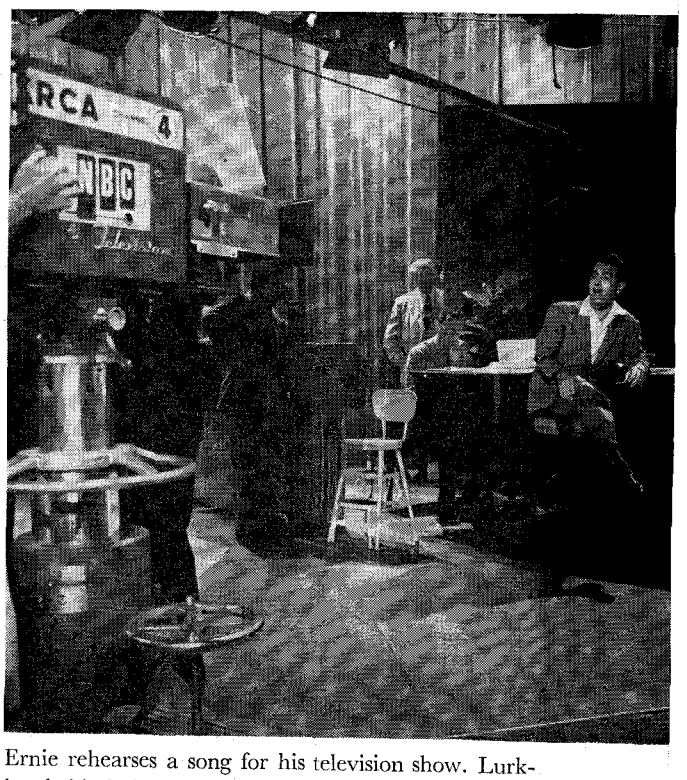
"I ad-lib 'em," he said. "It's wonderful to have the kind of sponsor who'll give you as much freedom as mine gives me. On the morning show I did for years, I had so much freedom you'd have thought I'd slipped a ring through the sponsor's nose when he wasn't looking. I was given an outline sheet for each show and I followed it, but all that sheet said about commercials was 'Please get in our selling points.' Nobody told me how to get them in. I could say anything I wanted to say, so I played it by ear. One time I might give the commercial thirty seconds, another time I might give it three minutes. But I didn't miss much; the sponsor never had to show me a root my plow hadn't hit.

"My night-show commercials for the Ford auto company are different. As for the words I use, I can be free as a bird, but I can't give them thirty seconds or three minutes if I feel like it. I have to fill a specified amount of time. Aside from that, they give me my head the way you give a horse his head when you trust him to get you home after a jug party. I don't believe I could do a hard-screaming-sell type of show even if I heard the whole Ford automobile company cocking a gun behind me."

Tennessee Ernie Ford was born Ernest Jennings Ford in (Continued on Page 122)



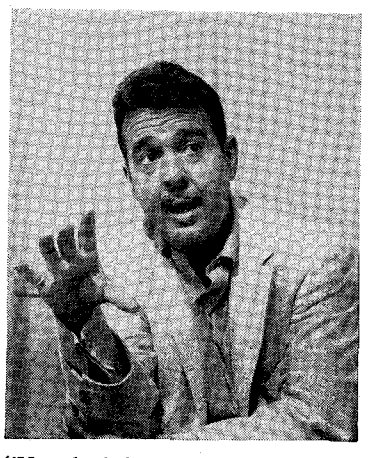
In Bristol, Tennessee, his home town, Ernie worked as a radio announcer for $10 a week. After the war he became a disk jockey in San Bernardino, California, often singing along with the hillbilly records he played.



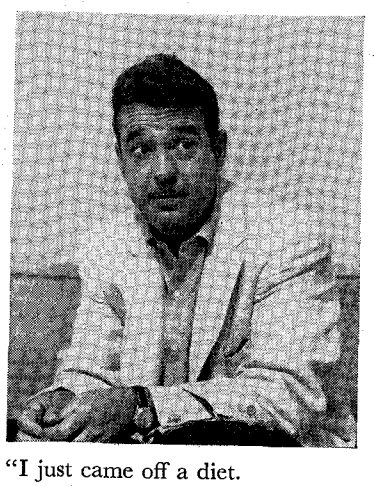
Ernie rehearses a song for his television show. Lurking behind the pianist at rear is author Pete Martin.

THE SAYINGS OF A PEA PICKER

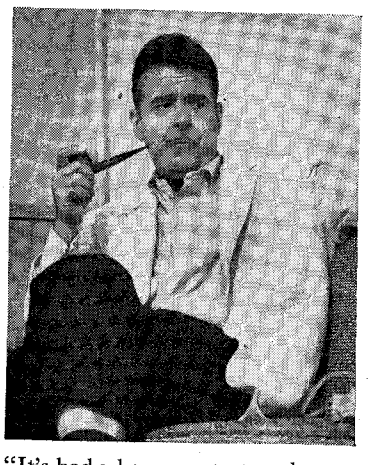
"When they gave me my nighttime TV show, that stuck a cob in my life and stoppered it."



"You don't have to be as restless as a worm in a bucket of hot ashes to go places."



"I just came off a diet. To be real honest about it, I look like a sackful of doorknobs."



"It's bad when you start neglecting your family. That's what really mildews the sheets."

"I can sit back as contented as a June bug in a barrel of mash."

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"Paul, you never told me these things," Mary said.

Before I Knew You

His wife and son couldn't believe that his past had been what it was . . .

By MAURICE ZOLOTOW

When it rains hard, the water doesn't run down the gutter in the back of our house as it should run. There's a hole in that gutter or something like that or maybe it's a leak in the drain, but the water, instead of flowing in a quiet stream down the gutter and into the earth as it should flow, comes splashing down on the flagstoned terrace.

We have lived in this house for six years and every year, in September, we say we are going to get a tinsmith and fix up this drain or gutter or whatever it is, but we still have not done so. The noise of the splashes bothers me because it gives me the feeling that the water is eroding the foundation of our house, which could not be true as the basement is always dry even after the most severe storms. The house was built in 1910 and it is therefore three years older than I am. My wife does not mind the splashings. In fact, she likes them, just as she likes other suburban noises—cricket scrapings, wind in leaves, the rattling of shutters. Our house has shutters, a pair for every window. We had them painted Mediterranean pink last April.

Except for the splashings, it was quiet in the house that night. Our youngest child, a little girl, was asleep. We had a good fire going in the fireplace. We had Brahms' Second Concerto, as played by Rudolf Serkin, on the high-fidelity. My wife was sitting in a chair by the fireplace. Her sewing basket was open. She was sewing buttons on blue-denim trousers.

I was playing chess with my son, Joey. Joey is going to be (Continued on Page 158)

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Marshal Georgi Zhukov and Nikita Khrushchev. Zhukov used his great influence during the various post-Stalin crises to make Khrushchev Communist Party boss.

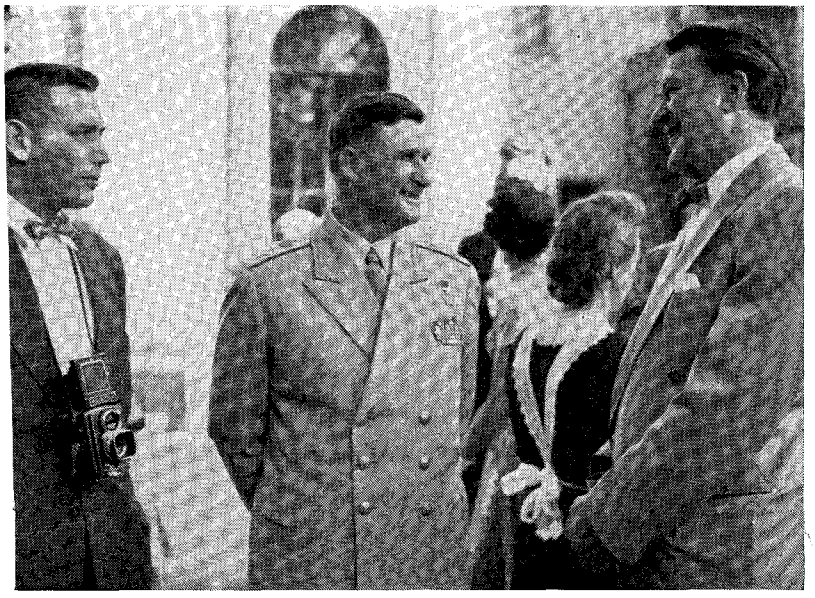
Strange Alliance in the Kremlin

Has there been a long-standing secret compact between Dictator Khrushchev and Soldier Zhukov? If so, how will it affect the peace of the world? A Post editor reports some little-known facts.

By Demaree Bess

Six years ago the military correspondent of The New York Times, Hanson Baldwin, scored a world news beat. He learned that the Red Army's most famous commander, Marshal Georgi Zhukov, was back on the army's General Staff after four years of virtual exile in obscure provincial posts. Dictator Joseph Stalin had secretly recalled Zhukov to Moscow after the Korean war broke out, when it threatened to explode into World War III.

Mr. Baldwin published his exclusive news under the title, Russia's Eisenhower Is Preparing, Too. That title proved to be more prophetic than its (Continued on Page 171)



Marshal Vasili Sokolovsky, Soviet Chief of Staff and behind-the-scenes ally of Zhukov, masterminded the plan to put the Red Army in power.

Zhukov, Russia's most popular soldier, merrily demonstrated with a bayonet during a tour of India early this year. He and Sokolovsky fully supported the crushing of Hungary, says Bess.

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This drawing of O'Hare Field shows how the runways will appear when completed in 1965. With an area of nearly 7000 acres, O'Hare is the nation's largest commercial airport.

Chicago's Airport of the Future

The only sky terminal in the country specially designed for giant jet liners is mammoth new O'Hare Field. Here is how you may travel by air tomorrow.

By LEIGH WHITE

A Boeing 707 jet transport, touring the nation to determine which airports can handle jets, draws a flock of spectators at O'Hare.

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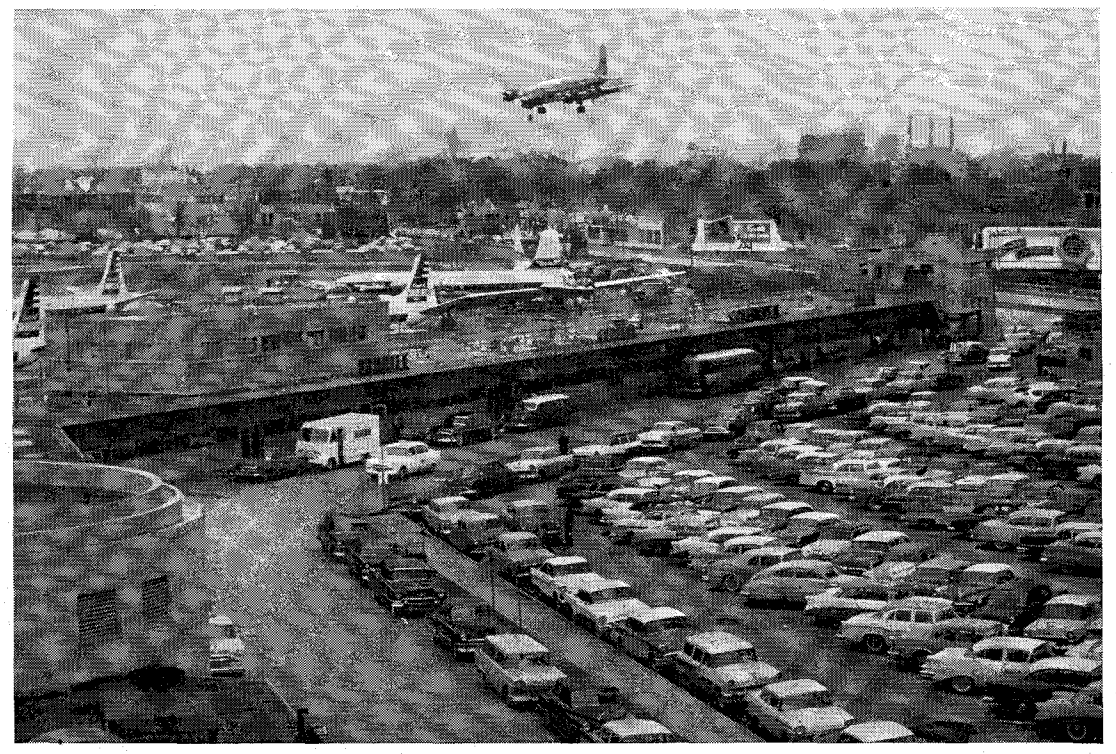

Pilots call Chicago's main airport, Midway Field, a "little horror." To land there, a plane must hedge-hop over smokestacks, gas tanks, billboards and the smoky congestion of southwest Chicago.

Facilities at Midway Field are hopelessly crowded, as in this waiting room, jammed with passengers.

Last spring, the chief test pilot of the Boeing Airplane Company, A. M. "Tex" Johnston, flew around the country in a jet airliner, testing the facilities of some of our major airports. He was flying a 150,000-pound prototype of Boeing's 707 series, the intercontinental version of which will weigh 300,000 pounds fully loaded—almost three times as much as the heaviest piston airliner flying today. For the benefit of local officials and representatives of the Civil Aeronautics Administration, Johnston and his Boeing crew, with the help of Trans World Airlines, practiced landings and take-offs at the relatively few airports whose managers were able and willing to permit the experiment.

Johnston discovered that only one of our major airports, O'Hare Field in Chicago, was properly equipped to handle fully loaded 150-passenger jets. He learned, too, that the whine and roar of a jet airliner equipped with noise suppressors will be much less of a problem than many people thought. The Port of New York Authority, which is firmly opposed to din, especially when committed by four-engine jets, refused to allow Johnston to land at any of the airports under its control. "The jet," according to John R. Wiley, the authority's director of aviation, "has got to adjust to civilized community life. It can't come in raw and screaming; it must be housebroken first."

A few weeks later, a French company, Sud Aviation, was allowed to demonstrate its Caravelle, a presumably housebroken two-engine jet, at New York's International Airport at Idlewild. But Boeing's 707, like the Douglas Aircraft Company's DC-8, is still unwelcome in the New York area. The Boeing and Douglas attitude, which the CAA supports, is that jet noise has now been suppressed to the point where we'll just have to accept it, as we have accepted the increasing noise of the big piston airliners. The fact is that Johnston's 707, suppressing all the noise it could, managed to land and take off repeatedly at Baltimore, Chicago and Denver without arousing the indignation of the populace.

"Maybe we've got leather eardrums out here," said a man who operates a filling station near O'Hare Field, "but I was watching and waiting for that thing to arrive, and I didn't even hear it."

Had he been forced to do so, Johnston said, he could have landed at Chicago's older airport, Midway; but he could never have taken off with a full load. Midway's longest runway extends only 6500 feet. Even O'Hare's longest runway, 8000 feet, would be too short for a fully loaded jet flight to London or Paris. This is why Chicago's Bureau of Aviation is now stretching O'Hare's longest runway to 8650 feet and will soon build a second runway 10,500 feet long.

As the trade journal Aviation Week has observed, the United States, on the eve of the jet age, is "bursting out of an airport pattern that has not changed essentially since World War II. There have been some magnificent new air terminals constructed in recent years at San Francisco, Seattle, Wichita, Milwaukee, Pittsburgh and (Continued on Page 135)

Until transportation from central Chicago is improved, airlines are reluctant to use O'Hare to capacity.

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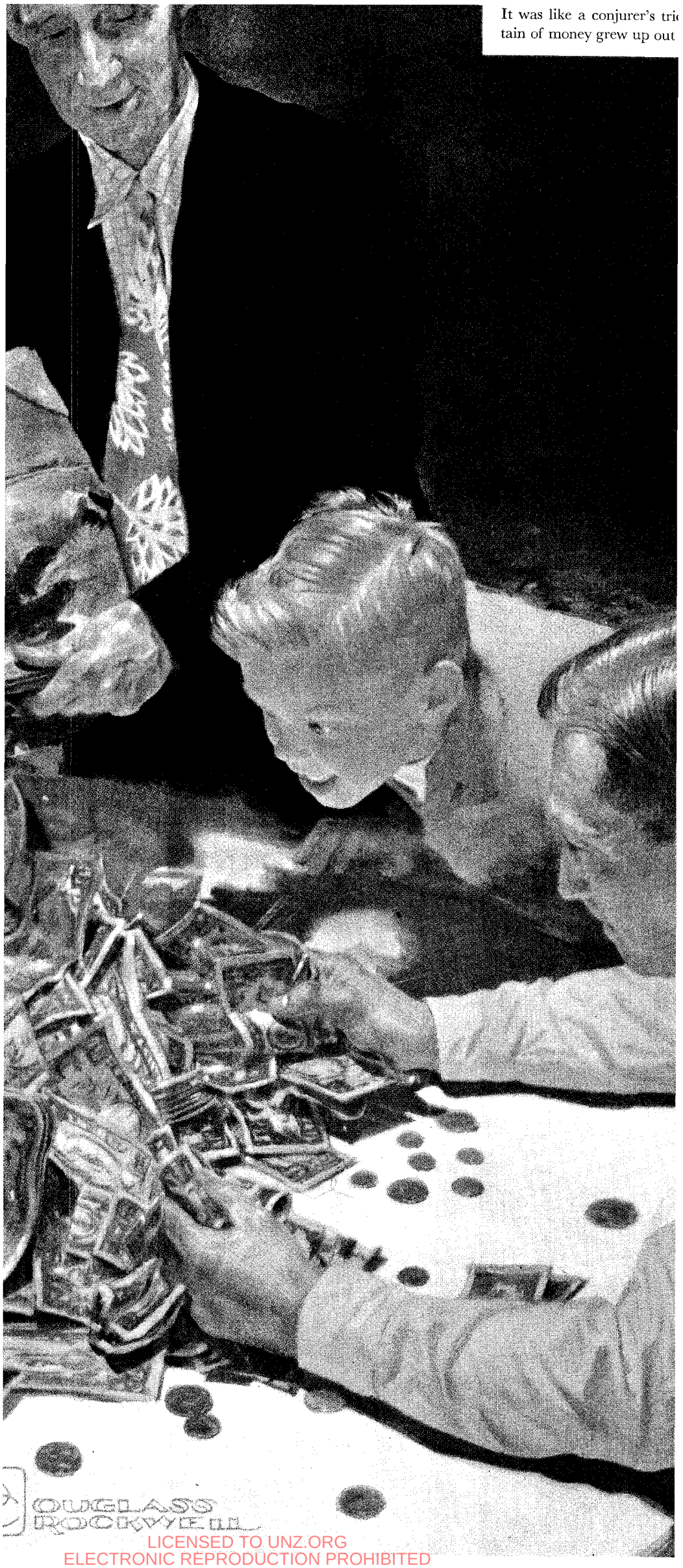

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The story of a charming scoundrel and a gamble that couldn't lose.

The Sure Thing

By GEORGE LOVERIDGE

As a boy, I considered Uncle Ben the perfect uncle. My father and mother were less enthusiastic; they sometimes spoke of him in disparagement, as a man not properly representative of the family.

Uncle Ben was the oldest and my father was the youngest of several brothers and sisters. All those in between had lived exemplary lives as teachers, shopkeepers, skilled mechanics, and so on, and all were dead by the time I was ten. Father himself was, and still is, an accountant with a building-and-loan company, and is distinguished for rectitude, dependability and conservatism.

The family's entire share of daring and rebellion had been skimmed off, like cream, by Uncle Ben. He left home permanently when he was fourteen, after several preliminary attempts, and knocked about the United States, Canada and Mexico, with one excursion to Alaska, until he was sixty-two, when he fell—from beneath a freight car, father said—and suffered an injury that left him with a limp. Uncle Ben himself said he had fallen off a horse in Texas.

No matter. He came to spend his last years with us. But even now he did not do as other people do. We lived in a renovated farmhouse—mother's idea—in Wilton, a town twenty miles from the city where father works. Instead of occupying a room in the house, Uncle Ben renovated a chicken coop about a hundred yards behind the house and lived there. He made one comfortable room of it, ten feet by twelve, with a cot, a table, a chair, a few books, and a wood-turning lathe fashioned from an old sewing machine. He made and sold birdhouses and other wooden articles, and did a bit of house painting and paper hanging, and thus earned as much money as he needed. He took his meals at our table, silent usually, and watching his manners. He respected father and mother as people on a plane far higher than he had been able to reach, but he preferred his own plane.

What I liked was to sit in Uncle Ben's shack on a winter evening with the stove going and listen to stories. He had a great many of them, of course, and sometimes he would act them out as well as tell them. Uncle Ben was a small, wiry man with intent brown eyes that had hypnotic power over me. When he spoke, I believed. The lobe of his left ear was missing. It had been bitten off, he said, by a Mexican, whom he had shortly thereafter knifed to death. According to father, it was a dog that had bitten Uncle Ben, when he was a boy. Not able to disbelieve father and not wanting to disbelieve Uncle Ben, I concluded that the dog had begun the damage and the Mexican had enlarged it.

What increased my confidence in Uncle Ben was the fact that he could do a number of unusual things consistent with his tales. He could throw a knife or hatchet and stick it into a tree at ten paces. He told me that he had been a professional gambler, and he could make cards vanish and make them reappear where he wanted in the deck with a skill that I could never emulate, though he instructed me and I spent hours practicing. He had been a cowboy, a miner, a trainer of race horses, a longshoreman, a hunter, a lumberjack and a plain bum, with now and then an interlude of more dignified, as father saw it, employment as carpenter, telegrapher and printer.

If father disdained Uncle Ben a little, Uncle Ben disdained him, too, and there was nothing that brought this out more happily than the episode of the horsefly named Richard, who was the inspiration for the last great adventure in Uncle Ben's life, and the first one in father's. Uncle Ben was then sixty-eight, father was forty-six, and I myself was twelve.

One day late in summer, I entered Uncle Ben's shack and saw him contemplating a small glass box, about six inches on a side. It had a wooden bottom and a screen top. On one of the glass sides, a green, metallic fly was standing, gazing out at Uncle Ben. It did not move, nor did Uncle Ben. Something in the scene, some tenseness, communicated itself to me. I stood quite still and watched.

Uncle Ben presently looked at me.

"What's that, Uncle Ben?" I said.

"I don't know whether to tell you or not," he said. "Do you believe, do you really believe, boy, in the supernatural?"

It was the way he generally led up to a ghost story, though this time he spoke with a particular intensity, which gave me a sense of awe and pleasant fear even in daylight. I nodded.

"Do you think I'm still all right in the head, even if I'm nigh seventy?"

I nodded again.

"Well, I'm not so sure. But then again, I may be more right in the head. I always had a sort of a sixth sense with cards and dice and such. And if I'd always stuck to it, I might be a rich man. But I'd lose confidence at the wrong time and my luck would run out. Luck. That's what we call it. But it may be more scientific than atomic energy, for all we know."

I nodded for the third time, and sat down. I looked at the glass cage. The fly was buzzing around inside.

"There's more mysterious things than the atom, boy. You see that fly?"

"Yes, Uncle Ben."

"He's been talking to me."

I was not half so amazed as I should have been if a fly had been talking to father, but I was sufficiently amazed to gratify Uncle Ben.

"Not words, of course," Uncle Ben said. "There's other ways of talking. There's codes. You remember me telling you about when I run a telegraph for the railroad out West, and the bridge washed out, and I had to swim that raging torrent to get to the telegraph shack and send the message to stop the train?"

I did indeed remember. And Uncle Ben had taught me the Morse code, preparing me for Boy Scout work, though I had already forgotten the dots and dashes in any significant order.

"I'm rusty," Uncle Ben said, "very rusty. But all this summer, setting around here, half asleep, listening to the flies buzzing, I been uncomfortable. Something's bothered my head. It was only last week I got onto it. That buzzing was like the

(Continued on Page 66)

Illustrated by Douglass Crockwell

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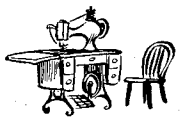
Post Scripts



Some Real Sparkling Late-Movie Dialogue

"I realize, professor, that we're here in the wilds of Africa where there are all sorts of wild animals and everything, but that cry we just heard, professor, was a human cry."

"A human cry? You mean, here in the wilds of Africa?"

"Dagsby! Dagsby! Where are you, Dagsby? Dagsby! Answer me, Dagsby! Where are you, Dagsby? Dagsby! Dags ——"

"Here I am, Castleford, right over here."

"We-um friendly. We-um look for man lost-um many years in jungle. We think-um he here-um in your village. You savvy, yes?"

"Gawampuketta gonga."

"I have a strange feeling, inspector, that the solution to this entire case lies someplace in L. A."

"Someplace in L. A., eh?"

"But it can't be you, Ainsworth! It can't be!"

"Maybe it can't be, Crowley, but it is."

"Tell the men to synchronize their watches, Harrington."

"Synchronize your watches, men."

"Murdered."

"Murdered?"

"Murdered."

VERNON H. KURTZ

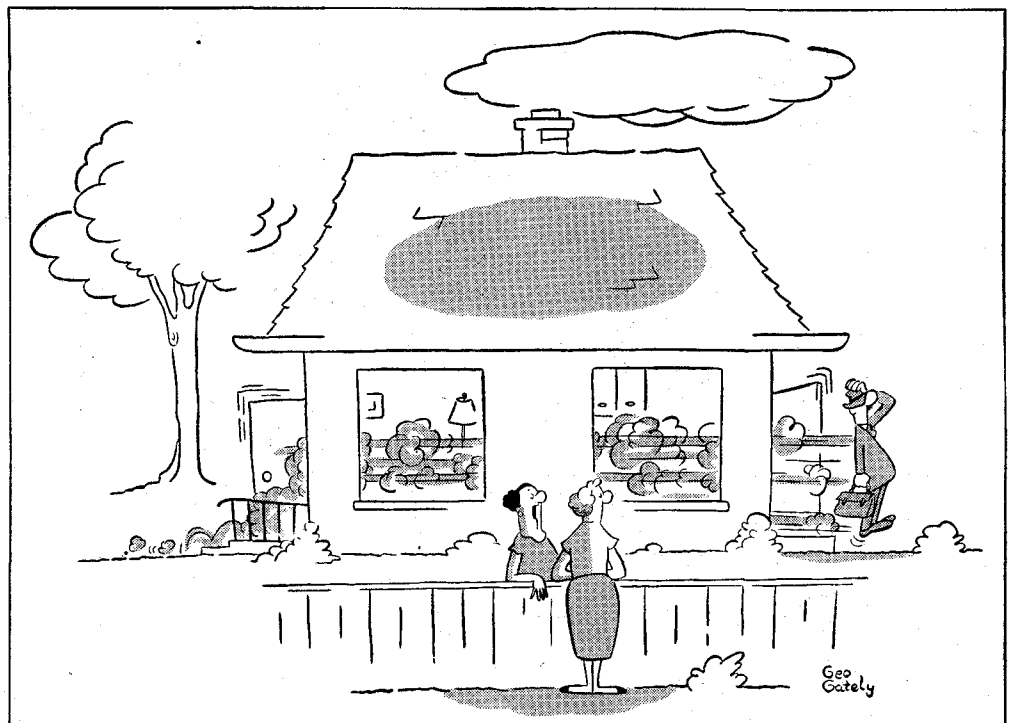
Housewife's Lament

Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it through—
The trouble is when day is done,
I am, too.

HELEN CASTLE

"Put on some tangos, we're having Spanish Rice."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"I waxed the floor today."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Lady Tackles the Decorating Shoppe

"And now, madame, how may I help you?"

"Well, we've got this room next to the kitchen that we don't use for much of anything, and I thought I might hang a little paper and put up some curtains and maybe use it for a ——"

"For a keeping room! Of course, madame! A keeping room, where ——"

"Well, that's what it is right now—I mean, that's where we keep the stuff we really ought to throw out, but you know the way it goes. You think you might need the kids' playpen someday and —— But anyway, there's an old brown rug in there and this ugly window, and ——"

"A Problem Window, madame? But every window is a Problem Window—and every problem can be beautifully, functionally solved! Now, the draperies ——"

"Well, it's only a little-bitty window, and——"

"And you want to enlarge it, to bring the outdoors indoors, for today's fourth dimension of carefree living!"

"Well, no. As a matter of fact, it looks right into the neighbors' back yard, and we see enough of the neighbors any —— that is, I thought maybe we could just cover it up and ——"

"Certainly, madame! With shutters! Marvelous custom-made wooden shutters, hand-crafted, hand-rubbed, your choice of magnificently rich decorator tones. Cinnamon Toast? Café-au-lait?"

"No, thanks, I just ate lun—— Oh. Well, just a nice brown, I thought—something to go with the rug."

"But, madame, you must nudge the color, make it sing! We'll just lower the ceiling and bring in the walls ——"

"Hey, wait! I don't want to go into ——"

"With your wallpaper, madame! A rich Provincial print, or possibly a daring free-form! Apricot? Papaya?"

"No, really, I couldn't eat another th—— Oh. Well, if you really think ——"

"Certainly, madame! Then your walls spark your rug and your rug accepts the shutters!"

"Well, it's getting my husband to accept the shutters that I'm worried about. He always beefs when I ——"

"But, madame! Surely you realize the importance of having a living room in the true sense of the word, where the whole family finds richer living in being together!"

"Well, frankly, that isn't quite what—that is, we just thought if we had some place where we could sort of get away from the kids once in a while ——"

"A real family room where—get away from the kids? Say, now you're talking sense. Now listen. I tell you what my husband and I did. We moved a couple of old chairs and the TV set into the guest room, see? Then we got one of those big padlocks, you know the kind they use on barns? Then ——"

PEG BRACKEN

Crowd Gatherer

What caused the vacant Sunday street
In no more than a twinkling
To fill with cars and busy feet
Like this? Have you an inkling?

Was it a fire? A crash? A shout?
A madman's crazy caper?
No; I, pajama-clad, stepped out
To fetch the morning paper.

RICHARD ARMOUR

Tales Mein Grossfader Told

Liften der Calf

Johann ben ein youngischer hopen der selfer ist upgrowen und becomen strongisch mit musclers bulgen und ripplen. Johann's fader ben ownen ein milchencow und ein smallisch calf.

Johann ist upthinken schemers mit getten strongisch und finaller ben deciden der calf ist helpen. "Meinself ben liften der smallisch calf starten in der mornen," Johann ist declaren. "Ober und ober, mitout failen, ich ben liften der growen calf, und soonisch meinself ist becomen strongisch und upliften ein grosser milchencow."

Mornen ben arriven, und Johann ist outrushen und finden der calf. Mit grunten und groanen und strainen, das liften ben starten. Himmel! Der calf ist nicht budgen!

Johann ben upgrowen und becomen ein hundert poundisch weaklinger.

DAVE MORRAH

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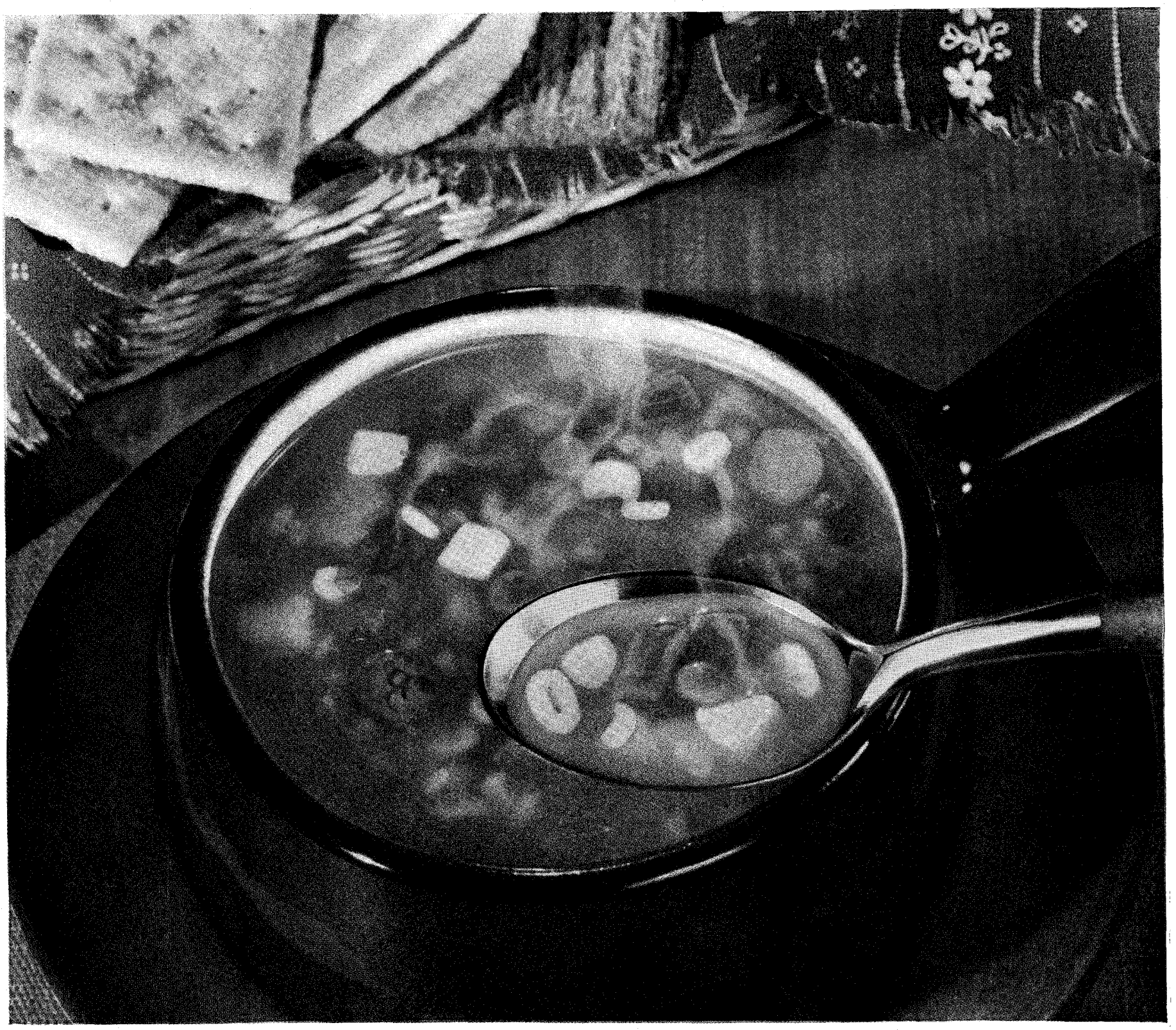

Have you had your soup today?

M'm! M'm! Good!
Nourishing good!

GIVES YOU VITAMINS,
PROTEINS—MINERALS, TOO!

Let's see . . . what will it be? How about Vegetable Soup . . . Campbell's Vegetable Soup! The soup that's thick and hearty with 15 pick-of-the-garden vegetables, cooked in fine beef broth and seasoned perfectly. The soup that's so warmly satisfying with home-kitchen flavor and nourishment, you'll want it often . . . for lunch, for supper and in-between times. Better double-check now. Plenty of soup? Plenty of crackers? Good!

So . . . once a day . . . every day . . . Soup—*Campbell's*, of course!

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NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, Dept. EP-28, 51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y. (In Canada: 320 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario)

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The Case of the DEAD MAN'S DAUGHTER

Who killed George Casselman? The answer came as a surprise—even to Perry Mason.

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

The prosecution presented a strong case against Perry Mason's beautiful client, Stephanie Falkner. Although Stephanie refused to defend herself, it appeared that she had murdered George Casselman because he killed her father. Homer Garvin, Sr., another client of Mason's, was charged with being an accessory after the fact.

Testimony revealed that Garvin discovered the body and saw a footprint in Casselman's blood. He later discovered that Stephanie's shoe-heel pattern matched the footprint, and that one shot had been fired from the gun he had given to her. Garvin covered up the incriminating evidence.

While following Garvin's orders to protect Stephanie, Mason deliberately fired a shot from Homer Garvin, Jr.'s, gun into Homer's office wall, and told Homer to take the gun to Stephanie's apartment. Homer's gun, not his father's, was found by the police and turned out to be the murder weapon. Despite the prosecution's contention that Mason substituted the murder weapon for Homer's gun, Homer and his bride, once a friend of Casselman's, were drawn into the circle of suspicion.

As Homer Garvin, Jr., made his way from the courtroom, he said softly to Perry Mason, "I'll kill you for this."

CONCLUSION

"Just a moment, your honor," Mason said. "I do have one more question of this witness. . . . Will you please return to the stand, Mr. Garvin?"

Garvin hesitated.

"Return to the stand," Judge Decker ordered.

Garvin retraced his steps to the stand.

"As you were just about to leave the courtroom and as you walked past me just now," Mason said, "you said something to me. What was it?"

"Oh, your honor," Hamilton Burger said, "I object. This is no part of the case. Whatever the witness' personal feelings toward Perry Mason may have been, they certainly can't affect the prosecution. I will confess that I have been and am very exasperated over the manner in which this entire hocus-pocus was handled."

"Your feelings don't enter into it," Judge Decker said. "You're not on the stand. The defense has every right to prove any bias on the part of the witness."

"What did you say?" Mason asked.

Garvin shouted, "I said 'I'll kill you for this,' and, by heaven, I will!"

"That's a threat?" Mason asked.

"That's a promise!" Garvin shouted.

"You will spend twenty-four hours in jail for contempt of court," Judge Decker snapped. "The courtroom is no place for threats such as you have just made. This witness has been repeatedly warned. I can realize that the witness is under an emotional strain, but the witness will spend twenty-four hours in jail for contempt of this court. . . . Mr. Bailiff, will you please take the witness into custody?"

The bailiff stepped forward and touched Garvin on the arm. Garvin straightened, and for a moment it looked as though he would completely lose control of himself. Then, with poor grace, he followed the bailiff from the courtroom.

"Call Eva Elliott," Hamilton Burger said.

Eva Elliott had quite evidently prepared to take full advantage of the dramatic aspects of the occasion. She looked like a woman who has spent hours at a beauty salon as she walked with deliberate grace to the witness stand.

"What is your occupation?" Hamilton Burger asked.

"I am a model and an actress."

"What was your occupation on October ninth of this year?"

"I was employed as a secretary by Homer Garvin, Senior."

"How long had you been so employed?"

"Nearly a year."

(Continued on Page 106)

Casselman staggered and released his hold on his victim's neck as the bullet plunged into his chest.

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OUT OF FOCUS?

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You can't beat Phillips' Tablets for *on-the-spot* relief from acid upset. A few Phillips' Tablets have you feeling better—*almost instantly*—for they contain one of the world's *fastest* antacids! Delightfully flavored, they're as pleasant and refreshing to take as candy mints. So always carry Phillips' Tablets wherever you go—for *on-the-spot* relief from acid indigestion. Get a handy tin today.

PHILLIPS' TABLETS

I Lived on Yesterday's Islands

(Continued from Page 47)

was tense and nervous, unable to sleep. Six weeks later he was still there, taking his daily quota of Irish whisky, sleeping ten hours a day and talking of settling down for life. There were the two Danes whom I met on Inisheer who had felt the hypnotic pull of the islands. One paints seascapes to exhibit in Dublin, has made himself a loom and is learning to weave traditional Aran patterns. The other is trying to work out a new method of smoking eels, on islands where wood is practically unknown. There was myself. I went for a day trip to have a look at the background of J. M. Synge's poetic Riders to the Sea, and eventually returned to live with Aran Island families for several months.

The Aran Islands stretch across the mouth of Galway Bay like three huge gray whales basking on a crinkled sea. The encircling arms of the mainland come close at this point and the wild Atlantic surges between the islands and the savage cliffs of County Clare to the east and the ravishingly beautiful mountains of Connemara to the north. Around 2000 people live on these three islands. Inishmore—also called Aranmore—the largest, is about nine miles long and from one half to two and a half miles wide. Inisheer, the smallest, is slightly over two miles long and ranges from three quarters to one and a half miles in width. The "Middle Island," Inishmaan, is between the other two in both location and size.

On these turbulent upended rocks, with almost no soil but that which they "make" themselves, and battered by some of the most tumultuous seas in the world, life is an unremitting struggle of man against nature.

But—and perhaps this is part of the lure—no man works for another. Each works only for himself, and "helps" his neighbor. No man is master. The only master is the sea. The sea gives them food, on the one hand, while the spray from towering waves smothers their islands, salting their carefully garnered soil and ruining their struggling crops. The sea gives them kelp and long sea rods, which they can exchange for turf to burn on their hearths—and the sea kills their men and swallows their precious boats.

The sea also has made these islands the scene of an unchanged way of life that is perhaps as primitive as any left in Europe. Inside the thatch-roofed cots shawl-draped women spin and then knit their greasy wool into guernseys. A family has its own patterns, handed down from mother to daughter for generations. The stitches are related to their daily lives: "diamonds" from their fishing nets, "prints o' the hoof" from hoof marks in the sand, "zigzag" from paths up the cliffs, and "double zigzag," known also, with typical Irish humor, as "marriage lines" or "ups-and-downs."

Outside the open door a man sits on a rock in his back yard. He is making baskets for his back and the back of his burro. He makes careful measurements with a straw or a stick, in the same fashion as his ancestors had always done it, and forms the size and shape of the new basket that will carry potatoes and fish or sand and seaweed.

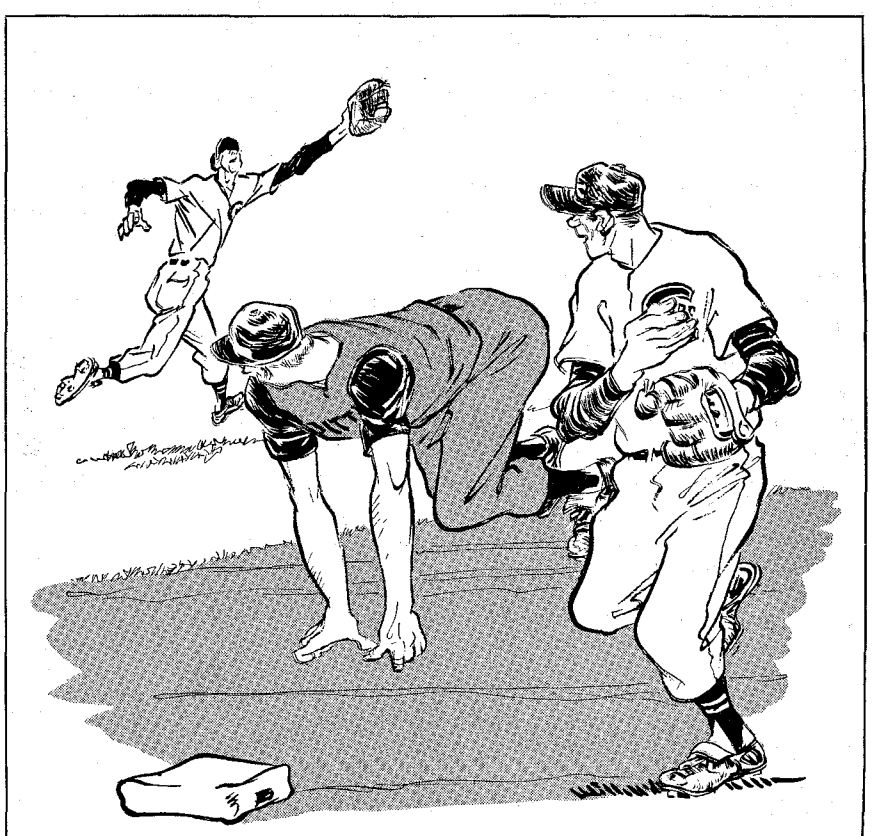
Over the high stone wall in the next field his neighbor flails his little bit of grain. He holds it by the roots and beats the grain head against a convenient stone. Then he carefully scoops up every smallest particle of seed for planting next year. The straw that he stacks by the wall will make a new yellow cap—a thatched roof laced with strong rope—for his whitewashed cottage.

Down a narrow path bounded by great stone walls a ruddy-cheeked man leads his patient burro. The double baskets that hug the burro's flanks are filled with sand or seaweed to cover the rocks that the man calls his farm. He dumps his load and spades in table leavings and road scrapings—this is the beginning of "land," a man's extension of his property. There is no soil on the Arans. Every rug-size patch of green sod has been laboriously "made," throughout the centuries, from sand and seaweed, fish bones and mutton fat.

Inishmore, the large island, has 7666 acres, of which only 193½ acres are arable. Only 2.5 per cent of the ground area will support planting and grow the large mealy potatoes and tender green cabbage that, together with fish and mutton, constitute the basic diet of the people. The other 97.5 per cent of the island is stone. Island farmers, since the beginning of time, have been piling loose blocks of stone into a jigsaw puzzle of walls that twist and turn and crisscross one another. These walls protect the farmer's cattle from the fierce, roaring winds and keep his soil from blowing off the island and out into the sea. They also give the landscape the unreal quality of a theatrical backdrop. Someone with a flair for mathematics figured that Inishmaan, some three miles long and around one and a half miles in width, had over 2500 miles of stone walls.

A farmer's holding may cease abruptly at a sheer 300-foot cliff, and here, on fast days, is where he and his sons go fishing. He baits the hooks with crabs or periwinkles, reinforces the lead with a section of cow's tail, then hurls the stone-weighted line to place it on the sea floor hundreds of feet below. Looping the line around his foot, he reclines in his dizzy eyrie and looks out over the green sea as he awaits the telling jerk on the hook. With golden sun reflecting from the rocks, he contentedly hums a minor Gaelic tune. And then, perhaps recalling that America is just over the horizon and that most of his relatives are there, he breaks into Give My Regards to Broadway as he pulls in pollack, bream and big, shiny rockfish.

Off these same cliffs the islanders hunt the "rock birds" that are a very special delicacy. A man swings out and over the cliffs, a human pendulum on a thin rope, reaching with his toes for a ledge where the birds (*Continued on Page 56*)



So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

Old-style runners who back off the base to get a racing start after a fly ball is caught sometimes run into trouble. Here, in a simulated major-league setting, is an actual play of this kind.

Say Pittsburgh trails Chicago, 4–3, as the Pirates bat in the top of the seventh. With one out, Dee Fondy walks. Dick Groat's single moves him to second. A wild pitch sends Fondy to third and Groat to second.

Bill Virdon now hits a deep fly to left centerfield. Fondy tags up at third, but Groat withdraws a few feet behind second to get a quick start. Cub outfielder Chuck Tanner catches the fly. Groat then touches second and swings to third. Fondy scores on the play.

The Cubs, however, rush the ball to second base and appeal. They claim Groat is out and Fondy's run doesn't count.

If you were umpiring, how would you rule?

(See page 56 for answer.)

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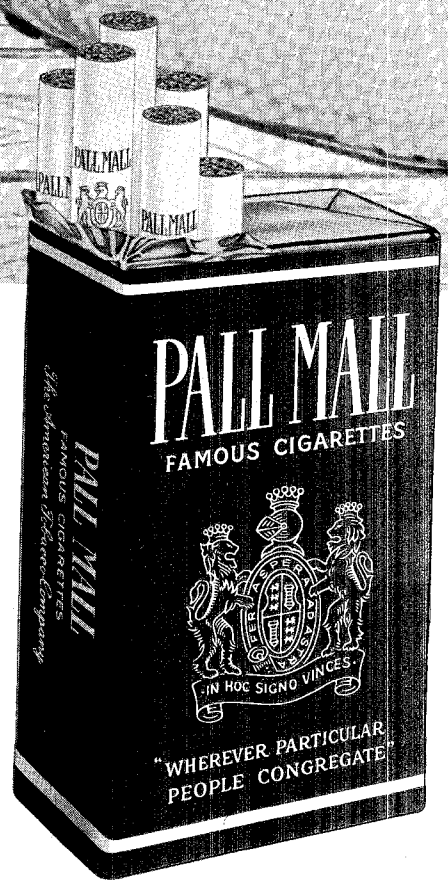
Your appreciation of PALL MALL quality has made it America's most successful and most imitated cigarette.



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ONLY KEYSTONE MAKES FULLY-AUTOMATIC TUNNEL-TYPE PROJECTORS AT THIS PRICE,

(almost $50 less than other makes). Set the remote control timer for desired interval; sit back and enjoy yourself! Projector will automatically show each slide, change to next one . . . through entire tray of 40 slides. Super-Optic beam shows pictures brighter, sharper. Built-in chamber for permanent file tray; blue light "eye-ease" filter between changes. See the K-310 at your Keystone dealer's. Easy budget terms.

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(*Continued from Page 54*) nest. Then he robs the nests of eggs. Another man dangles precariously between sky and sea to find a shelf where he can stay the night. His friends haul him up with his loot the next morning: a net full of birds caught asleep on their nests.

Far below the cliffs on the rippling sea are the great currach fishermen, islanders who have no land for farming. The high-bowed currach, a type of craft common 2000 years ago, is roomy, but of uncertain stability. An islander told the story of a currach capsizing because a man's hair wasn't parted in the middle. When I first stepped into Martin Sharry's boat he told me, explicitly, where to put my feet, how to sit and where to distribute my arms and legs. "And sure and ye have to keep your tongue straight in your head to be ridin' in one o' these canoes," he said.

A fisherman says it is easier for a farmer. He has his milk and the sweet-fleshed mutton, for which the islands are famous, his potatoes and cabbage, and yellow thatch for his roof. During the long summer days from April to October the fisherman must net enough for his daily use, plus something extra for the winter. The balance, salted down or in a brine, he uses for the trading necessary to his small economy.

When the sea is rough and the "white harses come ridin' up the cliffs" the fishermen piece out their economy by "sea weedin'." A heavy storm rips seaweed from the ocean bottom and flings it toward the jagged, rocky shore. Strong-sinewed fishermen, with goatskins slung over their backs for protection, bend double under the weight of the slimy, soggy weeds as they toil up the rocks from the water. Seaweed, dried in great stacks in the sun, sells in Connemara. A fisherman said, "They used to make iodine, but we think they do be makin' nylon from it now."

Islanders take this rugged life with its hazards gaily, with always time and to spare for a long talk or a pint at the pub along the road. Perhaps because of their joint enemy, the sea, and surely because each islander lives by much the same slender thread of economy, their daily co-operation is such as most people know only in time of major emergency. The weaver, the publican, the farmer, each leaves his work to help the fisherman launch his currach. The fishermen come back from tending their nets to help the farmer push his struggling cow into the water to be towed out to the steamer for sale in Galway. Any man's currach, his burro, his horse, is on loan to another man without the asking. When there are gales in Galway Bay and the steamer servicing the islands can't sail, each islander shares his last freely with his neighbor. Candles for the bedroom, oil for the kitchen lamp, turf for the hearth, and flour for bread—although island women know how to bake bread with potatoes instead of flour, and can still contrive a light from a scallop shell filled with fish oil, if they must.

A Dublin man who knew the islands well gave me an example of Aran co-operation. He said that having made my choice of families with whom to live, I now "belonged"—so far as the other islanders were concerned—to Barbara and Pat O'Flaherty on Inishmore, to Kate and Martin Sharry on Inisheer and to Kate Faherty and her sons on Inishmaan. My few pounds a week for board and room could be of major importance, could even contribute to a desperately hoarded fund to give a favorite son his chance in America. But no other family, no matter how great their need, would ever take me into their home as a lodger unless "my" family had no room and requested it.

The main issues of island living—life and death—are too immediate for pettiness. A Galway solicitor told me his legal practice consisted of settling boundary disputes and the endless fights among the west-country people. But, he said, never in his time had an Aran Islander come to him with either quarrel or argument. The government of County Galway has installed two guards on the large island—a move that many islanders consider hilariously funny. Once a month, or so, they cruise over to the smaller islands as a routine check. In between times they take a census and check the steamer sailing in and sailing out again.

To enter the cozy kitchen of an Aran Islander's home is your introduction to the *Gaeltheacht*—the most Irish of the Irish. Life with an island family is centered around the kitchen with its sweet-smelling turf fire, its open cupboard of gay dishes, and the bubble of numerous kettles and pots of water always hot and in readiness for a hospitable "cup o' tay." Herself bakes the dark fragrant Irish bread in an iron pan on the open hearth with coals heaped on top the cover—a primitive oven. Himself, holding a skein of yarn taut with his feet and using his hand as shuttle and batten, weaves the bright-colored *crois* that he will wear for a belt. The daughter spins wool on a huge spinning wheel. The sons sit at either end of a long trough of sudsy water and seem to be performing a bare-footed dance as they toss the handwoven wool back and forth in the water with their feet. This shrinks and thickens the heavy *bawneen* that is their protection from the shrieking winds that scourge their stony gray islands. On the high mantelpiece, overlooking this ancient way of life, is usually a photograph of one of "New York's foinest," complete with uniform and badge.

An island kitchen always has two doors facing each other, with one closed against the wind. The open door is your clock, your built-in sundial. Any islander can tell the time, within a half hour or so, by the quality of light and shadow on his threshold. Meals are not by the clock, but when the family gathers. Time, in the Arans, means nothing.

"They tell the young ones you have to work hard in America," said an Aran man. "It's not that you have to work so hard; it's mostly that you have to get there on time!"

An islander lives his life from one day to the next ("please God") without plan. I was busily organizing the next day's activities and a (*Continued on Page 60*)

Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 54

Call Groat out, but count Fondy's run. Flying starts have been outlawed. Fondy, however, crossed the plate before the third out, which was not a force out, was allowed. So his run counts. (See Section 7.10a, Case Book Notes, and Section 7.12.)

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Chemistry helps you put your best foot forward!

It's easy to put your best foot forward today—there are so many attractive shoe styles and colors to select from! For chemistry is constantly bringing new beauty and quality to leathers of all types, from glossy patent leathers to soft colorful suedes. Special tanning chemicals developed by American Cyanamid Company, for example, are being used to improve the appearance and add new durability, flexibility, wear- and scuff-resistance to leathers, not only for shoes but also for luggage, handbags, apparel, upholstery.

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What happened when W2EYY called GM

ON THE BEAM — Radio amateur Robbie Robinson calls the world from W2EYY. His Adronics, Inc.— supplier of aerials to General Motors—grew out of his radio hobby which he started at 15.

FROM PARIS TO PERU and way stations in between, amateur radio operators know the call letters W2EYY. Their fellow ham, William A. Robinson, has been sending that call crackling across the air waves for 25 years — once raised an expedition at the North Pole.

But Robbie will tell you that a totally different kind of call—his first call on General Motors—was the most important he ever made in his life.

For as a result of it, he's where he is today — president of a highly successful company that supplies General Motors and scores of other customers with car radio antennas and other accessories.

Tuning in to General Motors

THAT GM CALL was made ten years ago. Robbie was a young man of 30 with 15 years of radio experience behind him. He was also a young man way out on a limb who'd decided to put his radio knowledge to work — gone deep into debt to start his own company.

He had some machinery for making automobile radio antennas, a tiny plant, —but no customers for the products of his

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FOUR GENTLEMEN FROM VERONA, N. J.—Young men with young ideas boss Adronics, Inc. Plant Superintendent Milt Koptula is 40, Treasurer Bill Lampe is 37, President Robinson is 39, and Vice Pres. Production Boss Gerry Burggraf is 38.

CALLING ALL CARS—Verona's Civil Defense Director, Dwight Hemion, Sr., with transmitter given town by Adronics Pres. Robinson. Robbie has also helped police departments in neighboring towns set up short-wave radio systems.

FRIEND IN DEED—Mack Molding Co. President Ken Macksey (l.) and Sales Manager Sidney Howell (r.) show Robinson plastic lenses. Ken sold on credit to Robbie when Adronics started—now he is one of Ken's big customers.

Adronics, Inc., in Verona, New Jersey.

And that's why he called on GM's Chevrolet Division, told them he could make better antennas at a lower price, asked the chance to prove it.

So, after Robbie showed Chevrolet the fine qualities of his antennas — and after Chevrolet sent an engineer to look over his plant—Robbie got his chance—a pilot order for antennas. Shipments the first month added up to $956.

A Small Business Gets Bigger

SOON OTHER CUSTOMERS came to Adronics—GM Divisions like Pontiac, Buick, GMC Truck & Coach, Fisher Body, plus many others.

Soon the company started to make other products besides radio antennas—electronic equipment and communications gear—all growing out of Robbie's knowledge of radio.

And soon more and more workers joined the company—today there are over 100 men and women taking home a payroll of about $12,000 a week. Adronics has more than 40 different customers for its 60 products and sales well over a million dollars a year—all grown out of a radio ham's hobby and a call he made ten years ago.

What has happened in Verona, N. J., has happened in hundreds of towns and cities all over the United States. Local manufacturers have found that, if they meet delivery dates with quality products that GM needs, at competitive prices, GM is interested in doing business with them. New business has flowed into their communities — and as a result, these communities in every state share in GM's success.

How much they share is shown by the fact that outside suppliers of materials and services receive, in total, close to 50¢ of every dollar that General Motors takes in from the sale of its products.

TWIN TALENTS—Adronics Machinist Michael Guido runs lathe on day shift—dances professionally with sister, Mary, nights and weekends. They have appeared professionally in many night clubs and theatres.

CABLE TALK—Mary Borne and Angela Pondiscia soldering and packing antenna cables tagged for Pontiac. Grandmother Angela has been with company since doors first opened and will soon mark 10 years with firm.

GENERAL MOTORS

—Good people to work for

—Good people to deal with

The Importance of Small Businesses to General Motors

The various Divisions of General Motors deal with a total of more than 26,000 business firms, supplying goods or services. More than 22,500 of these firms have less than 500 employes, and 16,000 employ fewer than 100.

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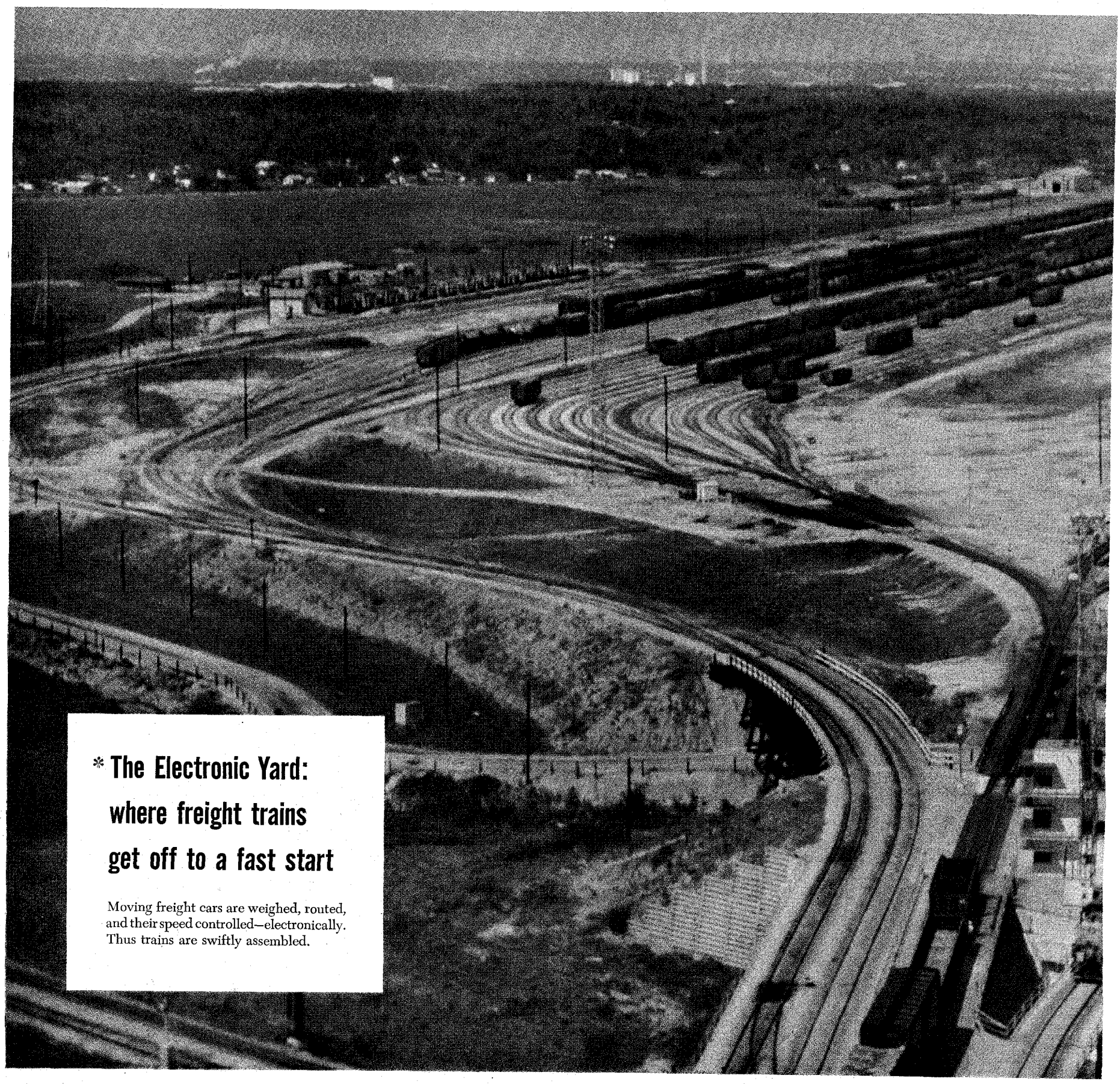

* The Electronic Yard: where freight trains get off to a fast start

Moving freight cars are weighed, routed, and their speed controlled—electronically. Thus trains are swiftly assembled.

More Railroad Progress like this depends on adequate earnings

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Isn't this common sense?

Improvements such as this electronic freight yard cost a lot of money—money which the completely self-sustaining railroads must supply from their earnings. When railroads are able to improve their services, we all benefit. And railroads just aren't earning enough money these days to put into operation all the improvements they have developed, as fast as they would like.

Railroads *could* make enough money to do more of these things, for they are—by far—our most efficient system of mass transportation. But their earning power is hamstrung by outdated government policies that favor competing forms of transportation.

As a result, the railroads' earnings are reduced—and the nation loses some of the benefits of railroad progress. In your interest—in the interest of *every* American family—railroads should be given equal opportunity to earn an adequate return on their investment. *Isn't this common sense?*

AMERICA MOVES AHEAD WITH THE RAILROADS

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

YOUR BASIC TRANSPORTATION

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Elegance

THAT'S BUILT IN — TO LAST!

FLORSHEIM

"DESERT BROWN" WALNUT CALF

"Elegance" is nothing new to the men of Florsheim. For 65 years we've been turning out shoes with the *lasting* elegance that only superior quality can create! It's an elegance that's built in—not added on—that grows old gracefully and looks better longer! It's all part and parcel of the tremendous shoe value Florsheim has been delivering for over half a century—the lasting elegance of quality!

Left: The KENMOOR, *31614; tape-tip blucher in Desert Brown Walnut Calf.*

Center: The VIKING, *31626; long-wing tip blucher in Desert Brown Walnut Calf.*

Right: The KENMOOR, *31616; plain toe blucher in Desert Brown Walnut Calf.*

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(*Continued from Page 60*) sovereign lords of the islands. And in the seventeenth century one of Cromwell's captains wrote of the islands: "There was not enough water to drown a man, nor wood to hang a man, nor ground to bury a man."

In more recent years, when Ireland had almost lost her language, it was to the Arans that great Continental scholars came to study and preserve the Gaelic tongue. Archaeologists from all over the world came to investigate the types of ancient stone architecture represented on the islands from primitive dolmens through seventeenth-century castles. And great anthropologists came to measure bones, and study the people, and puzzle over the mystery of their origins.

The islanders have experienced a more current fame through the writings of John M. Synge, in the early 1900's, and the classic Man of Aran, filmed by Robert Flaherty in the 1930's. The people accept the famous and the great as part of their daily lives. Within my first weeks on the Arans I had met a well-known European TV team, several of the members of one of America's finest symphony orchestras, a famous American composer, a French script writer and archaeologists from great universities all over the world. This in spite of the fact that the islands have no resort hotels, but only the most simple type of guest house or small hotel arrangements, where a candle to bed and a pitcher and washbowl constitute the amenities.

Sean Keating, the famous Dublin painter, is all but an islander himself. For thirty years he has been coming back, summers, to sketch in the islands and fill his notebooks with so much excitingly beautiful material that, as he told me, "One lifetime isn't half enough." Liam O'Flaherty, whose Informer became a classic of the Irish Troubles is, of course, an islander from Gorthnagopple—The Field of the Horse. Some of his immediate family still live on Inishmore and I was told that he more or less regularly visited the islands that his short stories have pictured so sensitively. Pat Mullen, the Inishmore man who was liaison officer and who figured prominently in Man of Aran, has moved to Wales. His son, P. J., is one of the more progressive islanders, who uses a motorboat for fishing and who collects lobster from the currach fishermen to deliver to "The Frenchman" in Connemara. Others who were in the movie continue to live an island life, but remember their glory and the visit to America that followed it.

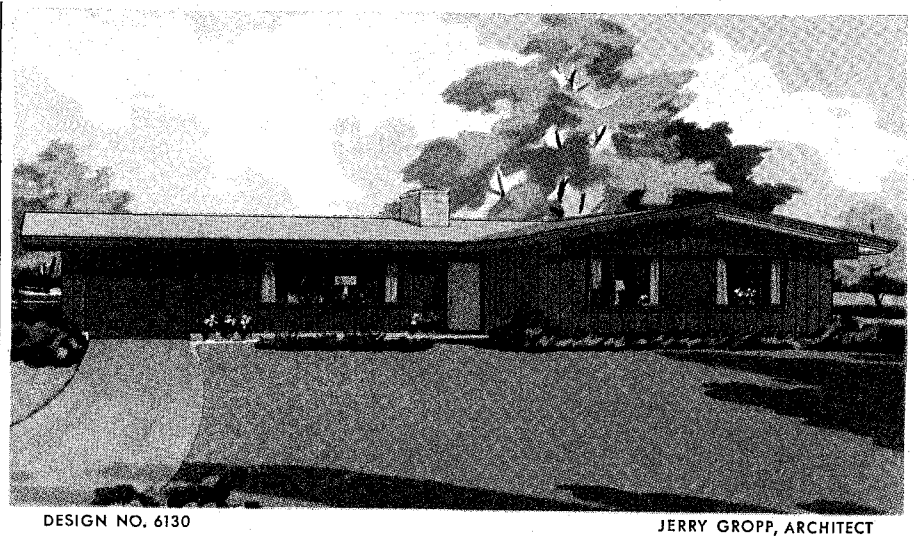
These natives who return to their homeland and the outsiders who fall under the spell periodically voice a worry about upsetting the balance, the timeless quality of the islands; though the islanders, the ones most concerned, go on their way being unspoiled and cherishing their most precious heritage, independence. Some say the foreign trawlers have ruined the fishing, that the waters should be more efficiently patrolled by the Irish Government. And certainly, after seeing a Spanish fishing fleet come racing for shelter into Kilronan harbor with their nets down, one wonders about the problems of the currach men who must spend hours in their fragile craft in a rough sea searching for fish.

Many wonder if eventually it will be necessary for the government to evacuate the islanders from their cruel land. But the Arans have seemed to maintain their own kind of balance by emigration whenever there were too many children for a holding.

An anthropologist told me he thought the rhythm of the islands was being upset by tourists, and there is no doubt that they have left their imprint on Inishmore and particularly in Kilronan. Kilronan, the "capital" of the islands, is the one place where the steamer can dock. At Inisheer and Inishmaan she has to stand off and drift, and visitors can reach the islands only by currach. This is a careening, exhilarating ride—it takes a steady head.

Barbara O'Flaherty (Pat)—the husband's given name is always used to prevent confusion among the many families with the same names—has her own solution to the tourist problem, and it is eminently satisfactory. Barbara, too, once lived in America, but returned to the islands to raise her family. Her white cottage at Lower Oat Quarter is almost at the exact center of Inishmore. Towering on the edge of the nearby cliffs is the goal of every visitor to

"Still haven't found your sea legs, Mr. Briggs?"



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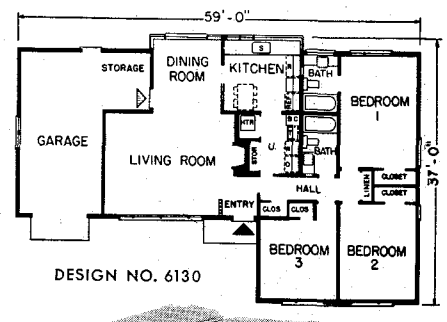

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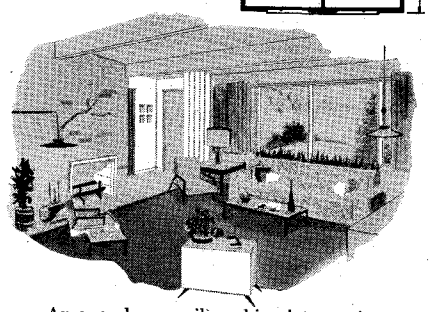

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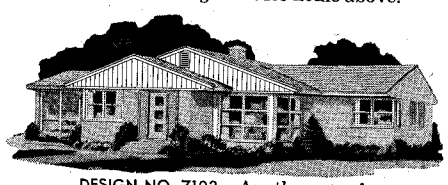

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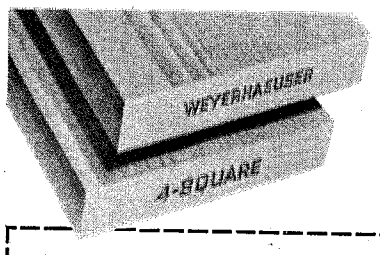

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the large island: the famous prehistoric fort Dun Aengus, which Sir William Flinders Petrie, the great archaeologist, described as "the most magnificent barbaric monument in Europe."

Barbara plans for Boat Day and starts cooking early in the morning. When most of the island has run out of food, Barbara is still welcoming guests at her heavily laden table and entertaining them with her wonderful biting wit. And when the last stray hikers clamber down over the rocks from Dun Aengus, Barbara is ready with a warm kitchen, and homemade bread, jam and strong hot tea.

What does an islander need? Enough fish for a fisherman's family. Enough mutton for a farmer's family. Potatoes—plenty of potatoes. A little money, kept in the cupboard or the trunk, for flour, oil, candles, tea. A patch for the pants of Himself. The weaver will trade a half-yard patch for some fish. A new red petticoat for Herself. The weaver will weave the *bawneen* in exchange for mutton. And enough over—just enough—of salted fish, or mutton, or young heifers, or seaweed, to trade with the mainland for turf or coal. "A man has his family and his health. A pound to save, a pound to spend, a pound for his pocket goin' down the road, and freedom. What more can he ask of his God?"

Apart from their shared isolation perhaps two things, more than any other, tie the islands together. One is a man: Dr. John O'Brien, of Inishmore. The other is a steamship named after their great fortress: SS Dun Aengus, of Galway. For forty years Doctor O'Brien has dispensed medicine, along with wise advice and patient understanding, to the people of the three islands. Only recently has County Galway provided a motor launch for him to get from island to island, and a small ambulance—the only car on the islands—to traverse the length of Inishmore. The doctor speaks of former years when the two smaller islands had to send currachs for him, and of the hours spent battling high, stormy seas to reach an emergency in time. When I commented on the dangers of his job, he said, "One can only do his best. 'Tis a healthy life."

The SS Dun Aengus is, above all, the very real tangible link between the islands and the mainland, and Boat Day eclipses all other social activities as the major event of the week. Prominently displayed in the place of honor and importance in every Aran kitchen is a sailing schedule in Gaelic and English. No dates are more important than Boat Days. The Dun Aengus means the wheel of a farmer's two-wheeled cart that he must send to Galway for repairs because the islands have no wood. She means the Gaelic newspaper that gets read forward and backward for a week—or for three. She means mail and gifts from America. And most of all she means a contact with the outside, an assurance of not being abandoned. The Dun Aengus is desperately important. Capt. Arthur Sanderson realizes this and brings his ship over on rigid schedule, weather permitting.

The little 234-ton steamer, launched in 1912 and not ever intended as an excursion craft, is the common denominator. She carries high-heeled tourists from Dublin and horses from Connemara and great actresses like Siobhan McKenna, going over to live with Barbara O'Flaherty (Pat) to practice her Gaelic. She carries The Peddler, the islander's traveling store, with his fascinating suitcases of beads and dishes, mirrors and thread. She carries English and Spanish students, Galway cows, American millionaires, and often twenty to thirty pigs running loose on the main deck: a rolling, pitching goulash of people and livestock that must, at times, make Captain Sanderson yearn for the days he spent on a minesweeper during the war. And by the end of the three-to-four-hour trip across the bay even the French and Danish tourists disembark singing Moonlight on Galway Bay with an Irish accent.

Lined up on the pier at Kilronan and clustered in groups on the shores of Inisheer and Inishmaan are the welcoming islanders. They have been peering from their rocky heights or standing on their stone walls since early morning, eagerly scanning the far horizon for the first faint wisp of smoke that tells them the Dun Aengus is going to make it. Almost always, too, there is a weeping group sending a son or daughter off to America, and a laughing group awaiting the arrival of their "Yank" on his first visit back to the homeland.

The evening before I left the Aran Islands my friends and I walked up the boreen toward the storyteller's thatch-roofed cot. The women's shawls fell in long points over their gay red skirts, giving them stature and dignity. Ahead of us the men, in patched homespun and raw leather pampooties, walked silently and with lithe, splendid grace. A little boy came along the lane leading his horse to pasture. He carefully tore down a section of stone wall, drove the horse into the miniature field, and then laboriously piled the huge stones in place again—as his father, and his father's father always had done.

We stopped by a sandy strand to wait for more friends who had just come in from fishing. They beached their currach, tossed it upside down over their heads, and their three pairs of legs moved toward us in unison, like a great black beetle. It was a scene that had been going on forever. As we sheltered by the stone wall one of the men looked over my way and said, "We'll be afther remembering ye, and Americky, and all the fun on your big holidays."

"Big holidays?" I queried, not too attentively.

"Paddy's Day, Labor Day, the Fourth of July and the Seventeenth of June," he replied.

I puzzled over the seventeenth of June.

"And sure," he said scornfully, "and ye a good Yank and not even knowin' your national holidays. The seventeenth of June is the Battle of Bunker Hill."

Somehow that, for me, completely closed the gap of centuries between our busy, modern, new world of America and the relaxed, timeless, old world of the Arans—The Islands of the Saints.

The Sure Thing (Continued from Page 41)

sound you used to hear in the headphones in the early wireless days, before they could talk by wireless. I remember —— Well, never mind that.

"All of a sudden I got a letter from one of them flies. An A. Dot-dash. That's an A. Remember? Then I'd get another letter, maybe a Q or an O. But they was sending mighty fast, and I couldn't keep up with 'em."

Perhaps I betrayed the beginnings of incredulity. For the first time, Uncle Ben was angry with me.

"You're getting just like your father," he said. "You'll grow up just like him. Everything cut and dried. Never believe anything you can't see, feel or count. Go away."

I begged not to be sent away, and Uncle Ben did not insist.

But it was a week before I could draw a comprehensive account from him. It seemed that at first he had distinguished only single, isolated letters with no meaning beyond themselves. Then a fly had appeared that buzzed a complete word. "Money," it was. Uncle Ben closed the shack and captured the fly. He named it Richard and made the windowed house for it to buzz in.

"Why do you call him Richard?" I asked.

"Because I had a friend once, Richard Twill, a gambler. And we agreed that whichever died first would try to get in touch with the other one. Well, Richard was throwed over a cliff years ago, rightly or wrongly I don't know, and I never heard nothing from him to this day. But suppose now ——"

"But did he know the code, Uncle Ben?"

"Funny thing is, he did. Used to tap out messages to each other sometimes with a silver dollar, sitting at separate tables in a saloon. Or him at the bar and me at a table, maybe."

"What kind of a gambler was he?" I asked.

"Well, he was a sort of an all-around gambler, but he was mainly a racetrack gambler. That's what he liked best. He always used to be working on systems. You know what a system is?"

... ...

Whistling Boy

By John Robert Quinn

Seemingly more
  Whistle than boy,
He blazes a trail
  Of living joy.

The mongrel tune
  Is a perfect match
For a nine-year-old
  With untamed thatch.

There are times when a boy
  Would simply burst
If he didn't set
  To whistling first.

... ...

"No, Uncle Ben."

"It's a way to pick out horses that's going to win races. Systems of names and numbers and hunches and all that. It's very complicated, boy."

"Do they work? Systems?"

"Oh, sometimes. I've had a few myself. Worked pretty good. There's one trouble with all systems, so far. You either don't know when to keep on betting or you don't know when to stop. Either way, you lose money."

Through the sports pages of the newspaper, Uncle Ben initiated me into the mysteries of platers, handicaps, jockeys, furlongs, mudders, silks, and so on, of all of which I had had not the least notion. In my whole life, I had seen only three or four live horses.

"You're ignorant, boy," said Uncle Ben. "Here's something millions of people is interested in, the horses, and it ain't fit for you to grow up in total ignorance."

Gradually I learned that what Richard was doing was transmitting the names of racehorses to Uncle Ben.

"It's all still a little hazy," Uncle Ben said, "but it gets plainer all the time."

"Do you think this fly is your friend Richard?" I inquired.

"Well, I can't tell. It might be. What'd be so marvelous about that? Would it be more marvelous than the sun, or the moon, or flowers growing? But maybe Richard is only using this fly to talk to me, sending messages the way we used to send 'em by rapping with silver dollars. You see?"

"Sure."

"Where he is, maybe things is clearer than they are here. Maybe he's finally got onto it."

"Onto what, Uncle Ben?"

"The perfect system."

Every day—it was generally around three o'clock in the afternoon that the signals were clearest—Uncle Ben listened to the messages buzzed out by Richard the horsefly. They came in a high, nervous hum. Once in a while, I myself could catch a letter, or thought I could, but Uncle Ben deciphered whole words. They were almost always the names of racehorses. Uncle Ben showed me the names in the newspapers. We made hypothetical bets on the horses recommended by Richard and kept a record of our winnings and losses. At the end of two weeks, we had won $7280.70.

All this was on paper, of course. We had not risked any actual money, because Uncle Ben had none—so far as anybody knew, at least. But it was exciting. I'd sit there watching Uncle Ben as he listened to Richard buzzing in his glass house.

"A," Uncle Ben would say, "Q . . . U . . . A. . . ."

I would take down each letter as Richard sent it and Uncle Ben interpreted it, and finally would have the name of a racehorse, such as Aquarius. We'd make a bet on Aquarius, and next day, or whenever Aquarius ran again, we'd win perhaps a hundred dollars. It seldom failed. It was like finding money.

Uncle Ben never said specifically that I was not to tell father and mother about our game, but I had a feeling that he did not want me to. Nevertheless, in a moment of enthusiasm, proud of my knowledge of the esoteric world of horseracing, and knowing by instinct that a way to make money without working for it would interest any human being, I did mention the secret to mother. She mentioned it to father.

Father was profoundly interested, but not in the way I might have expected. After supper that night, he said to Uncle Ben, "Ben, what's this about you teaching Sam to bet on racehorses?"

Uncle Ben looked at me, then at father.

"Shucks, Tom. We don't bet real money. Just a game."

"It's the kind of a game I'd prefer not to have Sam instructed in. I know you've gambled all your life, Ben. That's your own business. But Sam is my business."

"Shucks, don't be making a Rocky Mountain out of a molehill, Tom," Uncle Ben replied, taking hold of his damaged ear the way he did when he was annoyed. "Won't harm the boy. He's got to know about the world sometime, ain't he?"

"Not that world," said mother.

(*Continued on Page 71*)

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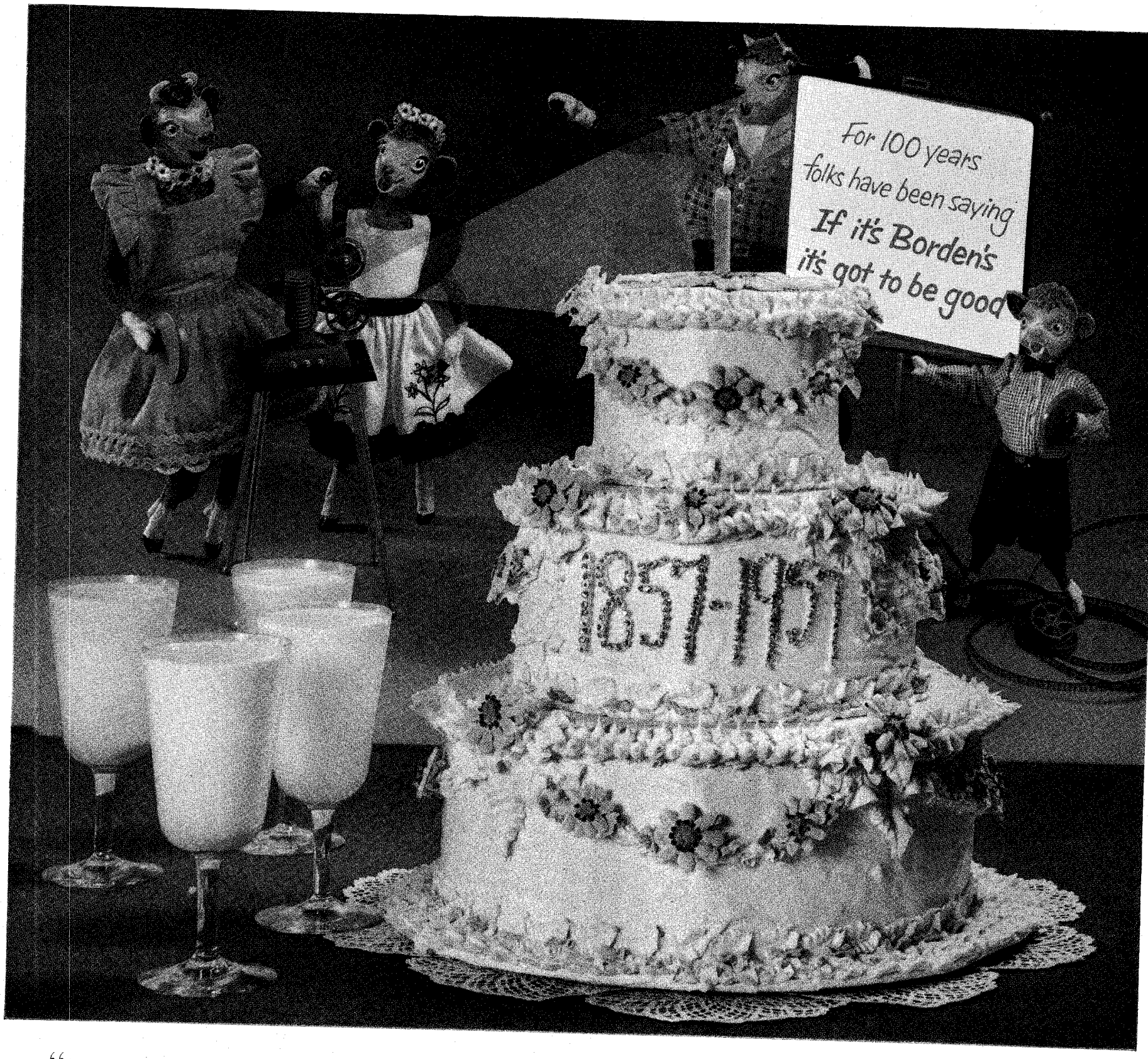

"There's so much to celebrate on Borden's 100th birthday!"

said Elsie the Borden Cow

Elsie: Many's the time my grandmother told me how Mr. Borden started The Borden Company back in 1857 . . .

Elmer: And many's the time you've told us! See here, woman, are you going to get dinner, or am I supposed to live on cake and milk?

Elsie: Well, I don't know about cake as a steady diet, Dear, but milk contains just about all the nutrients the body needs. And Borden's Milk *more than meets* the highest standards of richness and wholesomeness. It's tested for butterfat and vitamin content . . . it's tested for purity and flavor . . .

Elmer: AND YOU'VE TESTED MY PATIENCE TO THE LIMIT!

Elsie: But just think, Elmer. It was Gail Borden who first discovered how to keep milk sweet and good . . . and today *millions of people are alive and healthy because they drank pure milk as children!* That's a wonderful thing to celebrate on Borden's 100th birthday!

• • •

Beulah: But, Mother, there are lots of Borden foods besides milk.

Elsie: Yes, indeed! Folks buy more food products bearing the Borden name than any other brand name in the world . . .

Borden's Milk

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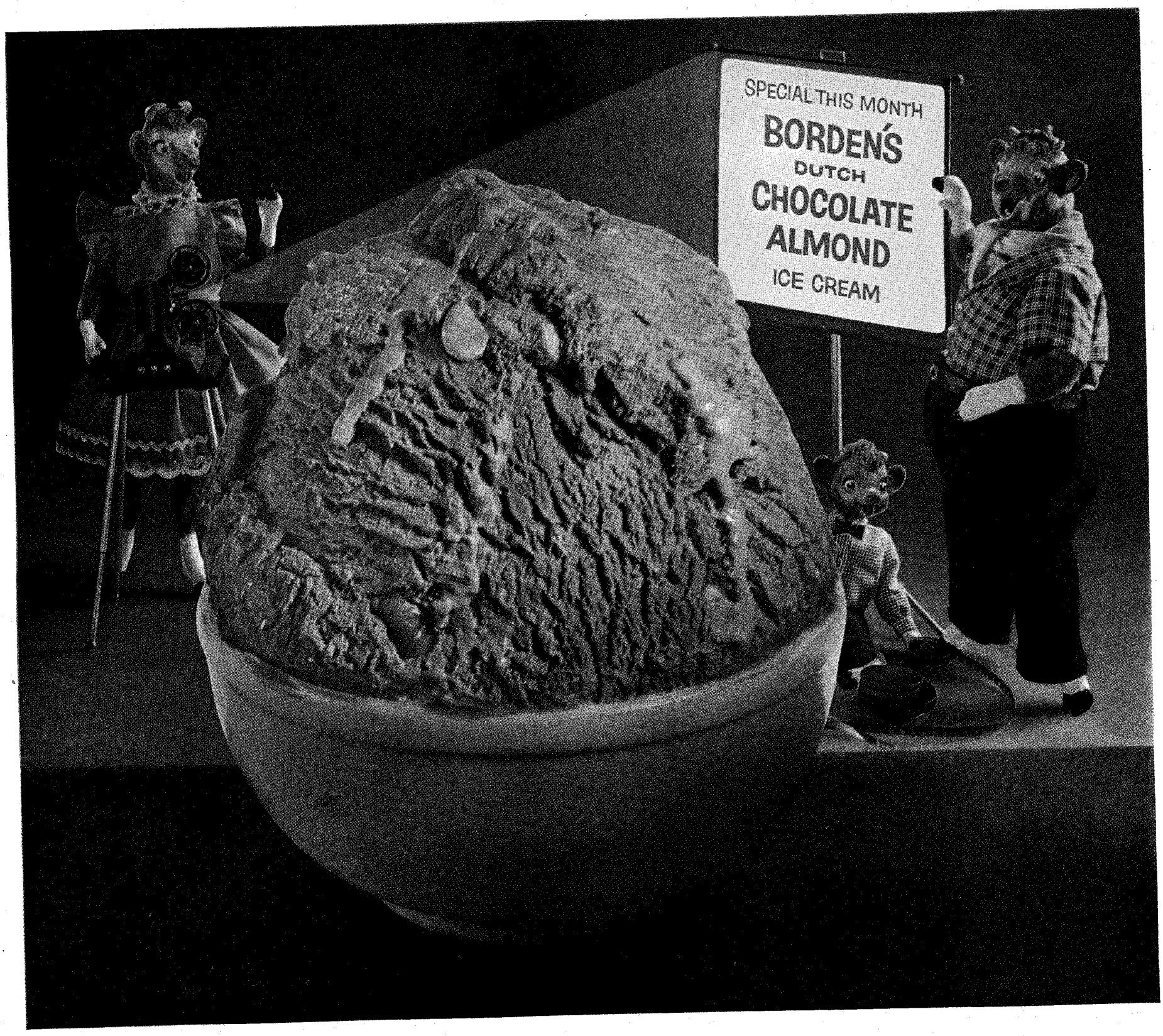


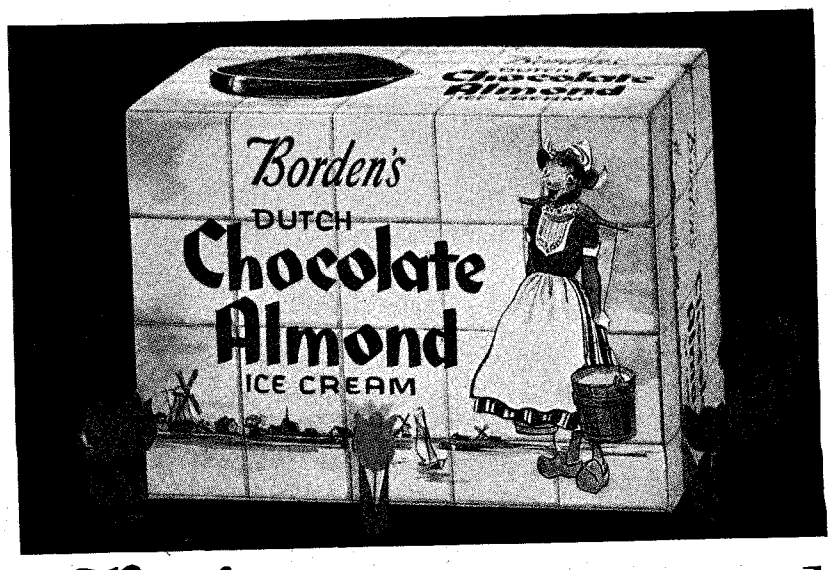
Celebrate tonight . . . get some Borden's Ice Cream.

Cocoa imported from Holland gives Borden's Dutch Chocolate Ice Cream its wonderful chocolate flavor. And a generous quantity of fresh, crisp butter-toasted almonds makes it even more delicious!

The whole family will love this special Borden Ice Cream. It's country-rich and crunchy-good!

Borden's Dutch Chocolate Almond is the ice cream flavor-of-the-month, so look for it at your neighborhood store *right now*. You can get it in the pint-size package or in economical half-gallon cartons.

Just look for it where you see the *Borden Ice Cream* sign.



See Borden's TV shows, "The People's Choice" and "Fury" over NBC.

Borden's Ice Cream and

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and some of Borden's Fine Cheeses...

Make tantalizing snacks and nourishing main dishes with Borden's famous cheeses. Serve them with salads, fruits, in sandwiches, sauces . . . and as delicious low-calorie desserts.

Borden's Liederkranz brand and Borden's Camembert are America's most famous dessert cheeses.

Borden's Cream Cheese is made from a special formula. That's why it has such fresh flavor . . . such smooth texture.

Borden's Cheese Spreads please everyone because there are 8 different varieties to choose from.

And there's Borden's Parmesan and Romano. Only Borden combines these two great cheeses in a shaker-top canister.

***Borden's* Fine Cheeses**

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"Celebrate with a new dessert—made with Starlac *the heart of milk*"

Borden's Starlac is the finest pasteurized milk with water and fat removed. And it tastes like just what it is—the delicious heart of milk.

This thrifty milk without fat mixes instantly, dissolves completely—even in ice water! Modern homemakers drink it and use it in made-with-milk recipes for nutritious *low-cost, low-calorie* dishes. Better get a package of Starlac today.

STARLAC CROWN DESSERT

(Makes 8 servings)

2 packages black raspberry or black cherry gelatin
3¼ cups hot water • ½ teaspoon almond extract
½ cup Starlac powder • ½ cup cold water
1 tablespoon fresh lemon juice
3 tablespoons granulated sugar
4-5 lady fingers, halved lengthwise

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Stir in almond extract. Pour ¾ cup of gelatin mixture into 2-quart mold. Refrigerate. Chill remainder of gelatin mixture until consistency of egg white. When gelatin is almost syrupy, beat Starlac and water until mixture forms soft peaks, about 10 minutes. Add lemon juice and sugar. Beat until mixture holds its shape. Fold into thickened gelatin mixture. Arrange lady fingers around side of mold. Pour in gelatin mixture.

Chill until firm. Unmold and garnish with whipped Starlac and sugar-frosted grapes or other fruit.

ABOUT 8¢ A QUART IN THE 12-QT. FAMILY-SIZE PACKAGE.

Borden's

Coffee • Starlac • Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk Evaporated Milk

For 100 years folks have been saying, "If it's Borden's it's got to be good!"

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(*Continued from Page 66*) "Aside from the immorality of it," father said, "it's foolish. Disastrous. Hundreds and hundreds of men and their families have been ruined by gambling. It didn't make you rich, Ben."

"Maybe it didn't," Uncle Ben conceded. "But it would've if I'd've had Richard then."

"Who's Richard, may I ask?"

I had not mentioned Richard to mother, only the fact that Uncle Ben and I bet on horses.

As Uncle Ben explained about Richard, father and mother listened with patient disbelief. Then father laughed louder than I had ever heard him laugh before, and, looking at me, he said, "Sam, you are gullible, even for a boy."

But Uncle Ben didn't laugh. "Look here, Tom," he said, "this is serious. It's only funny to somebody that ain't got the sense to recognize a good thing when they see it. Laugh all you want to. Me and Sam's won more than seven thousand dollars. That's what we done."

Father continued to laugh and shake his head.

"I tell you what. I'll get the figures and show you; that's what we'll do, won't we, Sam?"

"Sure," I said. I did not like to feel ridiculous any more than Uncle Ben did.

I went out to Uncle Ben's shack and fetched our newspaper clippings and our accounts. I also fetched Richard in his glass cage. Father gravely examined him.

"I guess he's a horsefly, all right," he said. "So maybe he does know something about horses. What do you feed him?"

"Milk and crumbs and things," I said.

"Just sit down here," Uncle Ben said, "and look these over and you'll see it ain't so funny as you think."

It did not take father long, being an accountant, to go through our records and add our figures.

He looked at mother. "Checks all right," he said. "If the records in the newspapers are right, and if they bet before the horses ran and not afterward, they've made money." He examined Richard again. "Smart little devil," he said. He tapped against the side of the cage and grinned. He said to Uncle Ben, "Has he ever been wrong?"

"Sometimes. But maybe it was me and not him. Maybe I got the code wrong. It's been a long time since I done it professional."

"I know the magician Houdini arranged to communicate with friends after he was dead, if he could," father said, grinning. "But nothing ever came of it. I guess I'm not ready yet to believe in spirits sending messages through horseflies."

Uncle Ben, without saying good night, took Richard and the records back to his shack.

"You've made him feel bad," mother said to father.

"He ought to feel bad. Of all the blamed foolishness. And I think he believes it. Or else he's having an awful lot of fun with Sam."

I felt bad for Uncle Ben and bad for myself. I was humiliated.

> Cosmetics are a woman's way of keeping a man from reading between the lines.
>
> DON BENNETT

But father wasn't quite so amused and scornful as he had pretended to be. That night, when he thought I was asleep, I heard him say to mother, "You know, it's funny. All that stuff checked perfectly. If they'd had real money to bet, they'd've made a real seven thousand dollars. As much as I make in a year and two months."

"Imagine that!"

"Just for fun, I'd like to follow what they do for a couple of weeks. Keep a check on it and see what happens. I feel as though I ought to expose Ben, for Sam's sake. This kind of thing might make a bad impression on him. I wouldn't want him to grow up a gambler. And superstitious too."

"I guess there's no danger."

"Just the same, I'm going to pretend to be interested. I'd like to know what Ben's up to."

I didn't like to tell Uncle Ben that I had been eavesdropping, so I said nothing. Father, the next night, half apologized to Uncle Ben and said he'd like to follow the system for a while, just to show he was open-minded.

"Sure thing," Uncle Ben said. "You'll see. It's quite a lot of fun. Ain't it, Sam?"

Guardedly I agreed.

In the next week, we won almost a thousand dollars more. Mother was even more impressed than father.

"Why don't we bet some real money?" she said. "And make some real money."

"Barbara!" father exclaimed.

"Well, why not?"

Uncle Ben said nothing and I said nothing. Father, after a moment, said, "Please, Barbara, don't talk so stupidly. Especially with Sam here."

Mother pouted.

She privately tried to give Uncle Ben five dollars to bet for her. He declined.

"I told your mother," he said to me later, "that this five-dollar stuff is no good. If she really wants to bet, let her get a bundle of money together. Then we'll make a bundle and quit. This five dollars here, ten dollars there, that don't get you nothing. I've tried it." He looked at the glass cage, in which Richard was polishing his green metallic body with his translucent wings. "Ain't that right, Richard?" said Uncle Ben. Richard did not reply.

A change crept over our household. I could feel it, a tension between father and mother that had not existed before. They spoke sharply to each other, or sat in irritated silence.

"Your mother's getting after your father about something," Uncle Ben said to me placidly. "She's got more sense'n he has."

That night, I deliberately kept myself awake and eavesdropped in earnest. Until almost eleven o'clock, father and mother sat reading, or pretending to, and said nothing at all.

Then mother said, "Tom, I think you're letting the opportunity of a lifetime slip out of your hands."

"I don't want to go over all that again," father said angrily. "The day I stake my possessions, such as they are, on the advice of a horsefly named Richard has not yet come. I hope it never will."

"But why not disregard Richard? What difference does it make whether Ben gets his information from Richard or a dream or any other way? The fact is that it's correct. Maybe he's got some other kind of a system he doesn't want to tell about."

"I know two or three fellows that bet *on the races all the time*. George Dixon, for instance. Sydney Greenberg. They have systems. The systems always work. On paper. But when they put up real money, that's the end of the system. They're always borrowing five bucks till payday."

Mother was stubborn. "I don't care," she said. "I believe in Ben. I believe in Richard. I don't care what you think. Women have more intuition than men. They know things men don't know and never will know. If we'd put up a thousand dollars a week ago, when I wanted you to, we'd've had ten thousand dollars now. You can't deny that."

"For the last time, I don't believe in horseflies. I don't believe in Ben. I know him too well. If he had a system that was any good, we'd be living in his back yard, not him in ours."

They had it back and forth a few more times, about stupidity and intuition and so on, and finally mother said, "I just wish this house was in my name alone. I'd mortgage it and I'd go along with Richard."

"Barbara! I don't know what's got into you. You never even wanted to play bingo."

"I still don't," mother said. "I'm not interested in peanuts."

(*Continued on Page 73*)

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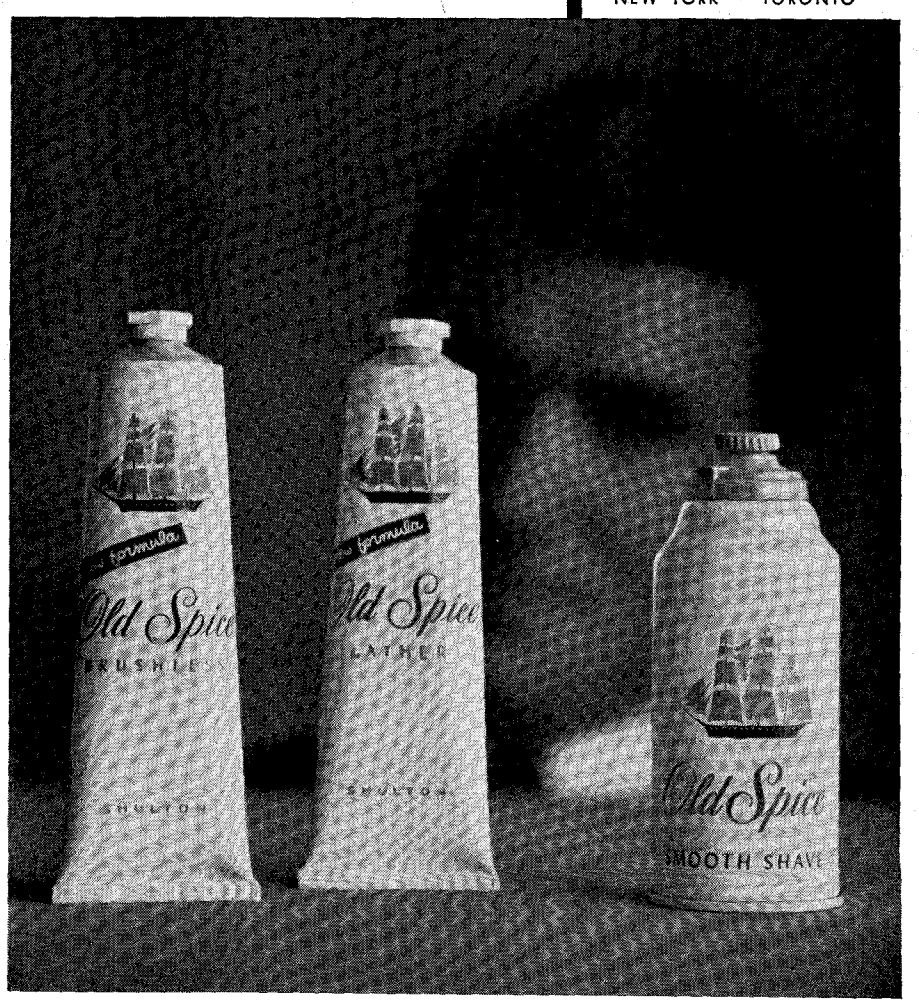

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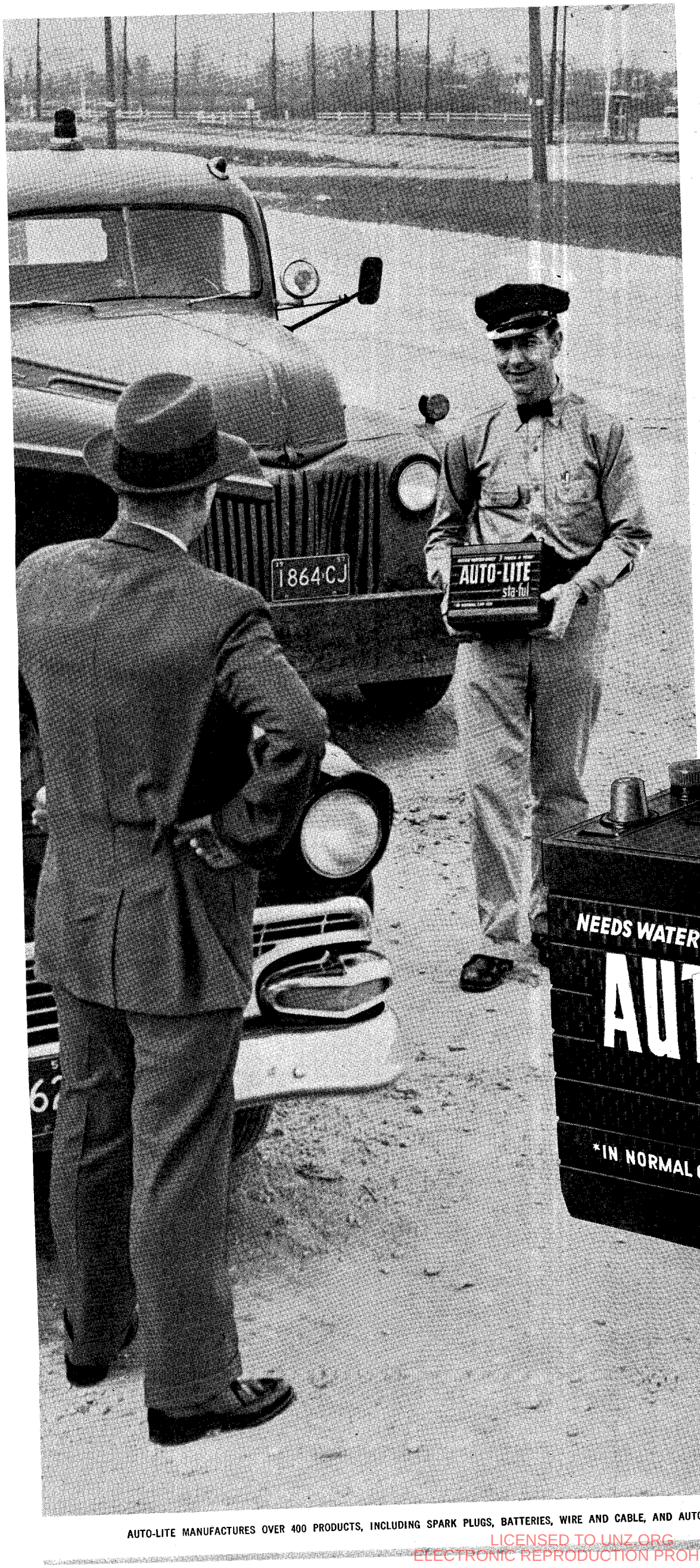

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(*Continued from Page 71*) "We'll be living on 'em if you have your way!" father cried.

But there was something in his voice that even I detected, a doubt of his own position, an uneasiness in the face of the uncanny, an admission that he, too, felt the human desire to get something for nothing. Mother detected it, I am sure.

"Tom," she said, "this may be the great opportunity of our life. What do we care whether it's a horsefly or luck or something else?"

"Baloney!" father said.

But his inner defenses, as events proved, had been shattered. Two days later, he and mother mortgaged the house for $2500 and took another $2500 out of the bank. Mother had wanted to get a bigger mortgage and make a bigger bet, but father refused. The atmosphere of our home crackled with excitement. Uncle Ben was triumphant.

"We're all going to make our fortune," he told me. "Your mother done it, all right. I figured she would. She's the one with the brains. If you got any brains, son, you got 'em from her."

Richard had instructed Uncle Ben to bet on an obscure horse named Sweeter that was to run at Suffolk Downs the following week, in mid-October.

"The odds against her will be enormous," Uncle Ben said. "E-nor-mous. We'll clean up."

Mother wanted us all to go to Suffolk Downs with him, but Uncle Ben forbade it. "I don't want nothing to interfere with I and Richard," he said. "This is delicate."

He set off by airplane—he disdained the railroad for so momentous a journey—wearing father's best suit, which was slightly large, and carrying in one hand father's traveling bag filled with clean clothes and in the other hand a small wooden box containing Richard and his cage, with holes drilled to admit air. He had the $5000 in a belt around his middle, the way, he said, he had carried gold dust in the Yukon. We drove him to the airport.

"I hope nothing don't happen to Richard," he said. "Airsick or something."

As the plane was disappearing, no larger in the sky than Richard himself, father said to mother, "There goes our money. I'm as sure as though I'd thrown it down a rathole. I don't know why I ever did it."

But she was confident. "Tomorrow," she said, "we'll be sitting pretty, and you'll have me to thank for it."

"I'll thank you, all right. I'll thank you if we ever get our money back."

As I think of it now, it seems silly, absurd, preposterous for mother and father to have mortgaged our home to play the races. And so it was. But how many hundreds and thousands of other persons are doing the same thing, literally or figuratively, this very day, all over the country, and staking both present and future on advice not a whit sounder than Richard's? Not that that excuses father and mother, but it puts them in perspective.

There was no sleep that night. Father and mother sat up late drinking coffee and talking, and I lay thinking of Uncle Ben and Richard, and wishing I were with them. With what relish the old man had set forth to round out, in appropriate style, a dubious career!

"My last fling, boy!" he had said to me. "My last fling!"

I imagined him once more surrounded by gamblers and thieves and all the other sinful inhabitants of a world that he had made so delightful to me. Suppose somebody tried to steal his $5000? Uncle Ben would surely knife him. The day before, he had whetted a sheath knife to take with him.

In the morning, father did not go to work. Though he is a remarkably upright man, he said to mother, "Just call in and tell them I'm sick. I really am, almost. I know I couldn't do any work."

I couldn't keep my mind on my work at school, either, but I got through the day and ran home. Mother and father were sitting at the radio. They had tuned in a station that gave Suffolk Downs results. Sweeter was running in the fourth race. Music, commercials, and the chatter of the announcer we bore as well as we could.

The fourth race came. The station did not give a description, it gave only results. For several minutes we sat there, balanced on the knife edge between calamity and success. Father and mother stared at the radio. Their hands were clenched. They did not breathe. My own interest was less deadly, but still intense. I thought not of the money, but of the triumph of Uncle Ben and Richard. Nothing disturbed my faith.

"The results of the fourth at Suffolk," said the announcer.

We leaned forward. The announcer spoke again, in a distinct and measured manner. A horse had paid $32.50, a horse had paid $3.80, a horse had paid $4.10. But none of the horses was named Sweeter.

Father and mother tried another station; several others.

Later, father drove to the city for a tabloid with the late racing results. Sweeter had come in sixth in a field of seven.

Another night there was no sleep. I suppose father was trying all evening not to say what was on his mind, but finally he had to.

"It's your fault," he said to mother. "Don't say I wanted to have anything to do with it."

"Oh, no! You weren't interested at all. You took out the mortgage as well as me."

"You badgered me so I had to. I hope you're satisfied . . ."

I put my head under the pillow.

Next morning, father went to work, though he was much sicker than he had been the day before.

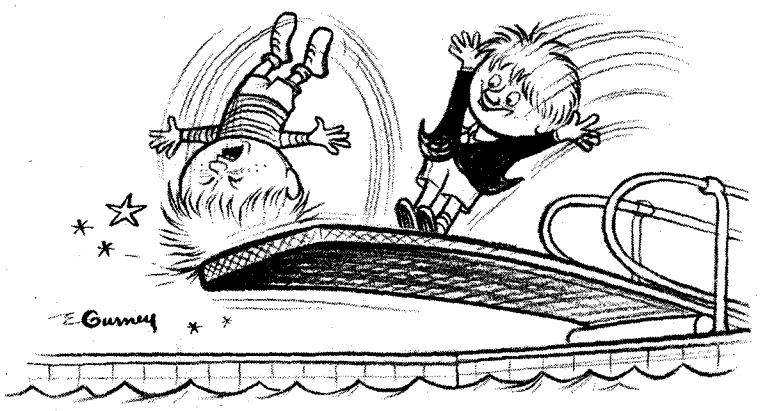
"It's an expensive lesson," he said, "but if we learn something from it, if you learn something, Sam, it won't be entirely wasted."

This thought surely gave him less than ten cents' worth of satisfaction. He went out the door like a man going to be hanged. Mother cried.

"Oh, that miserable uncle of yours," she said, when father was gone. "If I ever see him again ——"

Not even a message came from Uncle Ben. Mother said she believed he had never bet the money at all, but had run off with it; and father nodded and said it was likely, the parting gesture of a lifelong scoundrel. For myself, I sat disconsolately in Uncle Ben's shack. I refused to believe that I should never see Uncle Ben again.

It was a month later, about nine o'clock at night, when we heard a hand on the back door. I was studying, mother was looking at the newspaper, and father was sitting staring at the floor, as he often did



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

The well-to-do Joneses built a swimming pool in their yard. Enviously the neighborhood children swarmed over. Two of them, bouncing on the diving board one evening, got hurt. Their parents sued the Joneses for failing to fence or otherwise guard the pool.

"Anyone who constructs a dangerous amusement that is bound to attract children should be required to protect the children," the angry parents argued. "The Joneses were negligent in not doing so."

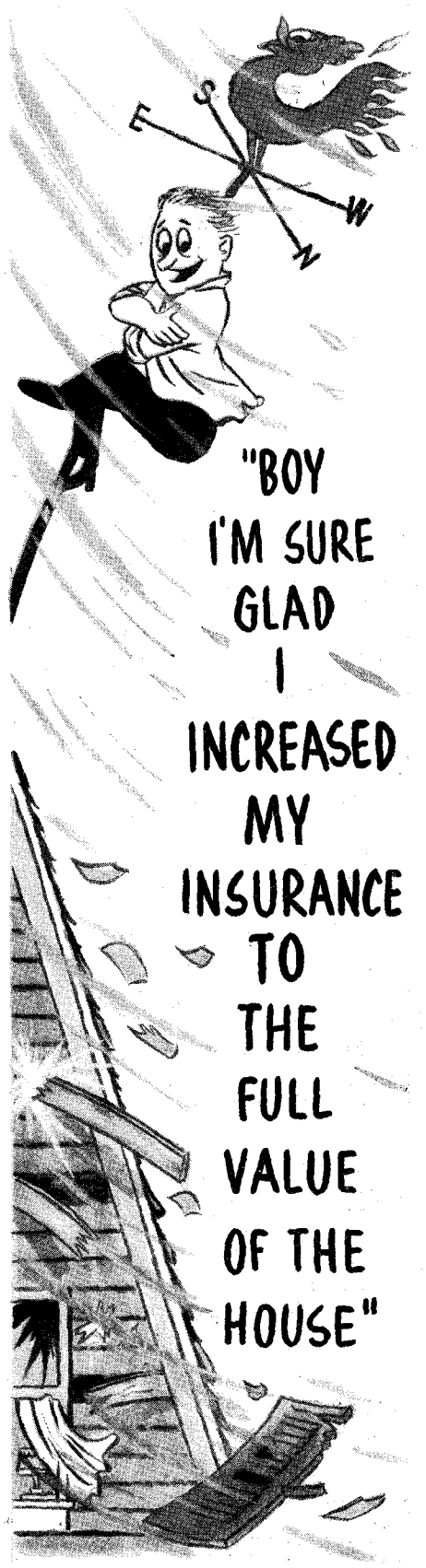
"The children were not invited over, but wandered over while their parents weren't watching them properly," the Joneses replied. "Technically, they were trespassers. And in any case, we aren't responsible for taking care of our neighbors' children."

If you were the judge, would you make the Joneses pay damages?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The Joneses did not have to pay. The court said: "It is the primary duty of parents to take care of their own children and not to plague *their neighbors with their care.* The presence of danger to an unattended infant is not necessarily a test of anything but the need of parental care. An infant is afraid of nothing, and in danger of everything, when left to his own devices."

Based upon a 1956 California decision.



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WHEN YOU BUY INSURANCE BUY INTEGRITY

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nowadays. We all looked up. We heard the door open and close, and in came Uncle Ben. He was still wearing father's suit, which looked as though he had not taken it off since he had been away. In his hand was father's traveling bag. He set it on the floor. Then he took off his hat. He sighed and sat down.

"Well," he said, "good to be home."

He looked around. Nobody said anything.

Then father said, "Ben, what happened?" His voice was portentous. He frowned and set his jaw.

"Why," Uncle Ben said, "a little miscalculation. A little mistake. I don't think it was Richard's fault at all. What was the horse? Sweeter, wasn't it? When I seen that nag running next to last, I knowed right away something was wrong. I ——"

"Very keen of you," mother said.

"I knowed something was wrong," he repeated patiently, "and I knowed it couldn't be Richard. The money was gone. But I didn't cry over it."

"Naturally not," father said. "It wasn't your money."

"What I did," Uncle Ben said, as though he had not noticed, "was search the entries at all the tracks in the country. And what do you think I found? I found a horse named Sweater running at Belmont. You get it? Sweeter and Sweater. The Morse code for *e* is a dot. The code for *a* is a dot-dash. I missed the dash and took the *a* for another *e*. Instead of Sweater, I got Sweeter. A natural mistake."

"Entirely," father said. "A natural, five-thousand-dollar mistake."

"If I'd've went to Belmont and bet on Sweater, how much you think we'd've made?"

"I don't know and I don't want to know," father said.

Uncle Ben looked at mother.

"Well," she said, "how much? I guess I can stand it by now."

"Around a hundred thousand dollars!" Uncle Ben said. "Around a hundred grand! That horse paid forty dollars for a two-dollar ticket. And there I was at Suffolk betting on the wrong horse."

There was a silence so bitter that it should have withered Uncle Ben to dust, but he only looked affably from one to the other.

"Ben," father said at last, "you were born a liar, and you're lying now. You took our money and blew it in on a good time."

"You lack faith," Uncle Ben said. "You lack the faith of little children, like Sam has. You didn't have faith in me and you didn't have faith in Richard. Now you've been punished."

"That's the first true word you ever spoke," father replied.

Uncle Ben looked at him. "What'd you do," he said, "when you knew you lost the money? You set around and stewed, and cursed me and Richard, didn't you? You thought the world had come to an end and you couldn't do nothing about it. I know. But what'd I do? I put the resourcefulness of a lifetime into the situation, that's what I did. Like when the black bear was charging at me ——"

He looked at me, and I eagerly nodded.

"I figured you'd all be a mite disappointed," Uncle Ben said, "and I knowed it was my fault. So what'd I do? I didn't have no money, but I still had Richard. 'Where's money?' I says to myself. 'Gamblers has money,' I answers. There's a big gambler named Larry McClellan at the track, fellow I knowed years ago. I goes to him and I tells him about Richard.

"Gamblers ain't like you. They got faith. Just because they never heard of a horsefly buzzing Morse code, they don't figure it's impossible. They live on hunches, lucky charms, and things like that. Besides, (*Continued on Page 76*)

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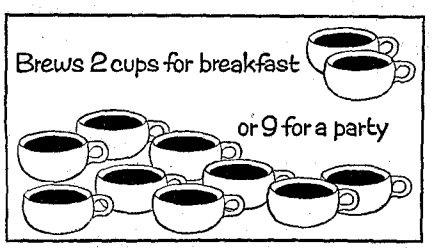

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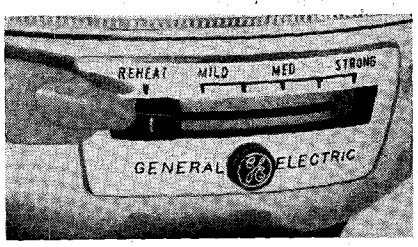

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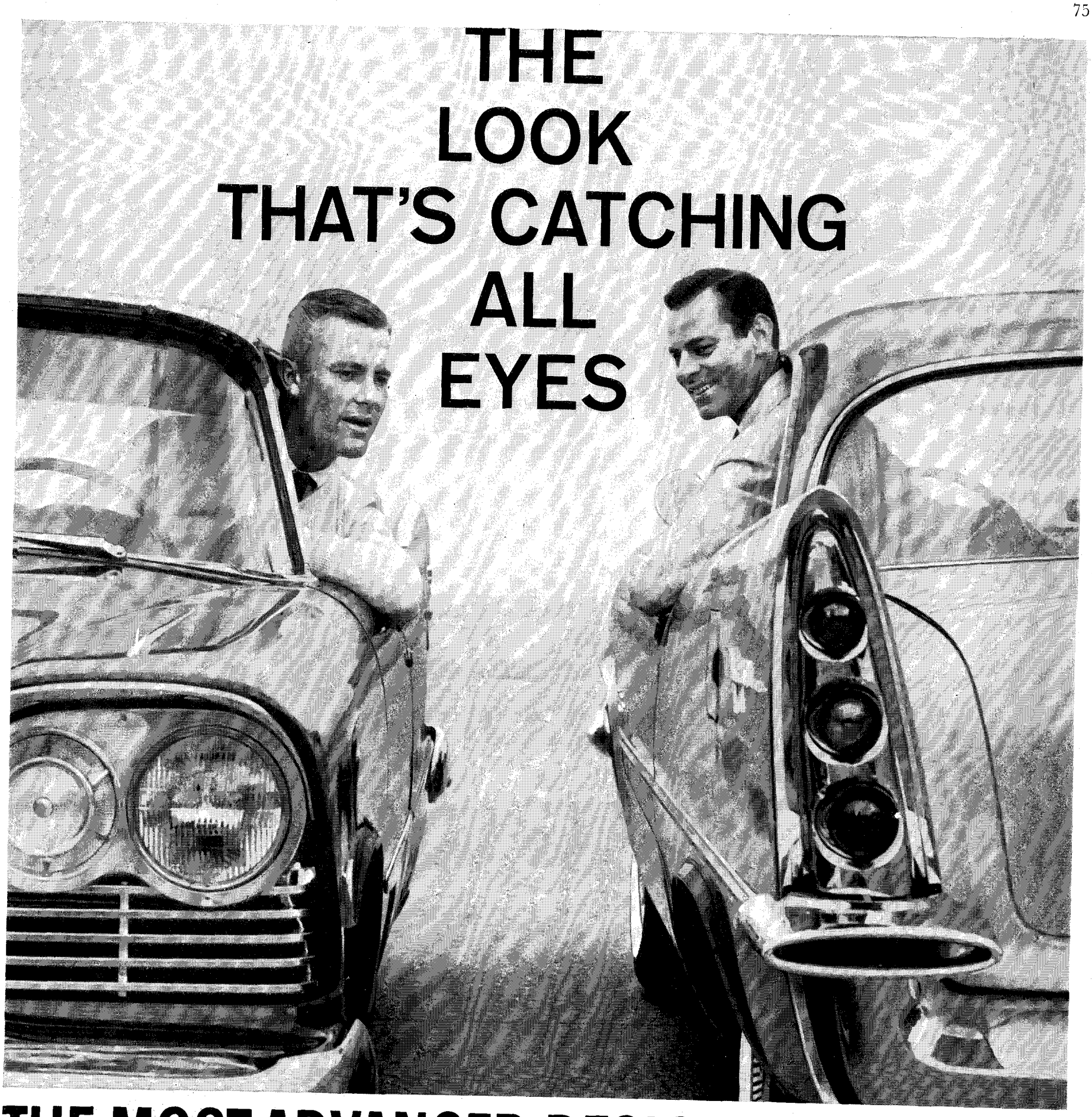

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(*Continued from Page 74*) McClellan used to know Richard Twill that Richard's named after. He figured it'd be just the thing Richard Twill'd try to do, tout horses from over Beyond.

"So he gives me a hundred dollars for an option on Richard. In the next two weeks, I give him two horses that Richard give me. Indian Pipe, one was. Pays nine-ninety. The other pays eleven-sixty. Another one lost. I says to McClellan, 'I'm getting old. My senses ain't so sharp no more. I might make another big mistake like the one I made on Sweater.'

"'Yeah,' he says, 'you might.'

"So I says, 'Why don't I sell you Richard and teach you the code, and then it'll be up to you? I'm an old man, too old to be gadding around. I want to go home and finish off my life peaceful.'

"So we bargains back and forth, and —— Pull down the shades."

We all, father, mother and I, leaped to the windows. Uncle Ben put father's traveling bag on the table and opened it. He took out two soiled shirts, one at a time, and dropped them on the floor. Then he turned the bag upside down. It was like a conjurer's trick. A mountain of money grew up out of the table.

"Count it," Uncle Ben said.

Father's hands shook so that mother and I began to help him. We counted almost $50,000; Uncle Ben had spent a little, he said, on train fare, food, and lodging. "McClellan'll make it back in a week," Uncle Ben prophesied. "Once he gets handy with the code." He asked father: "How much did you give me?"

"Five thousand dollars," said father.

Uncle Ben counted out $5000. "Here," he said. "Here's what you give me. You ain't lost a penny. And you ain't made a penny neither. You don't deserve to, not having faith in your own brother." He stuffed the rest of the money back into the bag and took it out to his shack.

Father and mother were mordantly disappointed, but neither of them ever mentioned the matter to Uncle Ben. Uncle Ben said nothing either. He ate with us as usual, but kept to his shack the rest of the time.

About two weeks after Uncle Ben had returned, father saw a piece in the newspaper about McClellan, the gambler. He had been arrested for killing a racehorse with a pistol. The newspaper piece related that McClellan had had a tame horsefly that he carried around the stables in a glass cage, for luck. A horse had suddenly kicked the cage out of his hands and shattered it, and his lucky horsefly had escaped.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The Glassy Look

By Virginia Brasier

Salute the mirror's candid
stare
That catches mankind
unaware,
And causes womankind, in
fright,
To set her sloping figure
right!

That gives a glacial
reception
To any sort of
self-deception,
And when it can't call
aging, youthful,
Is not being cruel, but
simply truthful!

It still reflects all beauty
present,
And gives back pleasant
look for pleasant!

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"The fool," Uncle Ben said. "I know what he was thinking. He was thinking if Richard could see the horses, he could pick 'em better. I was afraid he wouldn't know how to handle Richard."

Afterward, I now and then saw Uncle Ben gazing at flies and listening to them. But Richard never came back.

Knowing that he had achieved the utmost of which, with his particular talents, he was capable, Uncle Ben began to lose his attachment to life. He told few stories. He never left our property. He did no more work. A year later, when he didn't come into the house one morning for breakfast, father sent me to fetch him. I found him slumped at his table, on which a mystery story lay open. The lamp was lighted. The cot had not been slept in. Uncle Ben was dead.

He had spent almost none of the money. But his will left only a quarter of it to father and mother. Three quarters came to me—"because Sam always believed me."

I don't think father and mother will ever quite believe in Richard or believe that Uncle Ben got the money the way he said he did. They think it was money he had got hold of in some questionable way years ago and hid, until somebody died or some other circumstance made it safe for him to bring it forth.

But I prefer to believe in Richard.

THE END

When the birds are less sing and more flight
And the days are less day and more night
Your serviceman's plan
For winter care can
Make driving more fun and less fight

Your serviceman never gives your car a cold shoulder

You'll never find yourself parked on a cold shoulder with your radiator and temper at the boiling point—if you see your serviceman early. First he'll check your car's cooling system for clean, leak-proof operation. Then he'll pour in his company's own brand of glycol all-winter antifreeze. It's part of his winter-care service that means carefree driving in cold weather. Avoid the rush. See him before you have to.

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Out of My Past (Continued from Page 45)

"So you get jealous and you throw this knife. It's got to hit the table where Niven is sitting. You'll have to practice, and, if necessary, we'll get a professional knife thrower to coach you. Here, give it a try."

I took the knife, hefted it for a moment, then whipped it out. It bit into a prop board with the handle quivering, and I heard Marlene gasp.

Mike gave me a sidelong glance and said, "You've handled knives before, George."

"Yes," I said, "Kid stuff. Used to go hunting."

We shot the knife-throwing bit in two takes, and I took the blade home for a souvenir. I never told Mike or Marlene about the tense feeling I had that day, or about Sammy Schwartz, or even about the scar on my ear. I got it sewed up in an emergency hospital the night it happened, but it was a pretty crude job and my ear was lopsided for years afterward.

In the '30's, when I was signed to play in Bolero with Carole Lombard, I thought it was time to see a plastic surgeon. He cut a muscle, raised the ear and stitched it up. Shortly afterward I ran into Bing Crosby on the Paramount lot, and he told me how they were gluing his flapping ears with spirit gum and other adhesives for a picture called The Big Broadcast. He liked the job my doctor had done, but after some thought he decided against a similar operation.

"Look, Twinkle-toes," he said, using the nickname he gave me, "I can't go for this. I like my ears the way they are, and they'll just have to keep on using the glue."

I left Bing thinking to myself that life would be a sweet deal if all the scars and wrong things could be fixed with a scalpel or a little glue. I got a lot of them, and they came early.

A friend of mine who knows about my background asked me the other day, "Georgie, how does a guy like you get close to the mob?"

Had I been in a wisecracking mood that day I might have used the stock gag, "Just lucky, I guess." I'm sure the police and the other experts look at it differently. My own feeling is that you're born into the underworld or you're elected.

I wasn't born into the underworld, although I could have met the residence requirements. My parents, Eva and Conrad Ranft, lived in a third-floor flat of a rickety building on West 41st Street, between Ninth and Tenth Avenues, and I was born there on September 27, 1895.

This section of New York was called Hell's Kitchen, probably because there was trouble cooking there at any hour of the day or night. It was a narrow, dirty little world of violence in which children much older than their years snarled and clawed for their place from the moment of birth, and the grownups were always losers in their daily struggle to eat, stay clothed and keep their kids out of trouble. No boys on my street wanted to be President. They just wanted to be tough. And they were.

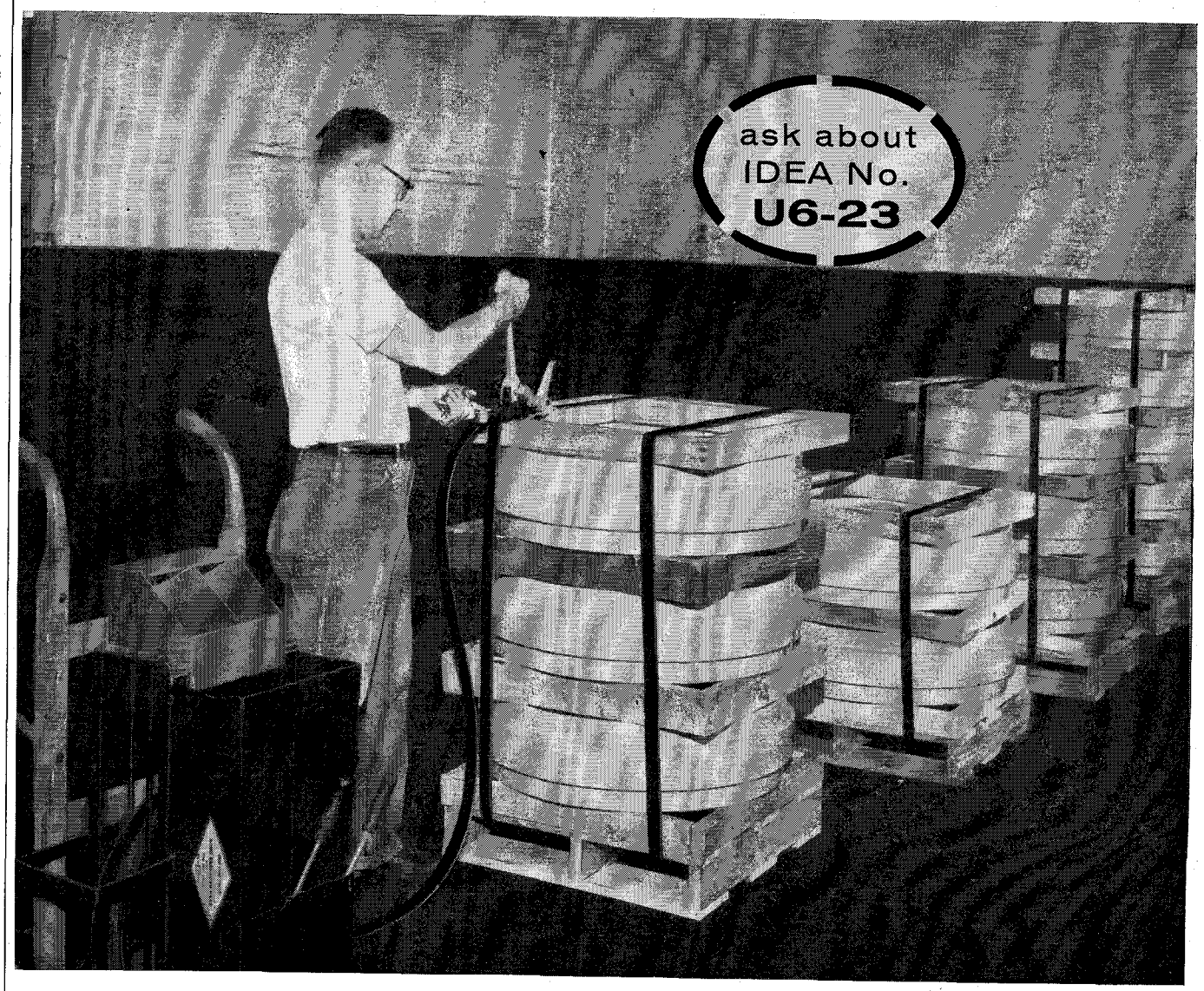
Before I was eight years old I learned that the two most troublesome things in life were school and cops. We climbed the roof tops and bombed passing policemen with flowerpots, milk bottles or bricks. In my neighborhood a kid without a knife was Babe Ruth without a bat. We didn't have brass knuckles, but a roll of coins or a gas-pipe coupling inside your fist was just as good. We cracked store windows with bricks wrapped in newspapers—we always waited for a passing streetcar to muffle the noise—and we stole anything that could be carried away.

The boy I knew best was a thin, almost fragile newcomer named Owen Madden. He had come to New York with his mother from Liverpool, England, and he got a fast initiation. Years later, when Owney—or Duke, as we called him—became the gang boss of New York and I went to work for him, he told me what happened.

He was walking home with his mother, it seems, and she was carrying a shopping bag filled with food bought from the pushcarts on the street. One of the neighborhood thieves came up from behind, cut the string handles on the bag with scissors and took off with the groceries. "You know, Georgie," Owney said, "when I saw what that kid got away with and how easy it was, I decided I was a sap not to do it myself. And I did. I was on the wrong side from there on."

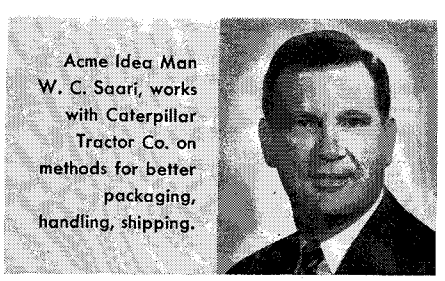
You may argue that Owney would have become a gangster anyway, and you may be right. But it seems to me that in our neighborhood, at that time, there was only one direction to go. Down.

My father, a stolid German who was already in trouble with his relatives for marrying my mother because she was a poor Italian girl, decided he'd had enough of sordid Hell's Kitchen, and when I was eight or nine years old we moved to a flat on 166th Street, just off Audubon Avenue. He worked at odd jobs for a while and then went to Wanamaker's as a warehouse superintendent. He stayed there twenty-seven years, and if there was any fun in life, (*Continued on Page 79*)



Know your AIM*... Caterpillar Tractor Co. does...

Steel Strapping speeds idler wheel handling


Acme Idea Man W. C. Saari, works with Caterpillar Tractor Co. on methods for better packaging, handling, shipping.

CATERPILLAR TRACTOR CO., PEORIA, ILLINOIS, uses heavy-duty Acme Steel Strapping to eliminate slow individual handling and costly blocking of idler wheel shipments. Stacked units of two to four idlers are steel strapped to wooden pallets, with protective intermediate and top frames. (Idea No. U6-23)

This unitizing idea protects bearing hubs of idlers, safeguards against damage. Loading and unloading are improved by the use of mechanical handling equipment. Caterpillar Parts Departments now unload carloads of idlers in less time than formerly required for manual unloading, and with greater safety. Storage economies are gained, and inventory control simplified.

***Know your Acme Idea Man.** His wide experience in solving all types of product handling and shipping problems will provide Ideas that can be applied profitably to your operations. Call him at the nearest Acme Steel office. Or write Dept. SAU-97, Acme Steel Products Division, Acme Steel Company, Chicago 27, Illinois. In Canada, Acme Steel Company of Canada, Ltd., 743 Warden Ave., Toronto 13, Ontario.

ACME STEEL STEEL STRAPPING

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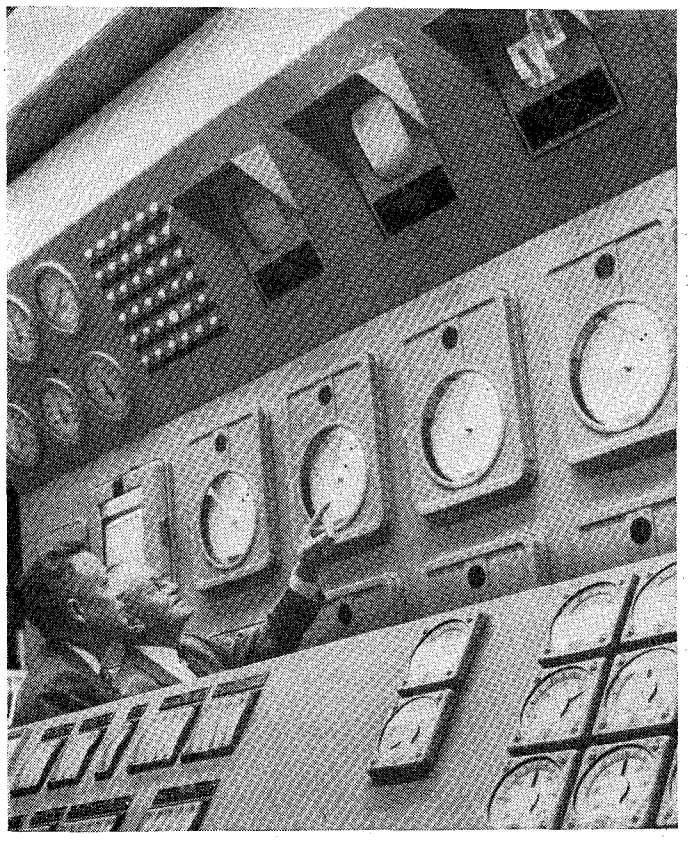


"Television enables the men in the Control Center of the Weston Power Plant to keep a constant check on the fire and water levels *inside* the boiler. See those three TV screens at the top of this picture. Mr. M. H. Montross, Division Manager, showed me this closed-circuit TV system when I visited the new plant of the Wisconsin Public Service Corporation near Wausau. It's one of the imaginative devices that keep the safety and efficiency of all operations under constant scrutiny and immediate control at one central point in the plant."

"Feeding the ducks was the big event of the Wausau visit for Michael and Teresa, the two youngest of our five children. 'Red' Liljequist of the Lake Wausau Sportsman's Club was a perfect guide. He took us to Picnic Island . . . 'talked duck' . . . and a whole flock came scooting to where we stood. Last year, 'Red' told us, 125 mallards nested in this vicinity. Everyone in Wausau seems interested in these wild mallards. Members of the Sportsman's Club contribute to the feeding fund and Wausau children—Junior Game Wardens, they're called—see that the ducks are fed and protected."

TV keeps an eye on the fire...
Everybody watches out for the ducks

Wausau Story

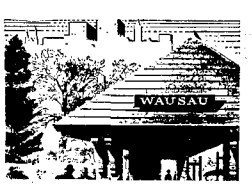
by P. E. HAGGERTY, Executive Vice President, Texas Instruments Incorporated, Dallas, Texas

"DURING our vacation, my family and I visited Wausau. It's a beautiful place, a city of pleasant homes and pleasant streets . . . with a nearby lake, two rivers, and even a mountain. Yes, there's plenty to see in Wausau—everything is interesting and some things are truly unusual. For one thing, there's a community spirit that is unique. It's warm, friendly, helpful. It's sincere. And it's strong—so strong in fact, that it has inspired a business philosophy that businessmen everywhere recognize as the 'Wausau Way' of working. That's the way Employers Mutuals people work—at their home office in Wausau and at all their offices throughout the country. The 'Wausau Way'—having your heart in your work. That's how they've gotten the reputation for being 'good people to do business with'."

. . . . . .

Mr. Haggerty represents the electronic business—today's newest and fastest-growing basic industry. You get an idea of the fast-paced development in this field when Mr. Haggerty tells you that 85% of the products produced by his company today were not being manufactured three years ago.

Employers Mutuals appreciates Mr. Haggerty's visit to Wausau and his interest in our city and our way of doing business. We write all lines of fire and casualty insurance. We are one of the largest in the field of workmen's compensation. For further information see your nearest representative (consult your telephone directory) or write to us in Wausau, Wisconsin.



Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau

"Good people to do business with"

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(*Continued from Page 77*) he missed it. I never quite understood my father, and I guess the feeling was mutual.

I had four younger brothers and one sister, but they all had my father's fair skin and light hair and, like him, they worked hard and stayed out of trouble. I was undersized, with small hands, swarthy skin and coal-black hair, and I hated school.

"You're a lazy kid," my father once said. "You got bad blood somewhere, and someday you'll kill somebody with that hot head of yours."

I must admit he had a right to worry. It was a rare day when I wasn't bruised or bloodied in some alley brawl. I had a low boiling point, and it didn't take much more than a wrong word or a challenging look to make my skin crawl. I'd grab whatever weapon was handy—a blackjack, a beer bottle, a wadded newspaper. I used to take a pair of my mother's best gloves and cut off the leather fingers. They were like boxing gloves without padding and with them you could really cut up a guy's face. I was also as fast as a rattler with a knife. Later on, there were times when I chased people right up over the curb with my car and tried to pin them against a wall. I've even rammed other cars with my car when the driver wouldn't move over fast enough.

I heaved a milk bottle at my own father and I am sure, had he caught me as I fled from the house, that he would have broken my arm. He had so much hope for his children, and he must have thought it ironic that I was the only one of six still alive and able to help him when he went to the hospital for the last illness of his life.

Needless to say, I paid for my violence then, and I kept on paying for it in one way or another through the adult years of my life. There was a time, for instance, when the treasure I wanted most was a genuine big-league bat, preferably one from my idol, the great first baseman, Hal Chase. I wangled a job as a bat boy with his team, the original New York Yankees, then called the Highlanders, and I was perpetual motion around that clubhouse. But Chase never offered me a bat, and so I swiped a couple there and in other places, but there wasn't any real satisfaction in that. I didn't dare keep one around home anyway, because my father would have been sure I meant to use it on human heads, not baseballs.

In October, 1935, I went to the Detroit-Chicago World Series, not only as a movie star but as a personal friend of many players who knew I was devoted to the game. I haven't missed a series for the past twenty-five years. If you're a fan my age, you may recall that Goose Goslin broke up the deciding game with a ninth-inning single.

Afterward, Goose came up to my box while the crowd was still swarming on the field, and handed me his personal bat. "Here's a present for you, Georgie," he said. "Take it home."

I am sentimental and easily moved, and to me that prize was just as valuable as an Oscar. I jumped into a cab, still clutching the bat, and started a race to the station. I had about twenty minutes to catch a California-bound train, and I told the driver to step on it. We were fighting the traffic a few blocks from the stadium when an enormous truck cut out in front of us and made us miss a green light.

I looked out the window at the truck driver and he was as big as King Kong. "I ought to beat your brains out," I said, "if you've got any!"

"O.K., wise guy!" he called back. "Pull over past the light and you can try!"

Challenges like that always raised my blood pressure, and it was years before I realized that somehow I always came out the loser. Anyway, I told the cabbie to draw even with the truck. I rolled down the taxi window and I fired that baseball bat like a torpedo. It sailed through the air and whacked him on the head just as the lights changed. I yelled at the cabbie, "Go!" and we just barely made the train. The next time I saw Goose Goslin I lied and said his bat was still my most

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Can he call back? He's pretty busy right now gorging himself."

From Research comes TRUTH

Penetrating Medical Studies to determine speed of pain relief without stomach upset—confirm:

BAYER brings Fastest Relief

...the fastest-acting, most gentle-to-the-stomach relief you can get

TRUTH *based on 3 years' research*

In 1954, as part of a continuing research project in the field of pain relief, BAYER sought the aid of one of America's foremost analgesic authorities, whose work is centered in several large New York clinics.

This specialist began a series of clinical tests to compare the action of BAYER Aspirin versus aspirin with a 'buffer' added.

Thousands of tests were made on patients actually suffering pain . . . the findings were analyzed and corroborated beyond any doubt. Throughout three years, the results verified that BAYER is the *safest, gentlest, fastest-acting* pain reliever you can buy.

TRUTH *—confirmed . . .*

BAYER *called for further tests,* further evidence. This new research was conducted by members of the staff of one of the East's prominent Medical Schools.

Again and again, BAYER and aspirin with a 'buffer' added were tested clinically to determine speed of pain relief *without stomach upset* . . . tested on people suffering from many types and degrees of acute pain suffered daily by millions.

Again, the results were the same . . . adding further confirmation that ever-dependable BAYER Aspirin is still the *safest, fastest, gentlest* pain reliever you can get!

TRUTH *—confirmed again!*

To climax its relentless search for the truth about pain relief, BAYER requested an eminent professor of a renowned Mid-Western Medical School to undertake a new study of people in actual pain. The two pain relievers were again compared under true pain conditions. The findings of this third study were overwhelming and indisputable!

Hundreds of pain-ridden patients in the three independent studies verified over and over again that BAYER is still the safest, most reliable antidote for pain in medical history. You can *trust* your body to BAYER to *feel better fast.*

THIS RESEARCH is based on the one final and **absolute** method for testing the value of pain relievers—by studying people suffering from real pain.

For headache, backache and many other pains...

FEEL BETTER FAST —with BAYER® ASPIRIN

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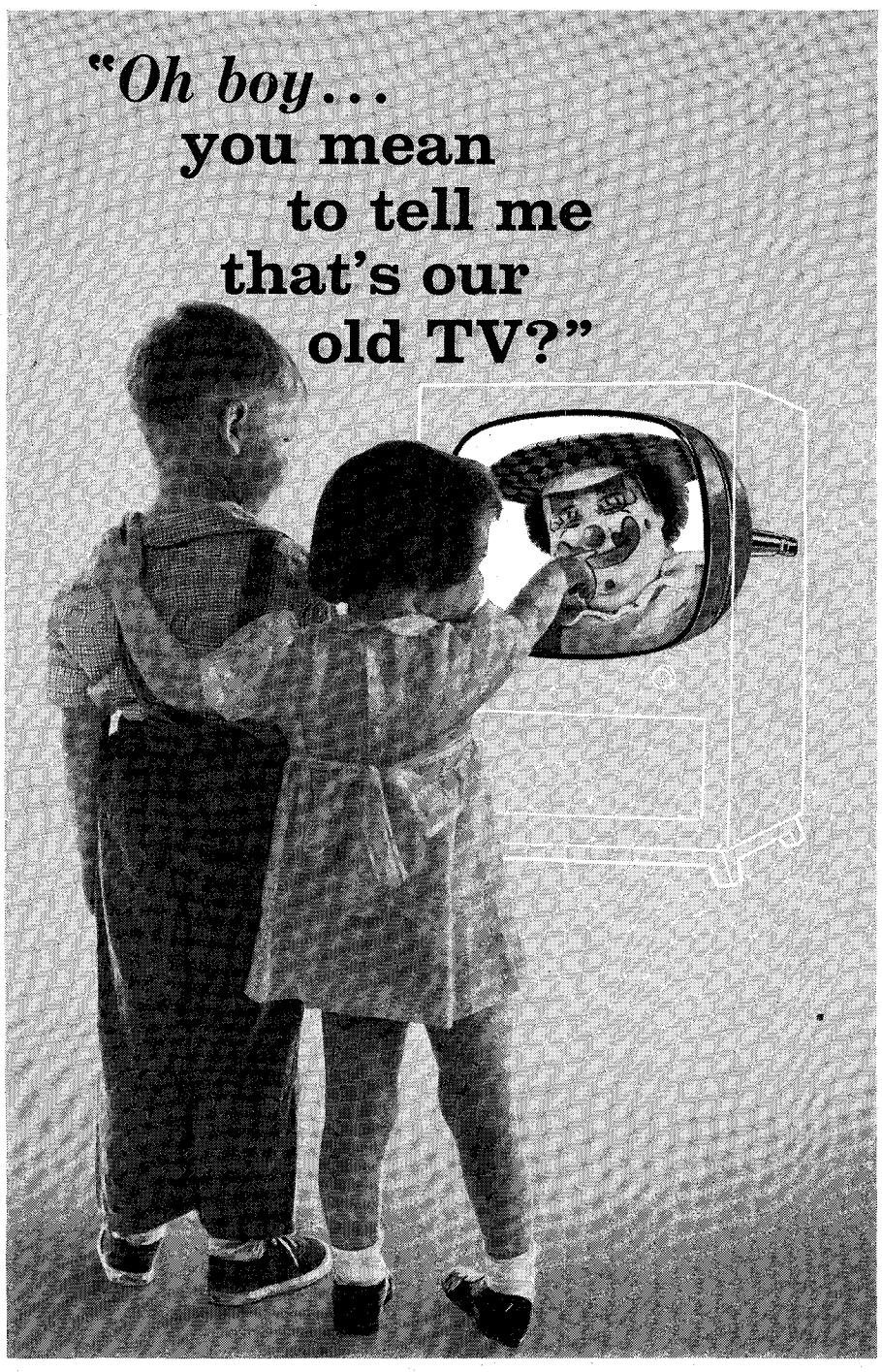
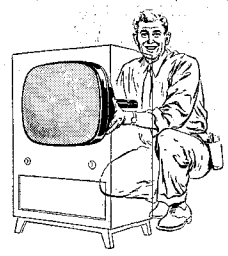


The children know! When an old TV set sparkles with new picture brilliance and sharpness of detail even a child can tell the difference. The children may not put it into words, but your friends will surely ask: *"You mean to tell me that's your old TV?"*

Silverama can rejuvenate an older set and actually give clearer, brighter, sharper pictures. Reasons? First, at the heart of every RCA Silverama Picture Tube there's a precision electron "gun" —unsurpassed in performance. In addition, RCA-developed super-phosphors and a reflective inner coating of aluminum team up to add a new brilliance and clarity to your TV pictures.

There's a Silverama to fit virtually every make and model of TV set; and, best of all, every Silverama is warranted by RCA for a full year. So call your local TV technician and ask him to have an RCA Silverama Picture Tube installed in *your* TV set!



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treasured possession. I've always wondered if the trucker took it home to prove to his pals or his wife that his skull was a lot tougher than a piece of hardwood. I hope so. He earned that souvenir, but I wish I had it back.

These are not pleasant admissions to make, but I promised myself, when I started this story, that I would withhold nothing. Even so, there won't be space enough to print it all. Perhaps you can understand that my own regrets—and they've kept me awake many a night—are far worse punishment than anything that could be imposed by you or the law. I have to live with myself, and there is no one around the house to say, "Oh, you're not such a bad guy, Georgie." It's not so convincing when I say it to myself.

Some years ago the late Greg LaCava, then one of Hollywood's top directors, urged me to consult a psychiatrist about my senseless rages, my compulsion to steal and a good many other conflicts which were making life miserable for me, my associates in the movies and my personal friends.

"If you can just tell somebody, Georgie," he said, "it will make a new man of you."

I made an appointment with an analyst, but I backed down at the last minute. I was afraid. I was always afraid of people who might discover that George Raft was mysterious and stayed away from Hollywood parties only because he was ignorant and could barely write his own name. Ridicule was and is a popular Hollywood weapon, and I thought that alongside me anyone with a high-school diploma would sound like Professor Einstein himself.

The only weapons I had were my fists, but even in that category I was a fraud. In Hollywood I had a reputation for a fast left, and the town is full of people who went down or out when I clipped them. If any of them stop to think, they will realize that usually they were hit without warning, and that by the time they got up off the floor bystanders were keeping us apart. I learned that technique in New York night clubs years ago. "If guys start to get tough, hit 'em fast before they get their hands up," Owney Madden said. "That usually cools 'em off."

The truth is, I didn't need any urging. I was a primitive human being and I liked to hit people. It was my way of squaring accounts with what I thought was an enemy world. In fact, had I been blessed with any real talent for fist fighting, I might have become a prize fighter instead of an actor. When Westbrook Pegler put me through his wringer in a series of columns some years ago, he accused me of being a boxing phony, and quoted Jim Farley, former chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission, as saying he had never heard of a George Raft in the ring. I would have told Pegler, had he bothered to check it with me, that I was usually a substitute fighter, and that I used half a dozen different names, such as George LaSalle George Brown, Brownie Ranft and any others that appealed to me at the moment.

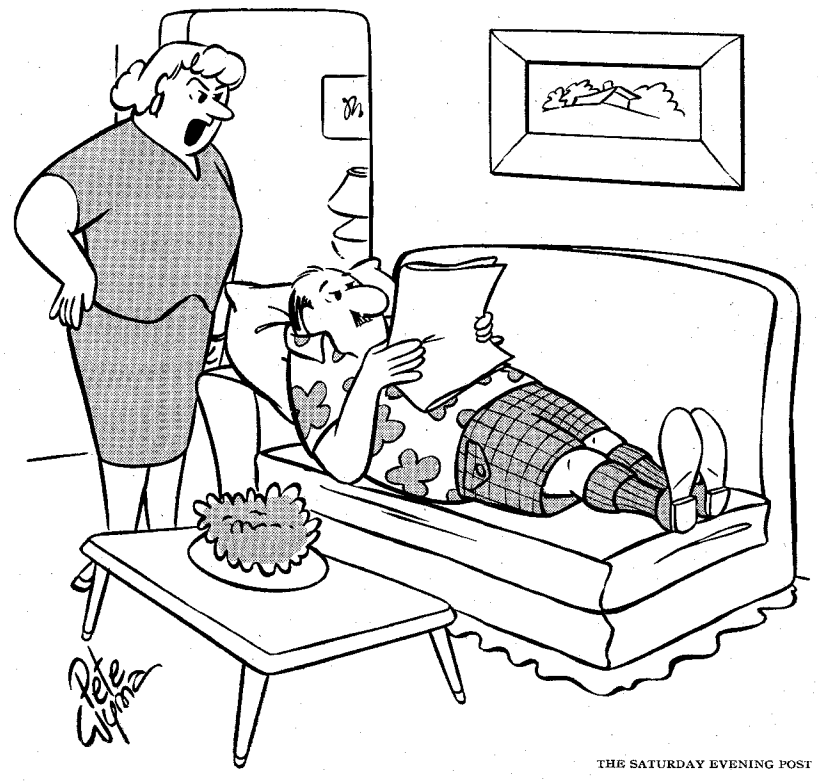
My name could have been Jack Dempsey and it wouldn't have helped. I fought seventeen fights at the New Polo A.C. arena on 129th Street, for five dollars each, and I was knocked cold seven times. My last bout was with a windmill named Frank Dougherty, who later changed his name to Frankie Jerome and became a high-ranking bantamweight. I was about ready for the undertaker when they carried me out. I had a broken nose, two black eyes and a swollen jaw. My left ear—the same one carved up earlier by Sammy Schwartz—needed twenty-two stitches to keep it fastened to my head.

I would have quit fighting sooner except that I had a foolish and secret longing for a cauliflower ear because I thought it would make me look like a pro.

Around 1925, when I first came across a promising young fighter named Maxie Rosenbloom and invested some money in his future, I kidded him about his unmarred features.

"You haven't got a busted nose or a cauliflower ear or anything," I said kiddingly. "You don't look tough enough."

Some weeks later, to my astonishment, Maxie burst into my apartment and showed me an ear that looked as though it had been blown up with a bicycle pump. "Look at dat, boss," he grinned. "Ain't it a beaut?" I agreed that it was, but I said I was (*Continued on Page 82*)



"I certainly wasted my money on those walking shorts."

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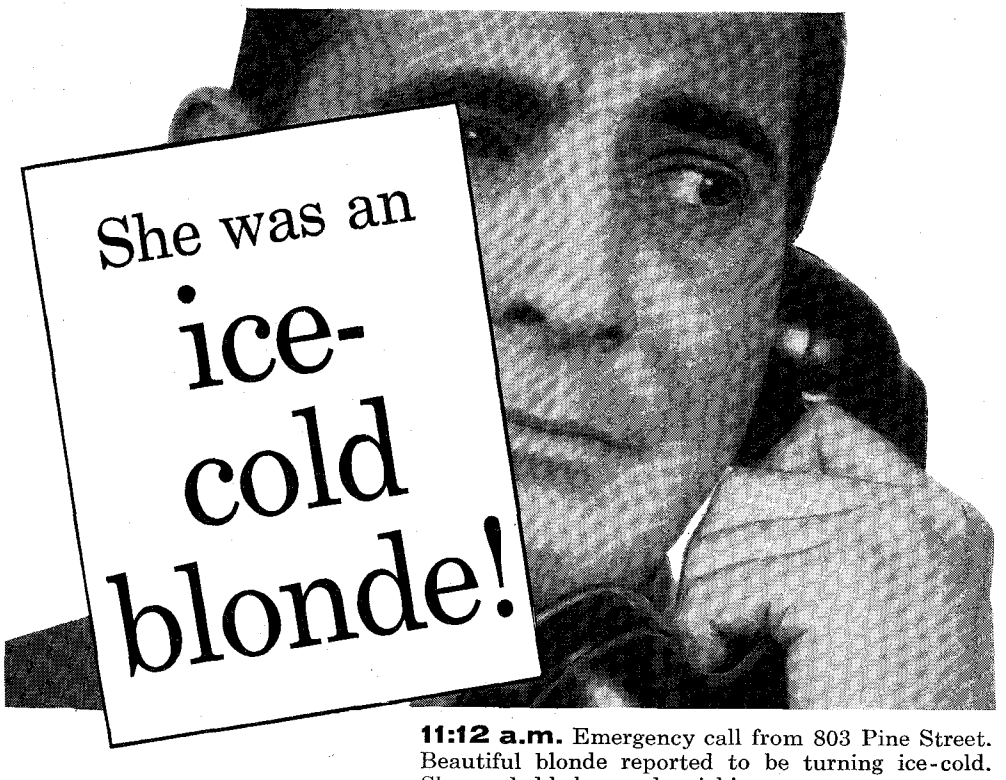
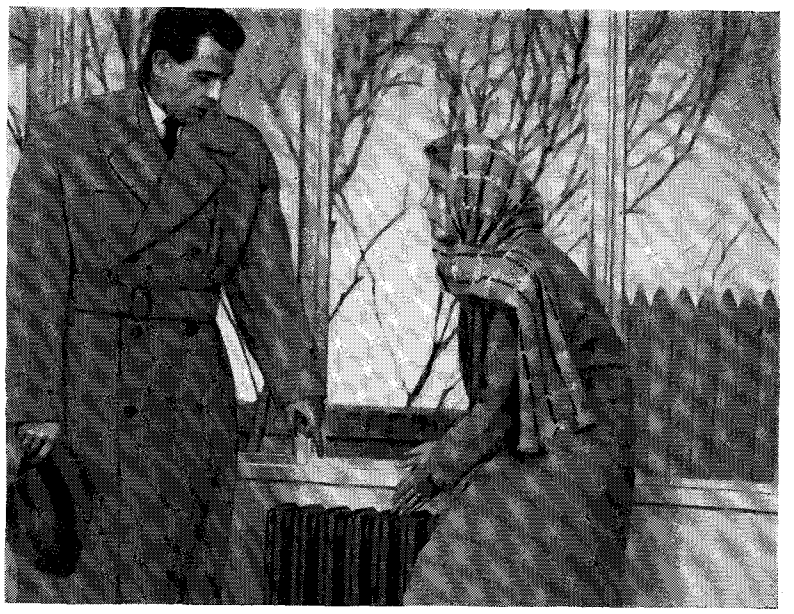
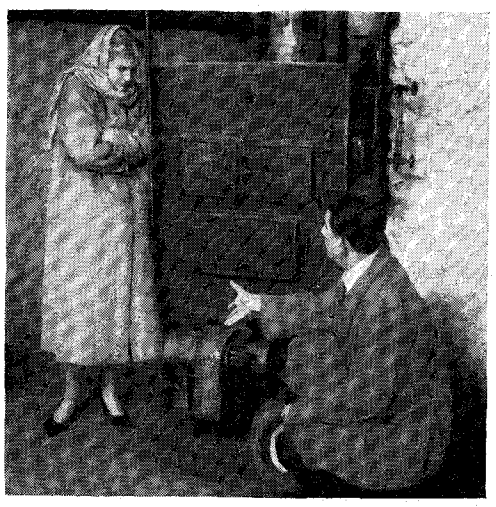


11:12 a.m. Emergency call from 803 Pine Street. Beautiful blonde reported to be turning ice-cold. She needed help—and quick!

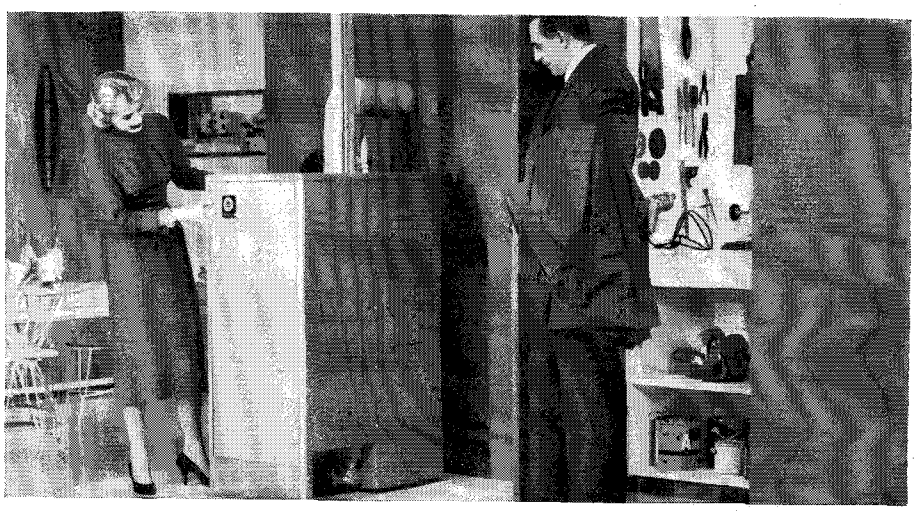


11:29 a.m. On scene. Blonde certainly beautiful and ice-cold. Bundled in a coat and perched on old-fashioned, *cold* radiator. Says it's impossible to keep house warm.

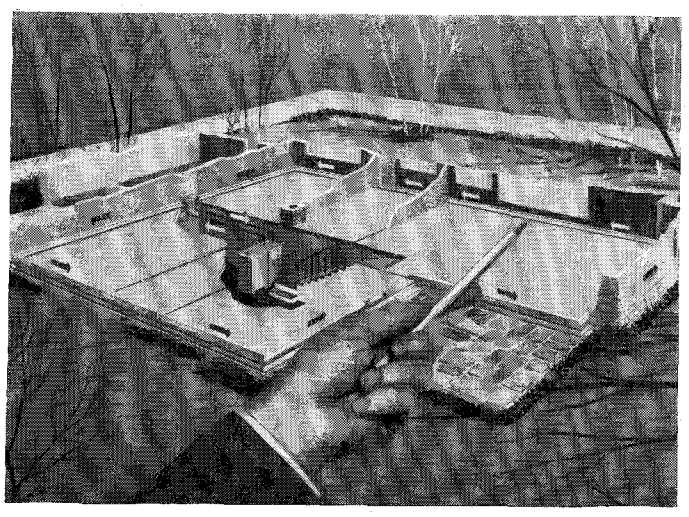


11:33 a.m. Inspected spooky basement. Found old-fashioned, bulky heating system. Ancient, worn-out boiler. No wonder blonde and house are ice-cold!

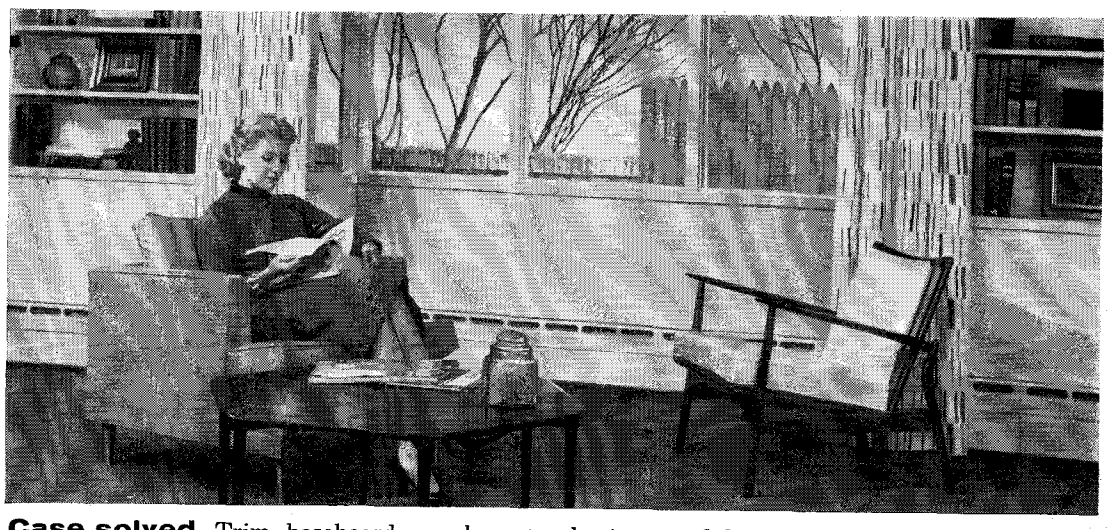
Conference. Suggested new, hot water heat with American-Standard boiler and smart baseboard heating panels.



Quick action. Replaced antique with a new American-Standard cast iron boiler that's dependable, economical. Delivers plenty of fast, clean, draft-free heat. Guaranteed to warm up blonde . . . to keep whole house comfortable. Plenty of room in basement for playroom for family.



Showed blonde how compact, modern baseboard panels carry heat around outside walls of house. Explained that these American-Standard panels radiate steady, sunlike warmth from floor to ceiling.



Case solved. Trim baseboard panels carry heat around house, form blanket of comfort between blonde and cold exterior. Heat is distributed at ankle height thus eliminating cold floors. Blonde was delighted that panels can be painted to match or contrast with walls—that they never interfere with arranging furniture or hanging draperies.

Are you a victim of mysterious cold floors, drafts, skyrocketing fuel bills? If so, you need modern American-Standard hot water heat with baseboard panels. To solve your heating mystery, see your American-Standard retailer listed in the Yellow Pages of your phone book under "heating equipment" or mail the handy coupon. AMERICAN-STANDARD, PLUMBING AND HEATING DIVISION, 40 West 40th Street, New York 18, N. Y.

Quality protects your investment—American-Standard quality is available at no extra cost.

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5-cup chrome or copper — *8-cup chrome* — *8-cup chrome* — *10-cup chrome* — *10-cup copper*

UNIVERSAL

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

(*Continued from Page 80*)

annoyed because he'd been fighting without me in his corner.

"You got me wrong, Georgie," he protested. "I ain't had any fights. I just kept hittin' it myself until it comes out like dis."

Subsequently, when he became an actor and found like the rest of us, that he liked the taste of ham, Maxie regretted what he had done, and tried to repair his swollen ear with plastic surgery, but it was too late.

At least, he didn't put the blame on me, and he publicly gave me credit for helping him up the ladder to the light-heavyweight championship. When the Friars Club gave a testimonial dinner not long ago to celebrate my 25th year in pictures, Maxie was one of the speakers.

"Gents," he said to Darryl Zanuck, Dore Schary, Joe Schenck and other movie-industry leaders at the head of the table, "when I met dis bum Raft, I di'n't have two bits to my name. Now I owe twenty-five thousand dollars. T'anks, Georgie."

My third-rate ring career left me with nothing but bruises and a zero bank account, but it did bring me in contact with many of the men who were to become big shots in the rackets.

Actually I was already knocking on the underworld gate when I quarreled with my father for the last time and ran away from home. Although I didn't make the change official in court until six years after his death, I was already using the name Raft, and his pride was hurt. The final break came when the whole family, including my sharp-tongued Uncle George, lectured me for roaming the streets when I was supposed to be in class at P.S. 169. I had had only one year of school and the argument about my future was so noisy that I stuffed paper wads deep into my ears, and had to go to the emergency hospital to get them taken out.

To this day I can't stand loudmouthed arguments in my home or at parties or anywhere else, and I'll walk out on them. This also explains why I created a different kind of gangster on the screen. My celluloid hoodlums were always well-dressed, soft-voiced and underplayed. So were most of the top gangsters I knew in real life. With one or two exceptions like Dutch Schultz and Larry Fay, the big racketeers were as quiet and as efficient as bank presidents. They had to be. They were in a dangerous business and their lives were at stake.

I was perhaps thirteen years old when I left home, and I spent the next three years sleeping in subways, pool halls, empty lofts and similar places. I shoveled snow, carried bats at the Highlanders ball club or rode the rods to upstate counties where I worked in the orchards picking cherries for twenty-five cents a basket.

At that time I would have traded ten years of my life for a chance to play professional baseball. I fooled around semi-pro baseball for a long time after Frankie Jerome cut me up in the ring, and I finally talked my way into a tryout with the minor-league club in Springfield, Massachusetts. I lasted two days as an outfielder and then the manager took me aside and said gently, "You can bat pretty good, kid. But you can't throw. It's just not your game."

By the time I was seventeen—when other young people in my Washington Heights territory were graduating from high school—I was already skilled in several illegal arts and I was looking for bigger things. I cheated the phone company with coins that could be dropped in the box and pulled back with a piece of string. I had counterfeit subway tickets and police badges, and I could roll a drunk faster than any other kid my age.

Being chronically unemployed, I never had much money, but there was always a sucker on hand for me. I spent a lot of time in Crenshaw's, a pool hall on 166th Street, and there I met a diminutive, cocky fellow named William S. Rosenberg who was a real Houdini with a cue. Many a smoky night, when Rosenberg would miss easy practice shots, I'd lure some yokel into a match and say, "I'll bet on the little guy." I didn't lose many of those bets, and so I was out a steady meal ticket when Rosenberg took his many talents downtown and eventually became the Broadway genius now known as Billy Rose.

When I wasn't in the poolroom I could usually be found in the Audubon Dance Hall or the Manhattan Casino. Having nothing else to offer, I wanted to look tough and be tough. I won a little money betting the other dance-hall sheiks that I could break a belt strapped around my chest just by taking a deep breath. The damage caused by this senseless physical feat gave me a chest hernia that later became so painful I had to use doubles for strenuous movie stunts. But at the time it helped my reputation as a hard guy.

All the dance halls were hangouts for small-time gangsters and thugs, and the worst brawls, of course, usually started with a dispute over some girl. My first major clash with the opposite sex came while I was giving dancing lessons to a girl from Texas. She saw me dancing with another girl, and when I came off the floor she plunged a hatpin into my neck and chest three times before one of the bouncers pulled her off. "I did it because I'm crazy about you," she told me later at the hospital. I couldn't figure out why she did it, but I do now, having learned something about the feminine mind.

The worst punishment I ever inflicted on a man was also the result of an argument about a girl. My rival was building up pressure when I came out of the ballroom and I didn't wait for any preliminaries. I hit him on the chin and he went down, floundering around on a snow-slippery sidewalk. Before he could get up, I smashed his face against the curb with my foot—this was a brutal trick used in many a life-and-death fight—and I left him there with his split cheek and broken nose.

In 1945, when I was filming Nob Hill in San Francisco with Joan Bennett and Peggy Ann Garner, there was a fight scene in a Gay Nineties bar.

"George," the director said, "can't you think of something to make this look more real?"

Remembering that sidewalk encounter in my youth, I suggested smashing my opponent's face against the mahogany bar rail, and that's the way we shot the scene. Some of the film critics later said this bit was too brutal, but I never let them know it had been far worse in the kill-or-be-killed world in which I grew up.

As time went on, I saw some interesting angles on (*Continued on Page 84*)

By Coincidence

Coincidence is a term we
retain
To explain the things we
can't explain.

By Georgie
Starbuck Galbraith

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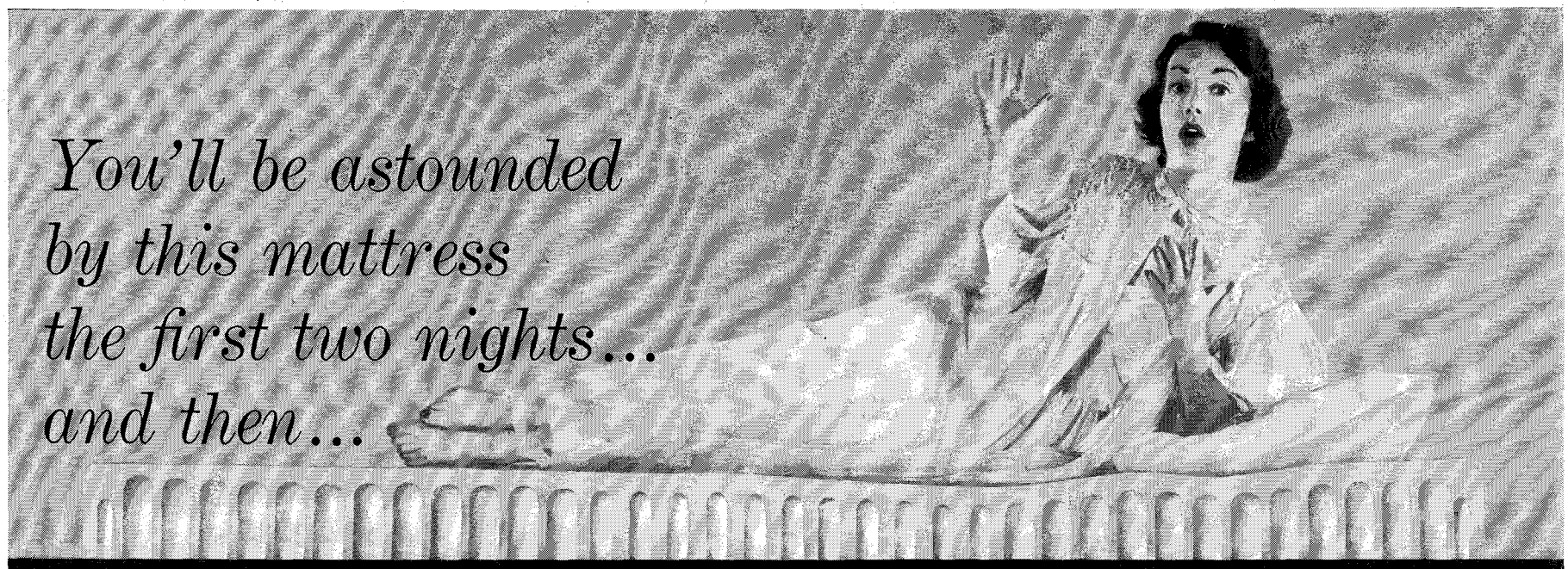
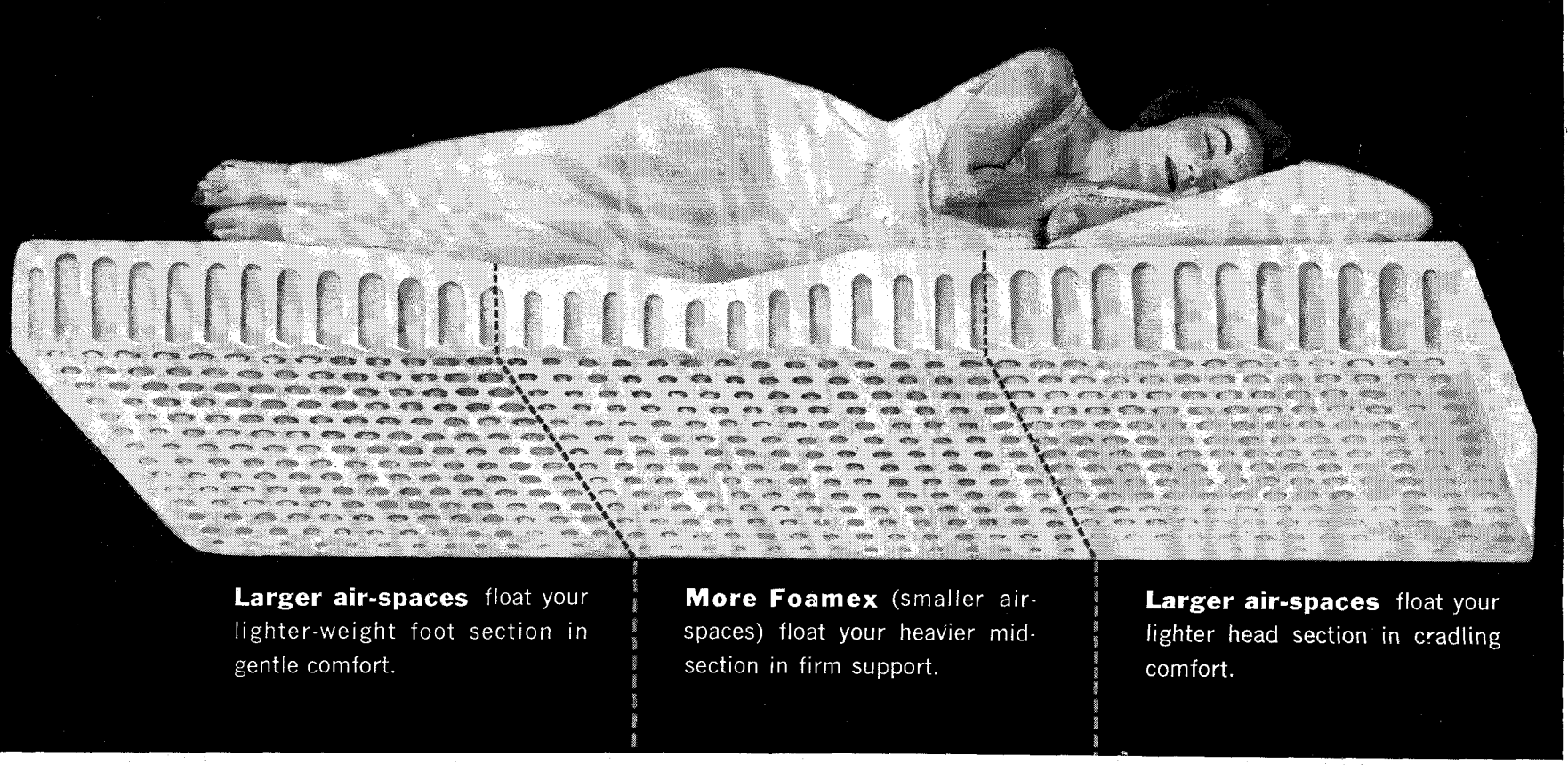


you'll never want to sleep on anything but a Form-Fitted Mattress of Firestone FOAMEX®


Larger air-spaces float your lighter-weight foot section in gentle comfort.
More Foamex (smaller air-spaces) float your heavier mid-section in firm support.
Larger air-spaces float your lighter head section in cradling comfort.

...Because Foamex floats your body (instead of sinking under you)—compels you to relax—and SLEEP!

It's the most unexpected sleep sensation in the world—so unlike anything you've ever experienced before, you'll simply be astounded the first two nights. Because, for the first time in your life, you can actually give in—relax every tired nerve, every tense muscle and let this remarkable mattress take over!

Never again do you have to dig down and carve *out a comfortable spot for yourself. Form-Fitted* Foamex meets your curves all the way. The soft surface follows every contour and hollow of your body while firm foam supports every part of you equally. And once you've learned the secret of this blissful, total abandonment to sleep—you'll never want any other mattress again.

Form-Fitted construction—found *only* in mattresses of Firestone Foamex—distributes curve-conforming Foamex in direct proportion to your body weight. Lighter head and limbs rest on just enough Foamex to give gentle, secure support. Heavier mid-section has more Foamex for firm, buoyant support. The result is head-to-foot balanced comfort that floats you off to sleep.

Foamex "breathes" cool, fresh air as you do. And exquisitely clean, lightweight Foamex is a joy to care for. Never requires turning. Stays smooth, firm, shapely with no buttons, tufts, or rolls to spoil the look of the made up bed.

Your favorite department or furniture store has a wide selection of Form-Fitted Mattresses of Firestone Foamex starting as low as $59.75. Stop in today and take a FREE Rest Test.

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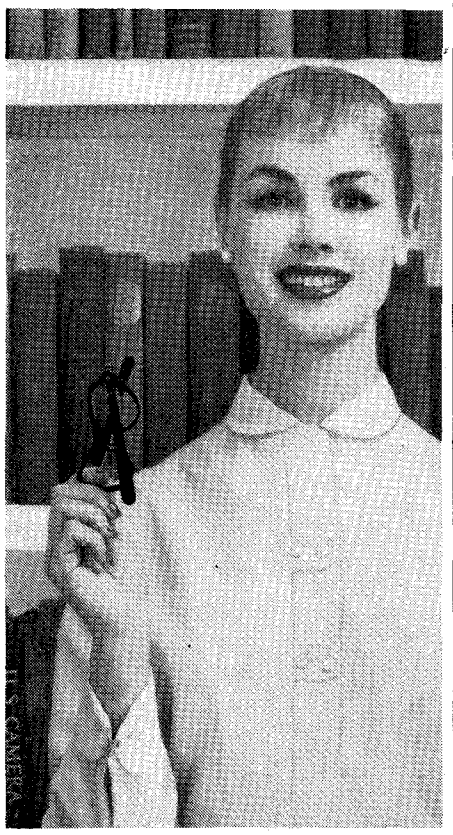
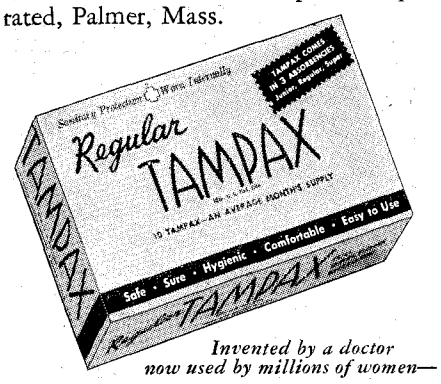


Use your good common sense!

Think! Think how you had to struggle, struggle, struggle with that miserable belt-pin-pad contraption last month and last year and all the times before that! Think how uncomfortable it was! Does it make sense to go on and on when millions of *Tampax* users say they almost *forget* about time of the month?

Tampax® internal sanitary protection makes things so much simpler for you. Since Tampax is worn internally, odor can't form. What's more, nothing can show. You can shower or bathe. Tampax won't absorb any water. There are no disposal problems with Tampax. No carrying problems either. A supply of Tampax can be slipped into your very smallest handbag.

It makes sense to use the easy way—the Tampax way. Choose from three absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) wherever drug products are sold. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.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TAMPAX COMES IN 3 ABSORBENCIES
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Safe • Sure • Hygienic • Comfortable • Easy to Use
TAMPAX

Invented by a doctor now used by millions of women—

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Palmer, Mass.

Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Absorbency is checked below.

( ) REGULAR ( ) SUPER ( ) JUNIOR

Name_____
(Please print)

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(*Continued from Page 82*) a dancing career. Or maybe it was curves. I loved flashy clothes, which the psychologists may see as another clue to a basic inferiority, and I had a weakness, and still do, for pretty girls. Moreover, I seemed to have a natural flair for dancing, and I spent hours working out routines which later were to become big box-office assets in Bolero, Rhumba, Follow the Boys and other nongangster films I made.

I had no burning ambition then to be a Broadway star or go to Hollywood. I was happy in dance halls like Roseland, the Grand Central Palace, the Audubon Ballroom or the Hunt's Point Casino. From there I moved up to the better places—Rector's, Healy's or Churchill's, where Rudolph Valentino and I were both gigolos, paid to dance with lonely women.

On weekends I often entered two or three dancing contests or went to places like Palisades Park or Staten Island to put on an exhibition. I got ten dollars for these solos in New York, not counting anything I could steal; fifteen dollars in Brooklyn and twenty-five dollars if I had to go to Jersey.

These prices improved as my reputation grew, and eventually I got a manager—a rising New York tough guy named Feets Edson because he had big feet and walked like a penguin. Edson, who was later immortalized by Damon Runyon as one of the Broadway guys in Guys and Dolls, booked me into some of the marble mansions on Long Island. While I danced, Feets stole the family silver or jewels. If he didn't have enough time to sneak the swag into a secret compartment under the car seat, he'd persuade the hostess to pay me extra for an encore.

I didn't want fame. I just wanted money, and I didn't care how I got it. I sat around dance halls and watched these sharp young hoods come in wearing candy-striped silk shirts and flashing a roll, and I was wild with envy. None of them ever went to work, but they spent money and they had their pick of the girls.

I had no connections, so I had to dream up ways of raking up extra cash. I wanted a candy-striped shirt so much that I was ready to pull one off the back of the first guy I could catch alone in a dark alley. About that time I met a younger fellow named Benny Lieberman, who was night clerk in a drugstore at 142nd Street and Lenox Avenue.

The store was loaded with good merchandise—perfume, brushes, silver combs, and so on. I saw right away that Benny was not against a little larceny if he didn't have to do the heisting himself. So we made a deal. I would lift the stuff while he was looking the other way or talking to a customer, and I'd get rid of it. For months thereafter I sold stolen perfume and other items around the dance halls for anything I could get, and I split the take with Benny. I bought myself half a dozen of those fancy shirts and I was on my way.

Years later I was filming a picture with Claire Trevor appropriately called I Stole a Million, when I heard Benny had moved West and was a partner in a drugstore at a hotel in Los Angeles. I walked in unannounced one night, and the minute Benny spotted me he ran out wild-eyed from behind the counter.

"Georgie, Georgie!" he screamed. "The old deal doesn't go here! You'd be stealing from me and my uncle!"

"Don't worry, Benny," I said kiddingly; "I've got all the perfume I need. I'll just lift a pack of cigarettes now and then."

He kept an eye on me every time I came into the store, and I'm sure he took inventory of the stock after every visit. He made money in the store, but evidently not enough, because he showed up at the studio one day and asked me to cosign a note so he could borrow $2500 at the bank. I offered him cash without a note, as I had done for many friends, but he insisted on having the paper. I signed. The next day he came back and said I'd signed the wrong kind of paper, and would I please sign a substitute form he'd brought along.

I was a chump, all right, and I did it again. Now Benny had my endorsements on two notes for $2500 each, and the bank gave him the cash. Benny was gambling, and when he was cleaned out at the race track he couldn't make the payments. The bank called me and I had to make good. I finally caught up with Benny and told him he was an ungrateful so-and-so for having tricked me.

He said, "Sure, sure, Georgie. I needed the dough bad, but I'll pay it back. Next week maybe."

I never saw him again. He couldn't pay me and a lot of others, and he put a bullet through his head.

Incidents like this certainly showed what I had missed by not going to school. All my life, as my agents, managers and attorneys have said with disapproval, I have signed contracts, agreements and other documents without checking them. I remember one fellow who got to me at the ball park one afternoon and conned me into signing what looked like a petition for some broken-down musicians. The next day a $1500 grand piano was delivered to my house, and I had to keep it. It said so in the fine print just above my signature.

I have always been known as "the softest touch in Hollywood," and my accountants once estimated that I have lent or given away about $1,000,000. I was trying to buy love and friendship, as I said earlier. I lent thousands of dollars without interest or notes, and I'm sorry to say that very little of it was ever paid back. They say there is honor among thieves, but I'm not so sure. I once lent my $200,000 house on Coldwater Canyon, keys and all, to a couple of girls—they had been sent to me by someone in the mob—and they promised to water the lawn, and so forth, while I was away. When I got home I found that they or burglars, or both, had stripped all twelve rooms of jewelry, clothing, silverware and other valuables, including a gold watch given to me by Norma Shearer, which had a sweet message engraved on the back. I was heartsick about the loss of the watch because it came from a person who was and is very dear to me, but the police eventually found it in a pawnshop. The rest of the loot was never recovered, and my insurance company covered the loss.

Once in a while some of these old pals paid up, but not in the usual sense of the word.

There was in Hollywood a character named Whitey Krakower, a friend of the late Countess Dorothy di Frasso, and a part-time handy man for Benny Siegel while the latter was the Syndicate's No. 1 man on the West Coast. While Siegel was away on a trip, Whitey came to me four or five times, saying Benny had sent him, and touched me for about $1800. I told Benny about these loans when he came home, and he was white with fury, saying he had not sent Whitey to me.

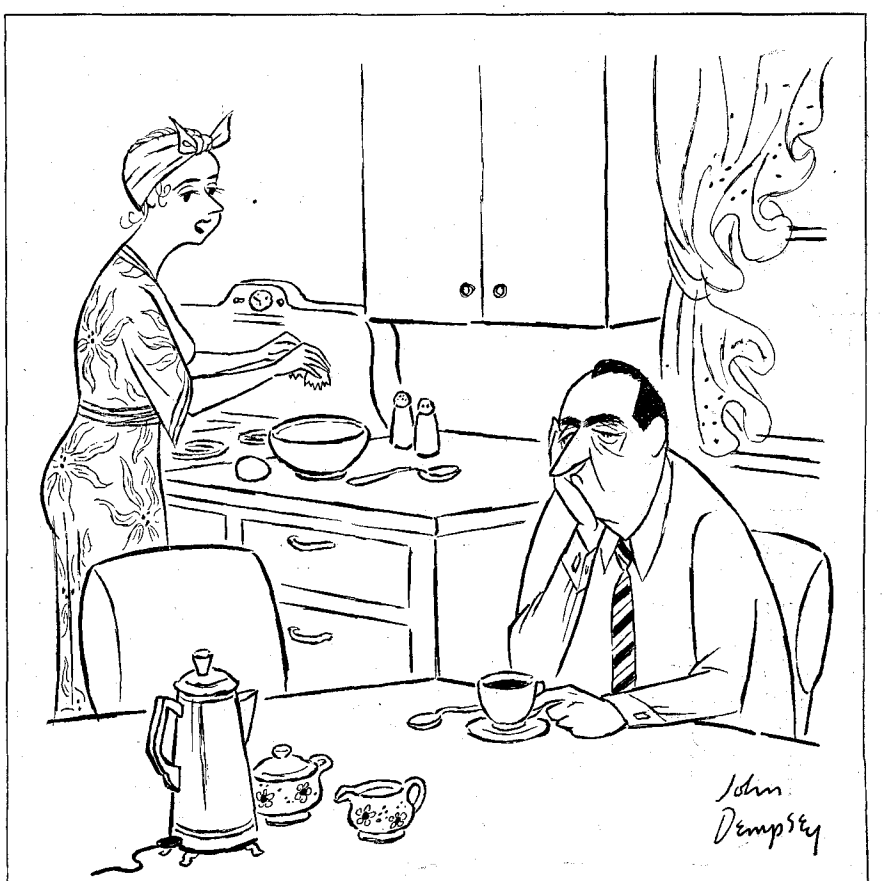
"Don't ever give him another dime," Benny said. "I'll talk to him."

Whitey vanished from the Hollywood scene, and shortly afterward I went on a personal-appearance tour to New York. I was in the Sherry-Netherlands Hotel on the evening of July 31, 1940, when I got a phone call from Lt. Ed Callahan, of the Homicide Squad, an old friend from my Washington Heights days. He said there had been a killing on the lower East Side and maybe I'd like to go along for the ride. I had nothing to do, and I said O.K.

After a fast ride in the squad car, we stood over a man's body, sprawled on the pavement. I caught my breath, and Ed said, "Somebody you know?"

I nodded. I knew him, all right. Eighteen hundred dollars' worth of dead gangster. I was looking into the vacant eyes of Whitey Krakower, late of Hollywood and New York.

Editors' Note: This is the second of five articles by Mr. Raft and Mr. Jennings. The third will appear next week.



"Look on the bright side. In sixteen hours you'll be back in bed."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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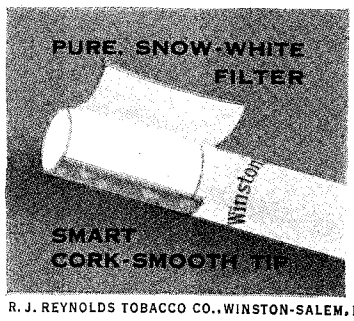
Chances are good you'll really go for Winston! You'll like the rich, full flavor. You'll also like this pure snow-white filter. It's a Winston exclusive, and it does the job so well you get pleasantly rich flavor with every easy draw. Get Winstons! They're for you.



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EXCLUSIVE! *No dryer ever dried*

NEW "HALO OF

This "Picture Window" demonstration model shows how "Halo of Heat" works in the new Maytag Dryer at left.

MAYTAG

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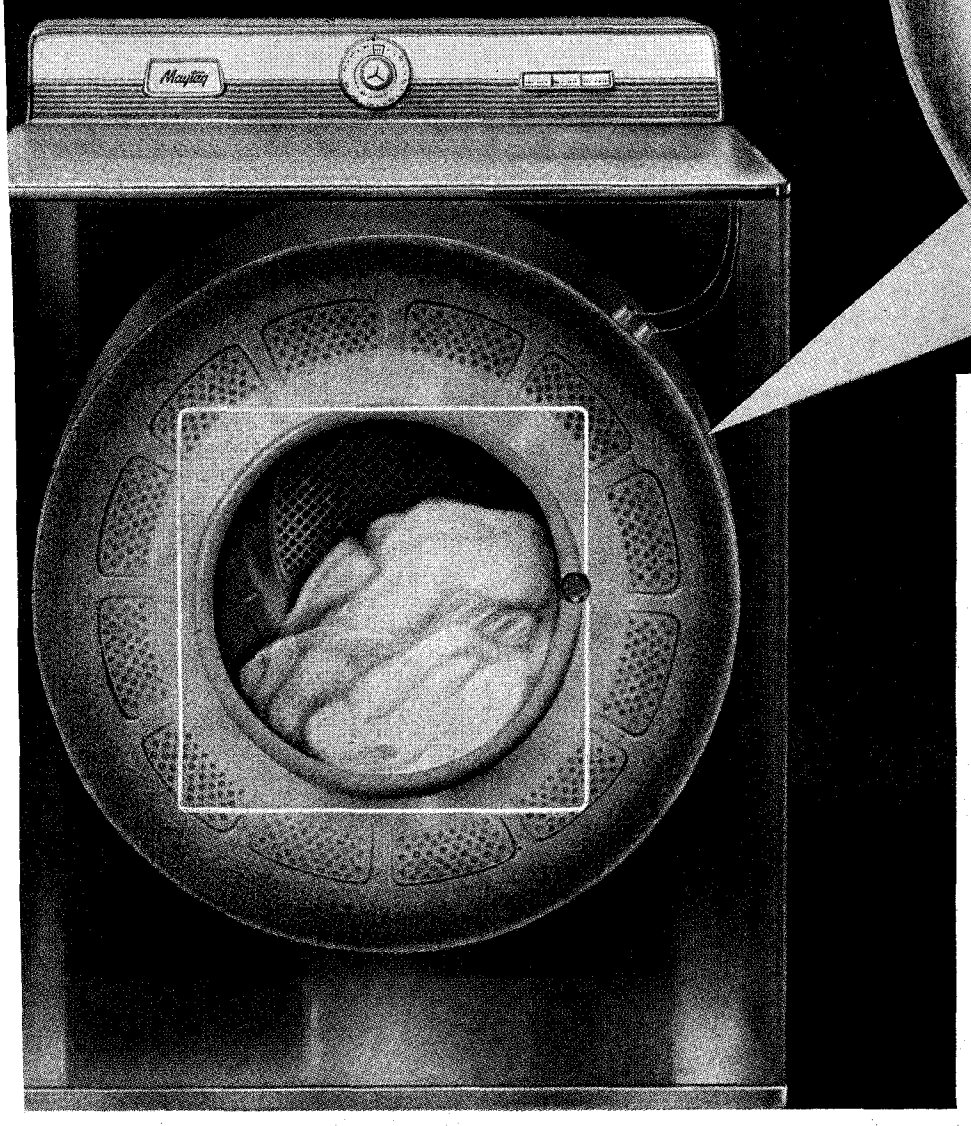
clothes as gently as this new MAYTAG

HEAT" DRYER

OTHER DRYERS DO THIS
Heat is concentrated near heating element. Clothes come in contact with heat as high as 200°. Result: Overdrying is common.

NEW MAYTAG DRYER DOES THIS
Regular loads dry at temperatures of 100 to 110°. Ends overdrying. Clothes dry fluffy with fewer wrinkles.



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Maytag "Halo of Heat" Dryers are available in gas and electric models. Electrics work on either 115- or 230-volt current, gas models on city or LP gas. Priced as low as $199.95. (Slightly higher West and South.)

The Maytag Company, Newton, Iowa

Push this button for Automatic De-wrinkling

GAS AND ELECTRIC DRYERS

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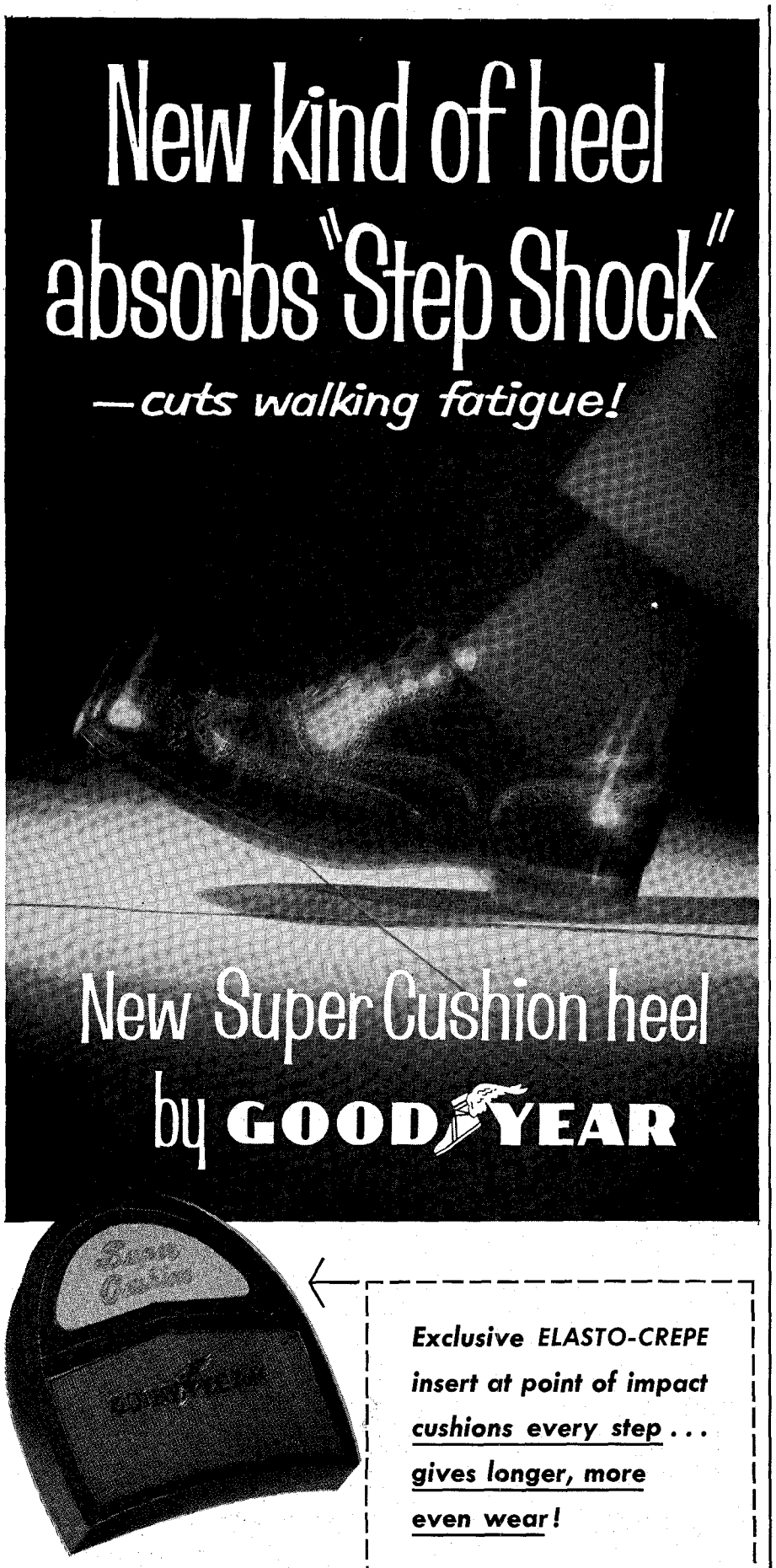
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NEOLITE, AN ELASTOMER-RESIN BLEND, SUPER-CUSHION AND ELASTRO-CREPE, T.M.'S—THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO., AKRON, OHIO

Test by Torture

(Continued from Page 43)

where heat and pressure had made them itch; then he hobbled them to graze.

"Boy," he said to the Apache, "water my horses." He spoke in Apache.

The boy ran for water and a container. The mountain man sat cross-legged several feet from the fire.

The pastor looked at him. "I would be honored, señor, if you would have supper."

The mountain man laughed to himself; when he was asquatting here, everything was his that he wanted, and to offer it to him was a droll formality.

While he ate, the Apache boy watched in wonder. This man was like an Apache. He did not eat, he gorged. The Mexican stood close by, with the mien of a frightened servant. This great man ate as if food contained in a bowl formed by the desert horizons and the mountains would not be enough. There was something so fierce about the way he ate that it gave a man fears.

The mountain man was served tortillas, goat's milk, mutton and peppers. He ate and belched. Grease was on his chin. When he was finally finished, he spread the grease on his face and rubbed it in, easing the tight, sun-drenched skin. Then he demanded entertainment. His voice was so loud that the Mexican stepped back as if the wind of it was pushing him and the sound of it was breaking something thin in his ears. He shook his head over and over, the sombrero waggling. He was too intimidated to be able to entertain.

The mountain man roared, "Get your bijuela! Do you not know I am your guest?"

"*Sí, sí,*" said the Mexican.

He scurried to the jacal. He returned with the giant jew's-harp that the mountain man knew that most pastors had. Night was coming. The sheep made a soft sound as if they walked and chewed on their own scraggly wool. A sudden current of air came from the mountains, broken as if by rocks and their heat. The Mexican began to play the soft music of the lonely pastor, the shepherds' songs that dwelt on plains high and low for those who followed the slow passage of the flocks.

The mountain man wept. Unashamedly, huge sobs clicked and snapped in his throat. The Apache boy stared at him incredulously. Apaches could not, would not cry. And yet, this man did not do it like a woman. There was something big, awesome about his lusty freedom to weep. Puzzled, the boy watched him, and wondered. Night capped the world. At last the songs stopped. . . .

In the morning, the mountain man asked. "What is your name, boy?"

"I am called Tuzimo."

The mountain man was looking out over the flock—the scrub sheep, lean, patient, enduring. "You are a slave, Tuzimo."

"*Sí.*" The boy's mouth grew tight. No Apache would be here otherwise.

"How long have you been in slavery, Tuzimo?"

"This I do not know, señor."

"Try to think about it," said the big man.

The dark, sharp eyes of the boy gazed at the mountains. Then he said, "I have been here four times."

The mountain man nodded. "And have you worked with the sheep all the time of your slavery?"

"*Sí.*"

"Then you have been a slave for four years. You have come here for the summer pasture four times."

"*Sí.*"

In a softened voice, the mountain man said, "You are free. I will take you with me. An Apache must be free."

Tuzimo made no sign of gratitude, but he stepped eagerly closer, was offered a stirrup and mounted behind. The pastor rushed forward, so agitatedly that his hat fell into the dust. Words of protest were jumbled on his thick lips.

The mountain man laughed into the gaping face of the Mexican. "An Apache must be free!" cried the mountain man. "God made it that way! He put it in 'em! Waagh!" he cried suddenly, in the way of mountain men, who loved the fierce epithet of the bear. "Waagh!" And then he howled like a coyote, and the frightened sheep milled and poured outward from the shape they had been kept in by the pastor and his dogs. The pastor looked up at the big man and around over his shoulder at his charges. With a small cry, he got up and ran to mold his sheep again in the compliant wieldy form.

Hours later, the horses lifted their heads, whinnied. The mountains kept them down to a walk. Tuzimo, too, could smell water after a while. Near the spring the mountain man paused beside an anthill, and his laugh sounded like ripping skin. He let the horses go to water, but rationed them. When the horses were satisfied, he himself drank. Then he made a motion that permitted the boy to drink.

The mountain man scratched and cursed, speaking his first words for the afternoon. He made camp, then stripped. He laid his clothes over the anthill. He told Tuzimo to take off his (*Continued on Page 92*)

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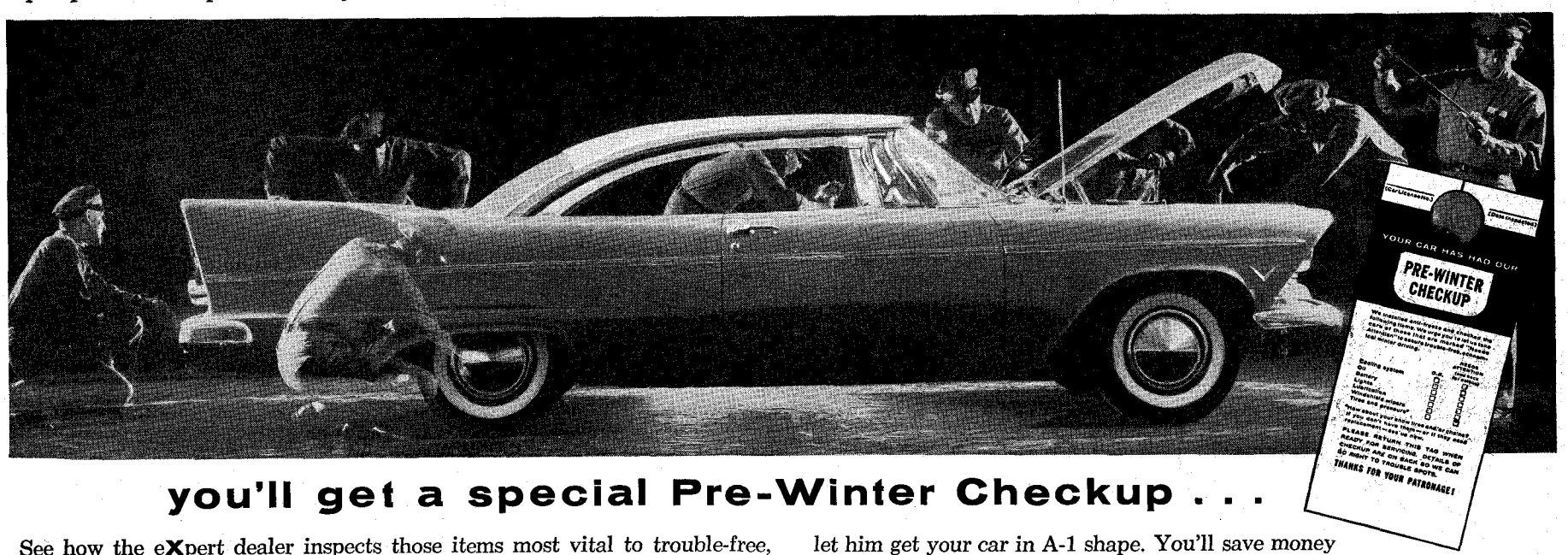
X marks the spot where you'll get rid of winter driving worries with an expert pre-winter inspection while your anti-freeze is being installed. Beat the rush by stopping now at the service station or garage where you see this sign. You'll get the best winterizing job in town!



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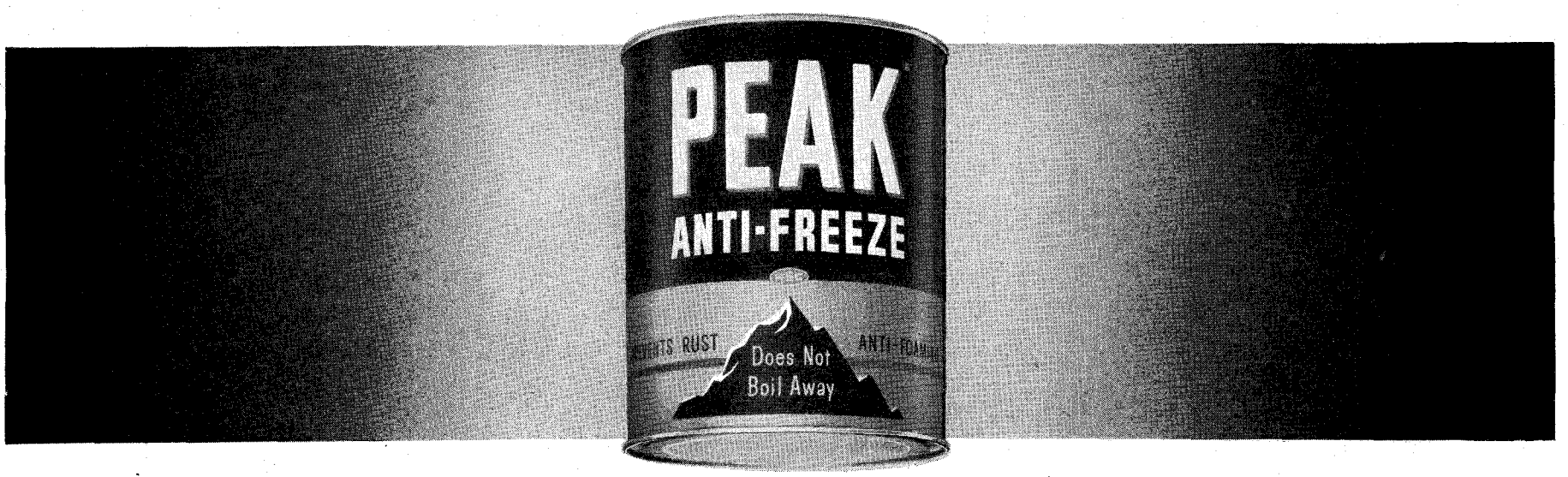
See how the e**X**pert dealer inspects those items most vital to trouble-free, economical winter driving: cooling system, battery, oil, lubrication, tires and vision. He reports his findings on the steering wheel tag. Take his advice and let him get your car in A-1 shape. You'll save money and a lot of headaches by getting this extra service. It's yours at the sign of the **X** . . . for "early birds" only.



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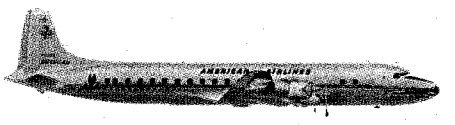

AMERICAN AIRLINES
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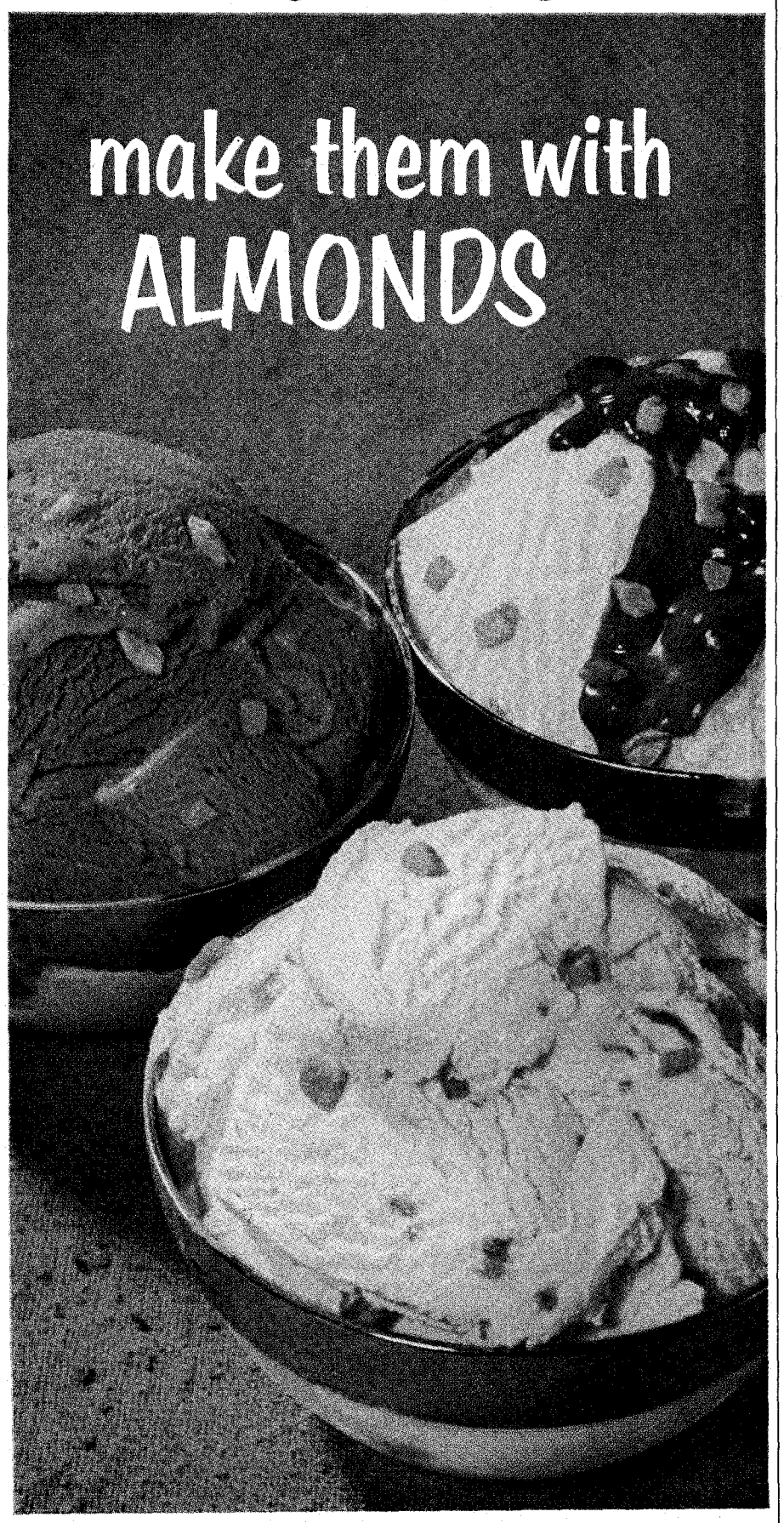
If you like good things to eat,



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BLUE DIAMOND ALMONDS

CALIFORNIA ALMOND GROWERS EXCHANGE, SACRAMENTO

(*Continued from Page 88*) clothes and throw them away. Then he led him to the anthill.

"Lie down on that anthill, Tuzimo," he said.

Without question, Tuzimo did as he was told. The mountain man stuffed bits of cloth into his ears. "Hold your nose," he said; "breathe through your teeth."

Tuzimo did as he was bidden; and, on his own, closed his eyes as tightly as he could. The agony started at once—slow, exquisite. He forced himself to lie still, ancient memories clothed his flesh with endurance. In his mind he saw a young man with a quiet face. Was it his older brother? And his leg had had to be cut off. He spoke of good hunting while it was done. And his face was calm.

The mountain man stood over the boy. "The ants will get all the lice," he said. "Right now they're taking millions of 'em from your hair."

Tuzimo did not permit himself to ask himself a question. When would the big man tell him he could stand up? Tribal memory was wrought in him, as if his teaching had never been interrupted. No tears came to his eyes, no sound from his lips. He remembered how it had been when he cried before he was captured by the Mexicans and made a slave by the patron who owned so many sheep; he remembered the taste of the animal skin that had muffled his cries and caught his tears. He had learned not to cry. It was better not to than to be suffocated. He had learned that an Apache boy who could not learn to be brave stood a good chance of dying in the folds of the skin held over his face.

"Get up, Tuzimo."

He did so, but he did not yelp and prance. Needles were in his body. His flesh screamed for him silently. Now, when he saw a man spread-eagled on an anthill, he would be able to enjoy that man's sensations. He smiled inside himself. He could see various Mexicans lying on anthills.

"Come here, Tuzimo." The mountain man rubbed him with whisky. The needles grew red hot. He tasted blood in his mouth, where he had bitten the tongue that wished to make an outcry. A hateful tongue, that would try to defy and dishonor him.

"See, Tuzimo, what I have made for you."

While he had stood still savoring his bravery, feeling the pain absorbed into a deep dark sense of well-being, the big man had been at work with knife and a strip of skin. And now Tuzimo had a clout, sewn in back on a strip of hide that circled his waist and could be tied; and then he drew the long oblong of skin under his crotch and looped it over the strip in front below his navel, and let it hang down.

They had supper of jerky, piki and coffee. Dark circled the stones and grew up over them. The mountains slipped away. The fire of mesquite wood burned slow. The mountain man tossed Tuzimo a blanket.

For several hours before they camped the next night, Tuzimo knew that the mountain man was reading sign. He was reading all the messages that animals or people left on the trail as they passed; messages that sometimes were so slight that only the most wise could find them; and certainly the sign of people had been read this time, otherwise the mountain man would not have seemed to care so much.

When they camped, no fire was built. But Tuzimo did not ask any questions, and no answers were plainly offered to him. They ate jerked beef and washed it down with a few swallows of water. They slept; the mountain man lightly, partly listening as he slept, and Tuzimo was listening with him, not knowing what for. The horses made scraping sounds nearby. The wind was dead. There was a musty smell of stones. The earth was glowing black and dusty, and the brush did not creak.

What had the mountain man seen? What made him restless? Tuzimo wondered and wished he himself could have read the knowledge that the land told to the mountain man. Tuzimo wished to be a great Apache, and to read sign was an important part of such a thing. There was more also, of course; there was foreknowledge—to know what would happen. Visions, for example, were highly prized among the Apaches. People were expected to have them, but few did. And visions were easily believed in. Everyone wished to feel that they were true. And, remembering his Apache training, Tuzimo felt it was right so to wish. In the world there was much magic—anyone who was a nomad knew that; anyone who lived in the deserts and mountains, wild, free and under the stars. As a matter of fact, had it not been magic that the mountain man, a strange being, had come and rescued him, Tuzimo, from slavery? No one could deny that. Tuzimo nodded to himself on his bed of earth and blanket. Surely the great spirit had decided to do well for him.

Any child can tell you what is wrong with today's parents: They think they know more than their children.

NANCY E. WALTON

Tuzimo considered and felt himself happy. After four years, a good and significant thing had happened. And, at length, in the dark stillness, he felt himself drifting away; and before night closed fully behind his lids, he wondered if the mountain man had read sign of Apaches who had passed. So wonderful this would be. His people nearby somewhere. What other people would have passed here, especially those that would make a great mountain man so careful that he did not make a supper fire?

Serene, Tuzimo slept, holding close his last thought, sleeping fearlessly, for, after all, he, too, was an Apache. He was a Coyotero Apache, of the people who believed in the coyote as a creature that could bring fine, pleasant messages. And he remembered, dimly, in a mist, in beginning sleep, that the mountain man had made the call of the coyote—and was this not a sign of its own, and an important one? The mountain man had done so as he carried Tuzimo away from the sheepherder. Yes, truly, it was a sign.

In his sleep, the boy found a coyote nearby. He heard the sound of its panting breath. He looked into its gleaming eyes and a vision came about.

His people were following the coyote, and he was among them. His people were hungry and were stumbling. Only he among them was strong. He ran beside the coyote and admonished him gently to wait for his people, who could not go so quickly. The coyote listened to him, which made the other Apaches murmur with approval and wonder. All through a dark night they followed Tuzimo and the coyote. The eyes of the animal were the only light in the darkness. The eyes were like fires.

At dawn they were coming down from a hill and the (*Continued on Page 97*)

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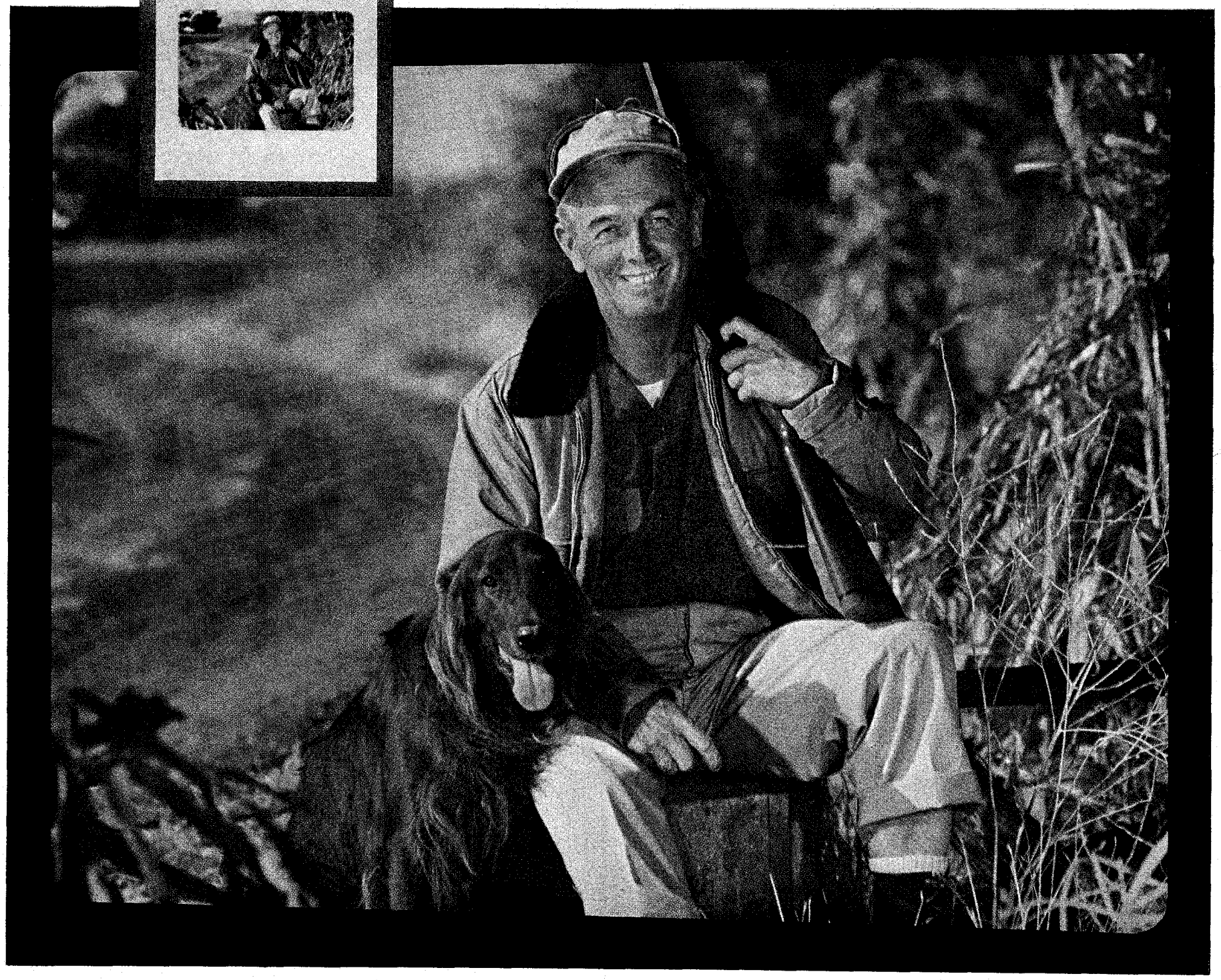
Kodak color slides open a new world of picture-taking



From two-inch Kodak color slides ...big-as-life pictures on your home screen!

Relive good times in sparkling pictures 4 feet wide

Imagine saving your fun this autumn in color pictures you project *big as life!* You can—with Kodak color slides.

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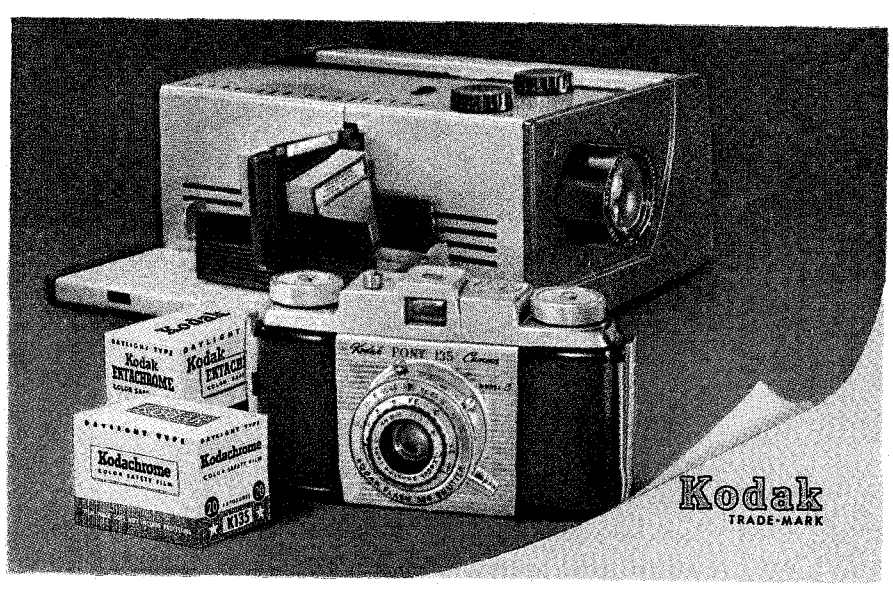
Easy, inexpensive way to begin! Kodak Pony 135 Camera has fast *f*/3.5 lens, 1/300 flash shutter, rapid loading, simplified "color-marked" settings. Only $36.50. The new Kodak 300 Projector, only $64.50. See them demonstrated at your photo dealer's—buy for as little as 10% down. Remember, they're made by Kodak—so you know they're good! (Prices are list, include Federal Tax and are subject to change without notice.)



EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY... Rochester 4, N.Y.

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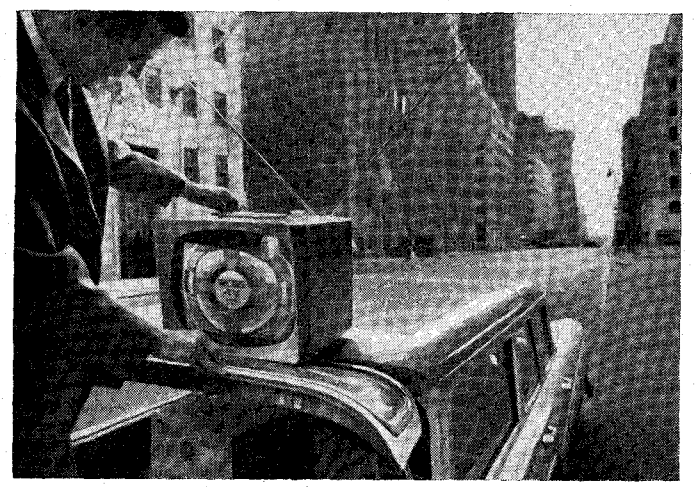


1 6 a.m.—Midtown Manhattan. We loaded a General Electric Big-Screen Portable into a car. After a preliminary test, we set off through the Lincoln Tunnel. Object: to see how far away we could go from TV stations and still get a sharp picture.

General Electric Big-Screen Portable

PULLED IN A SHARP PICTURE FROM 62½ MILES AWAY

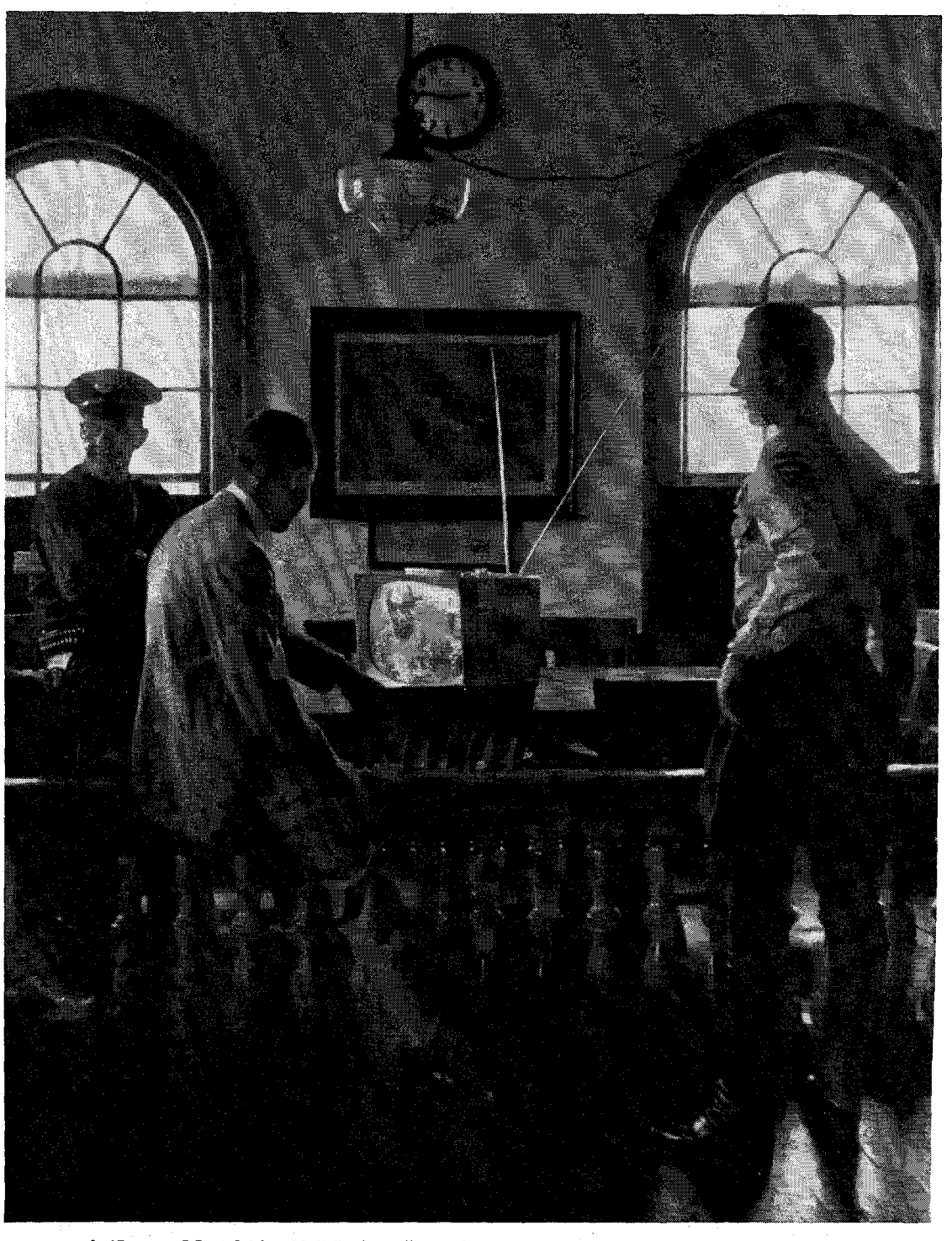
We don't claim performance like this in every locality. But, using its own built-in antenna, this 30-pound performer got Philadelphia stations at Mantoloking, N. J. That's 62½ air miles away (right). And with a roof antenna, the General Electric Big-Screen brought in New York at Lenox, Mass.—119 air miles away (far right).

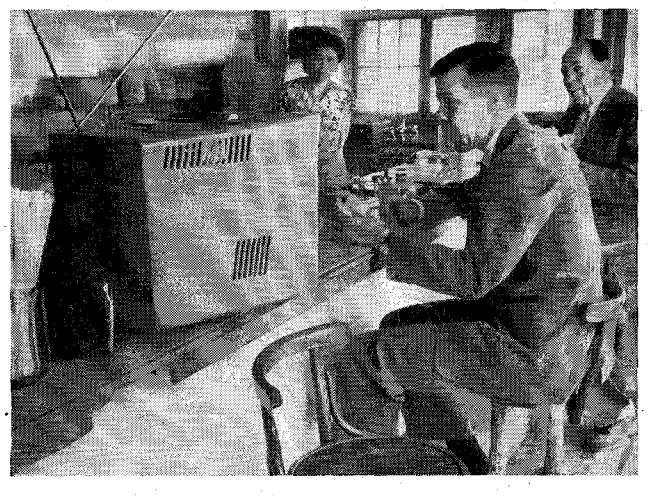
Here's documentary evidence that the General Electric Big-Screen Portable works wherever a console will.

Why such mighty performance? *This* portable has a tetrode tuner with even greater picture power than before. Yet it's *light*—a mere 30 pounds. And *trim*—the Slim Silhouette's only 15 inches deep.

More: telescoping, built-in antenna; retractable handle; 155 square inches of viewable area on the 17-inch (overall diagonal) 110° picture tube.

Colors: Beige & Tawny White, Turquoise & Mist Green, Charcoal & Mist Gray. See it at your General Electric dealer's. Right now.





2 Noon—Old Bridge, N. J. Flat terrain. We carried the set (easily—it weighs only 30 lbs.) into a diner, plugged it in. It got a brilliant picture. As the diner owner remarked, a *big* picture. She's right. It's 155 square inches big. Distance: 32 air miles from N. Y.

3 2:45 p.m.—Mantoloking, N. J. In the police station, the Big-Screen pulled in N. Y.—51 air miles away. More amazing, we got Philadelphia—62½ air miles away. Most amazing, the police chief noted, we did it with "horns" (his term for the built-in antenna).

DOCUMENTARY PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANK COWAN

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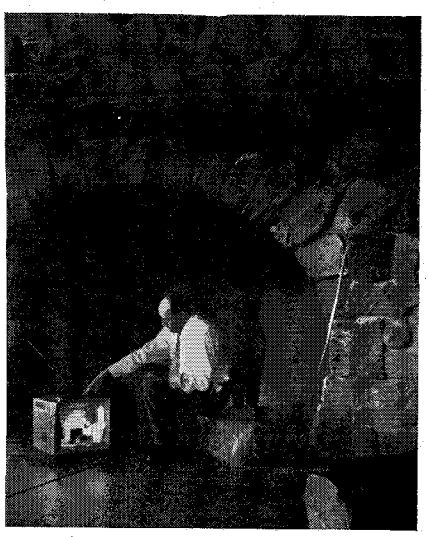
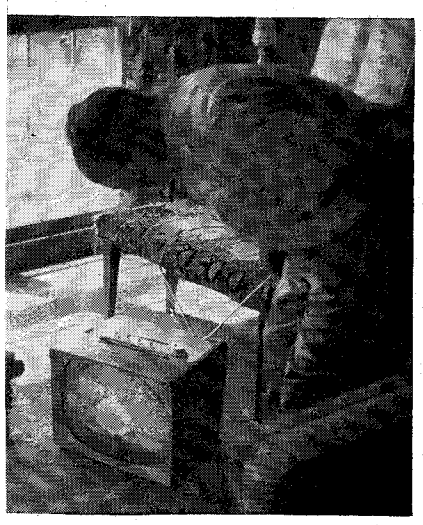
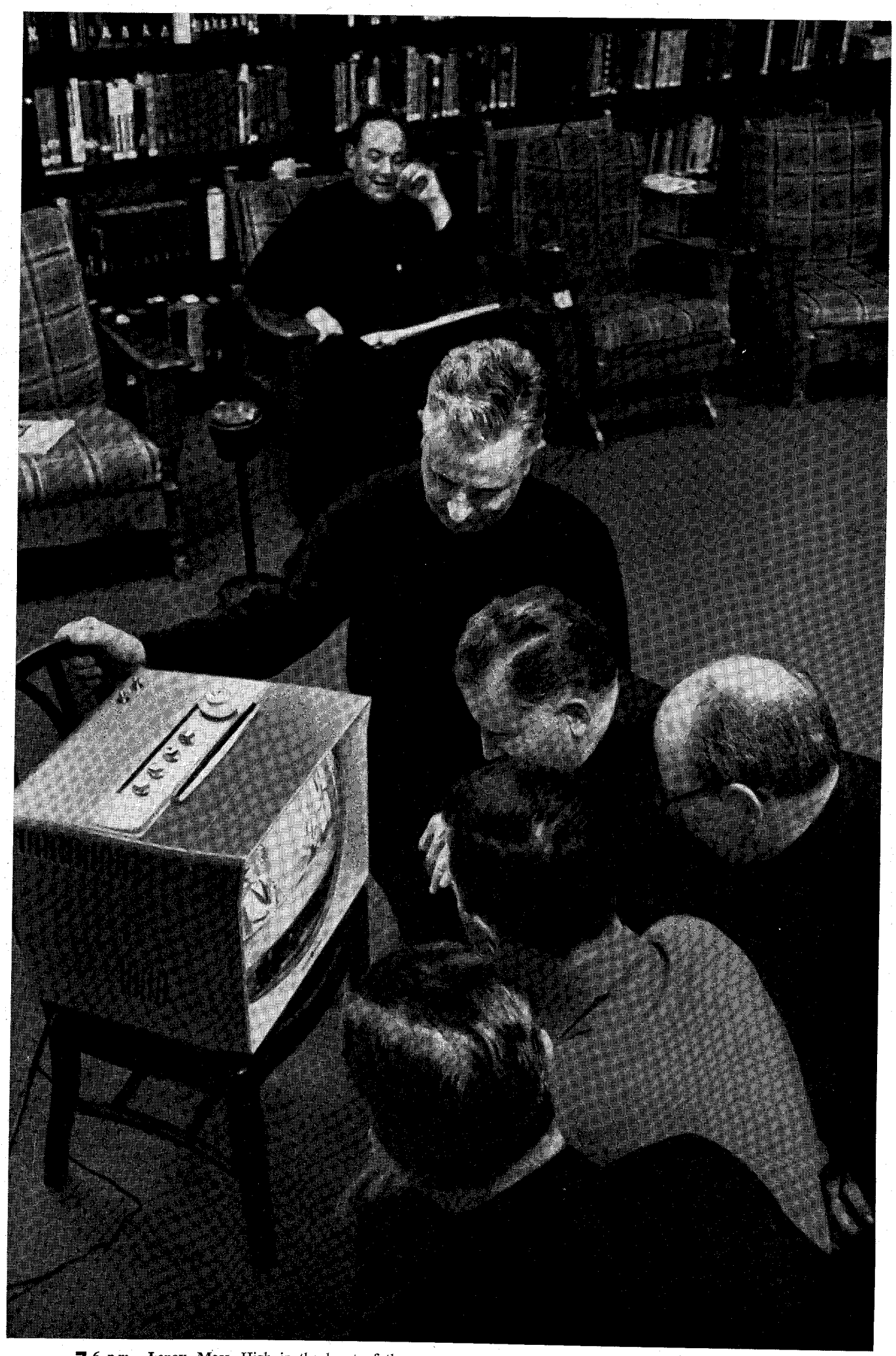
3 p.m.—Mantoloking, N. J. The police sergeant kindly consented to let us try our et out on his roof antenna in his apartment bove the station. It worked even better, ought their console to a stand-off. Distance: 2½ miles from Philadelphia.



Next day — Bear Mountain Park, N. Y. Rolling country. At the Inn, the General ectric Big-Screen did nobly. It's easy to take a trip because it's light *and* trim . . . its Slim lhouette cabinet measures 15 inches front to ck. Distance: 31 air miles from N. Y.



Third day—Easton, Conn. New York came in sharp and clear from 51 air miles out. *e tetrode tuner packs even greater picture* wer than before. Even the toy poodle med to sense the importance of this.



6 p.m.—Lenox, Mass. High in the heart of the Berkshires. We hooked up to a rotating roof antenna at Cranwell School, run by the Jesuit Fathers. New York came in just as well as it does on their console—from *119 miles out!* Evidence that *this* portable works wherever a console will.

Retail prices will include Federal excise tax, one-year warranty on picture tube, 90 days on parts. UHF at small additional cost. Prices subject to change without notice. General Electric Company, Television Receiver Department, Syracuse 8, New York.

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(*Continued from Page 92*) coyote began to run. Tuzimo did not call to him now to slow down, because it was not necessary. The coyote was herding a flock of sheep toward the hill. Tuzimo thanked him. The coyote dragged down a lamb and began to devour it. With shouts of joy, the Apaches took out their knives and fell on the sheep. They had a mighty feast that lasted a long time. No one could tell how many days passed. And soon the plain had no more sheep. Even the blood was gone. And everybody was smiling. And they said Tuzimo was a leader and would be the chief of the band. And where the sheep had been killed, beautiful grass grew and a stream sprang from the ground. Great white and black horses came to graze and were captured. And then there were Mexican men to be killed, and women and children to take away as captives. The Apaches all knew that there would be other raids, and Tuzimo would lead them, always knowing where to go. His visions would make the band powerful and wealthy, and none of the Apaches would die.

In the morning, Tuzimo said steadfastly, "I had a vision. In this vision I was with my people."

"You had a true vision," said the mountain man. "Soon you will be with your people."

"You will take me to them?"

"In front of you there is a ridge. You will cross the ridge and walk to the west. It would be better if you ran, for the faster you go, the sooner you will be with your people."

Tuzimo looked long at the mountain man, and the big man recognized the heavy dark skin, the broad line of the chin, the rank jet hair, the big chest and the short, wiry thighs—Apache—and he understood the long look, without gratitude or friendliness, but touched with a certain admiration and even superstition—Apache.

Then the boy could not help but say, "I do not know why you have helped me."

The mountain man was surprised. An Apache would not have ordinarily asked. He looked closely at the boy. And he was embarrassed. "God believes this, this ol' hoss thinks: that men or children shouldn't be slaves. Do you know God?"

Solemnly, Tuzimo nodded. "I was sent to a mission school."

The mountain man smiled. "Good. It is good. There is a Christian word—compassion. It is to be kind and gentle, but bravely. In a man's way."

Tuzimo stiffened. He had despised the soft God of the Christians.

"Not only the Mexicans have slaves," said the mountain man; "we have also. Boy, remember compassion!"

Tuzimo did not know; he did not look at his benefactor.

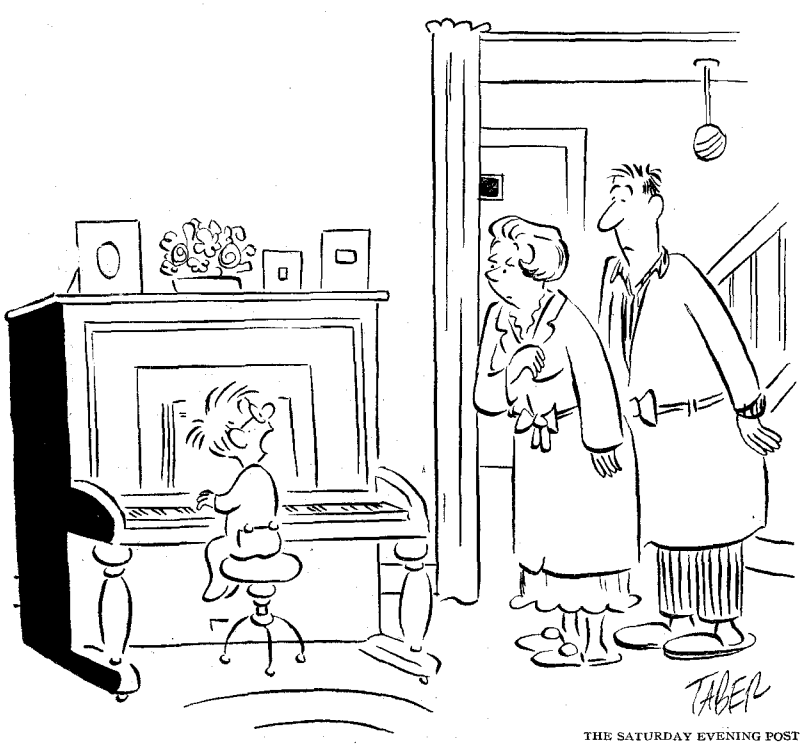
"Go," said the mountain man.

The boy stood on the ridge, turned and waved. The big man waved back. The boy ran westward, disappearing over the ridge. And the mountain man began to work swiftly. He must obscure his trail, if possible.

Soon he was on his way. He did not regret his bravado in releasing the Apache from slavery and then sighting him toward the band that could not be many hours away across the ridge. Bravado was his second and toughest skin. It was better than whisky. It was the mark of the free man, who must exploit his very freedom in order to preserve his own sense of it. But he hurried. Once, a long time ago, he had trusted Apaches, but he no longer could. The reason was that they could no longer trust men like him; too many of their "friends" had massacred them; Apaches hated you if you stole from them—their territory or freedom—and they fought back with such cruelty that there was big bounty on their scalps.

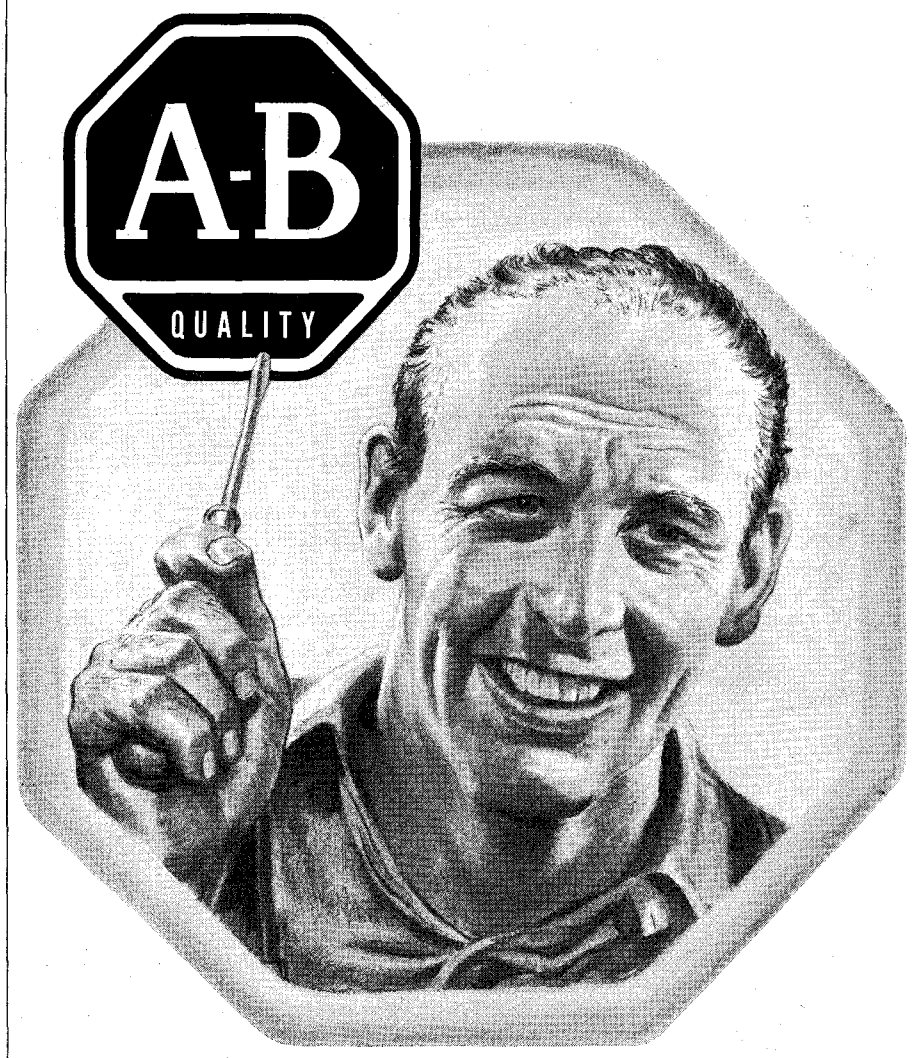
So big—a hundred dollars for a man, fifty for a woman, and twenty-five for a child—that many men who had liked them now became greedy. He felt the justice of his present danger. And he hurried. He had no hope that Tuzimo would plead for him; nor had he dishonored himself by requesting secrecy. Nowadays, an Apache would even kill her who suckled him, if she was not Apache.

Tuzimo ran limberly, bent-kneed, almost crouching, yet with his thin, strong back straight. Because of his youth he had not been softened by the years of floating with the sheep, the misty, somber, steady grazing over the arid miles. His spirits were high, and, in fact, he felt that a spirit greater than himself was guiding him.



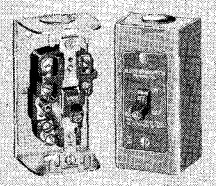
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I couldn't sleep, so I thought I'd get some practicing out of the way."

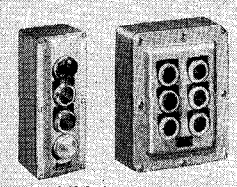


"DON'T FORGET THIS TRADEMARK!

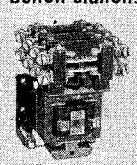
...it stands for TROUBLE FREE motor controls"



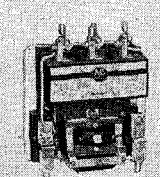
Starting Switches for Small Motors



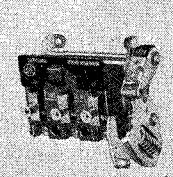
Oiltight Push Button Stations



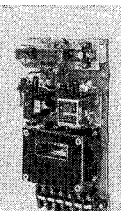
Four Pole Universal Relay



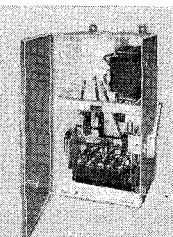
Across-the-Line Solenoid Starter



Visible Contact Disconnect Switch



Phase Failure and Phase Reversal Relay



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He had been observed for some time now without knowing it. He was moving through a canyon when a warrior stepped from behind a rock and fell in beside him. Tuzimo did not falter with surprise or fear, and the warrior made a sound of approval. On the western side of the canyon he was led north, and soon he came to the camp of his people. Word of his approach had preceded him. Curious women and children were standing in front of the tepees, watching him silently. Ahead of him, as he slowed to a walk, was a tall, haughty man with a long blade-like nose, a red rag around his head. As Tuzimo approached, men fell in around him, and he felt strangely lost in the pungent smell of his race that he had all but forgotten.

Tuzimo would never forget the next half hour. At first it was difficult for him; he was prodded and pushed when he could not fluently explain himself, where he had come from and why. He tried to tell his story in Apache and could not. The leader began to speak to him in Spanish, and seemed to look upon him kindly. The leader stood with his legs wide, his nearly knee-length moccasins curled over at the top. He wore a dirty white blouse and a dirty loincloth. Beside him stood a short, blunt-faced man wearing a tall black hat. There were red ribbons on the ends of his black braids. He was the shaman, or priest, of the band.

Tuzimo told about the mountain man, and then said that he had had a vision, that he would lead his people to much food. He was not laughed at and the hungry people crowded around him.

The men patted him on the shoulder as he spoke. Would there be horses, they asked, in this place where he would lead them? And although the herder he had left had not had a horse, Tuzimo replied that there would be horses. His vision had told him so. How many men would there be, he was asked. He said there would be a few men, not just one, and some would be old and some would be young. He said that the number of sheep would be enough to cover a large plain. He said there would be women and children.

They nodded and thought about this. He could tell that they were hungry and also that they wished war. He blazed with inner excitement, but did his best not to let them see it.

He said, almost unthinking, "I think it is the white man who has made this possible."

But they grumbled and prodded him, and the short man with the tall hat said, "He is an enemy, a white eye, and must be killed. Perhaps he will lead troops to us and they will kill us all."

Tuzimo shook his head. "He would not do that."

The short one exclaimed, "The Pinda Lick-O-Yi, the white eyes, will do anything." And somberly he spoke to the young one as he would to a man. It was required. Oftentimes the young ones had visions that were sacred, and people like the Apaches, who depended so much on providence, could not overlook such boons.

"The white eyes have forked tongues," said the short one. "We come from New Mexico. Our white and Mexican friends invited us to a feast. We ate and felt very good. And then they led us to a courtyard and told us to take all we wished of fine goods. And as we went to the pile of these goods, they fired a cannon into our midst. We died—our men, women and children. In the cannon were all manner of things. All manner of scraps and iron, and it exploded, and we died. And we are left, hungry and ready for revenge against all. For are not all against the Apaches?"

The short one said then, "We will follow Tuzimo. We will follow the white eye, too, and meet on the plain, with the sheep."

The tall leader said, "Wait. Tuzimo shall speak. It is his vision."

Tuzimo wanted to protest against the shaman, but something else covered it and he did not, and he said nothing. It could prove him more of an Apache, after four years with the Mexicans, if he could listen to the mountain man's cries under torture and not say anything. And it would prove him, too, as a judge of men, if his brave mountain man remained silent. He knew that among his people it was good to torture; it proved how weak were your enemies, and it showed you how high and bright could be the courage of man. There was no finer thing than to torture weaklings and feel contempt for them or torture the strong man and feel the wish to be as valiant as he.

"We go," said the leader.

There were thirty warriors in the band, and sixty women and children. Ten warriors stayed with the women and children, and a rendezvous was planned for a point farther south in the mountains, where a great number of sheep could be placed and grazed. The remainder of the warriors and Tuzimo set off for the camp where Tuzimo had spent the second night with the mountain man.

Traces of the morning fire were there, and the warriors searched for sign of the direction the mountain man had taken. The short one led a party of trackers after the mountain man. The others went on.

... ...

Peacock

By Elizabeth Landeweer

With jewels flashing on his head,
A rainbow arched about his throat,
He winds along with stately tread
Inside a many-splendored coat,
And glowing like some fiery sard,
And vain as all his name implies,
He spreads his train out by the yard,
And flirts with all his thousand eyes.

... ...

Tuzimo had a supreme confidence. Here he was leading brave armed warriors to food and a small war. Surely the vision would not be false, and all this taken from him and scorn put in its place. Logic told him that they would find the pastor and the flock, and nothing more. But logic mattered little in the face of a vision.

The day was late when, after a steady march, in the light and dark of two days, they came to the jacal. The warriors fanned out and looked around. They went on, following the flock. They came upon it in the dark, seeing the campfire. Around the fire they saw several shapes of men. They heard the nickering of a horse. Tuzimo was happy. He was allowed to wait beside the chief for the sacred hours of the dark to pass. The hours in which you could not attack because they belonged to the beloved dead. And when the sun rose, he ran forward with his Apaches and helped capture the pastor and others.

Tuzimo recognized the men: there was the vaquero, the rider, who was in charge of Tuzimo's pastor and several other pastors; there was another of the pastors who worked for the same patron; there was the caporal who was in charge of the range, and with him were his three armed guards. In the wagon, there were the caporal's two smallest children and the old woman who took care of them; and then there was the caporal's wife and his oldest daughter, who was thirteen. Undoubtedly, the caporal had been on his way to the hacienda of the patron, and was taking his family with him, as he had twice before in Tuzimo's memory.

All were captured without firing a shot, although one of the guards had been stabbed and was on the ground dying. Now the weapons were all in the hands of the Apaches, along with four horses, two oxen, three burros and two flocks of sheep numbering about four thousand. The captives were bound and left on the ground while the Apaches gorged themselves on mutton.

In the late afternoon, the short one and his men arrived, leading the mountain man with a rawhide cord about his neck; the short one was riding the brown horse. The mountain man was staked out with Tuzimo's pastor, stripped. Small slow fires were built near their heads. The other men who were still alive were bound to the wheels of the wagon, heads down, and fires were built under their heads. Soon they would be skinned alive, and as they fought the pain, they would scream and push their heads into the fire.

"Wait!" cried the mountain man. "Tuzimo, come here!"

Curiously, the boy stood above him. With contempt and shame, he waited for a plea of mercy or friendship.

But then the mountain man said, "You do know of God?"

"He is not my God."

"Then do you know this?" said the mountain man, and he tugged against his bonds and pushed himself against the fire, so that his hair flamed. Without rancor, without sign of pain, in the tradition of bravery of the Apache itself, the mountain man held his head as close to the fire as he could.

He said, "Tuzimo, I do this not for myself. But for the others. Waagh!" he cried, but grinned on the pain. "I have brought this on them. Tuzimo, if I am brave, will you try to release the others, as I did you? Waagh!" he cried, and laughed, as the torment was hot and brutal. "Waagh, are you enough, chile, to do that?"

Tuzimo watched the long hair of the mountain man burn. He saw the eyes, open and steady and unafraid. He felt the eyes on him. And a strange sympathetic fire burned in him.

And suddenly he cared about an enemy as well as about a member of his own race—and the white mountain man was said to be his enemy—and he kicked the fire away from the mountain man's head.

"Do not!" cried the short man. "Do not!" and tried to kick the fire back where it had been. And Tuzimo fought him.

Somber, the tall chief came. "Tuzimo. Tuzimo." The boy stood erect and steady. "You will speak," said the chief.

"I have a friend," said Tuzimo fiercely. "The white eye. It is my thought that all will be bad for us if he and the others die. I will fight for him," he said stanchly.

The chief looked on him long. He looked at the sheep and the other goods—the horses, the wagon, to which Tuzimo had led them—and these were magnificent things and Tuzimo must be respected.

He nodded at length. He said, "We have heard true words from you before; we will not say these are untrue. The prisoners will be released."

Night. The mountain man was gone, and the Mexicans. The Apaches were eating mutton around the fires. Tuzimo was lying, sleeping-awake, on the ground, in the face of the stars.

Hi-yah, he thought, and a happiness as deep and as wide as the sky filled him, and was mysterious. He had released enemies from torture, and yet he felt mighty. *I, Tuzimo*, he thought, *felt compassion, but brave—in the way of a man.* And now he knew it would always be so.

THE END

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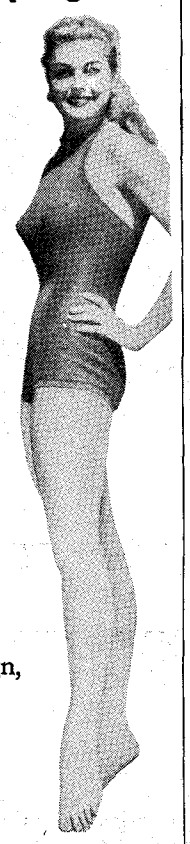

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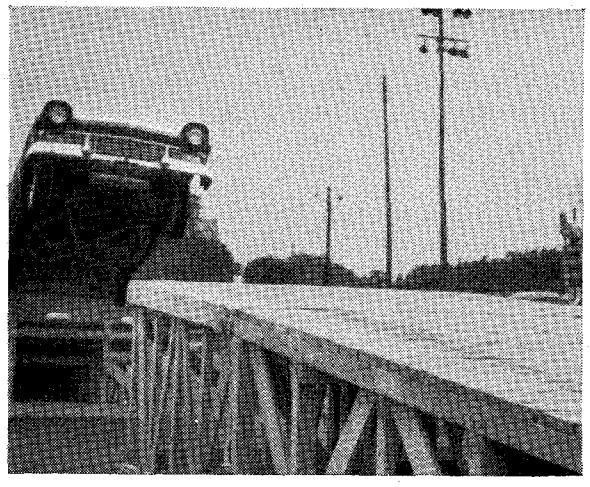

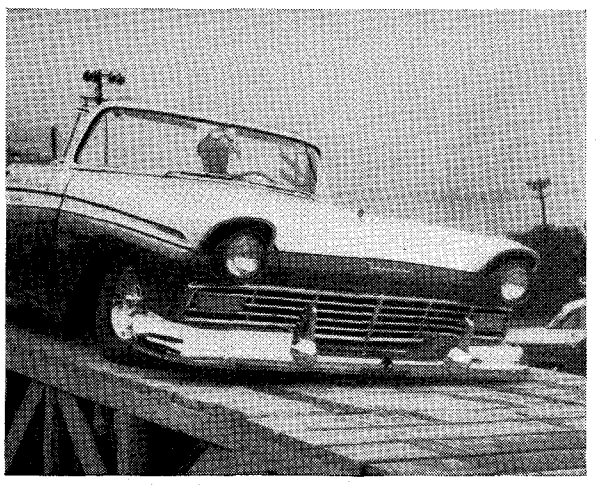

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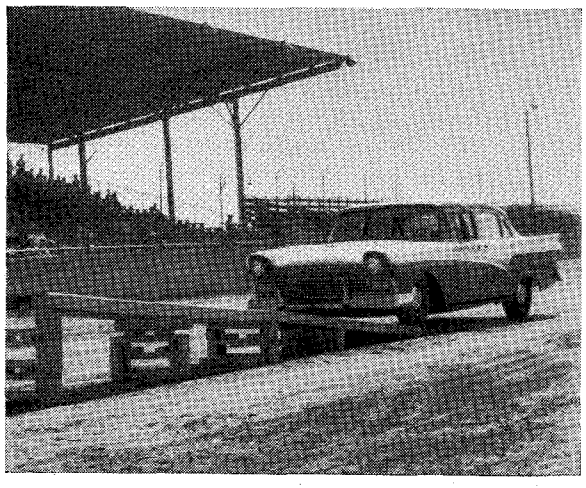

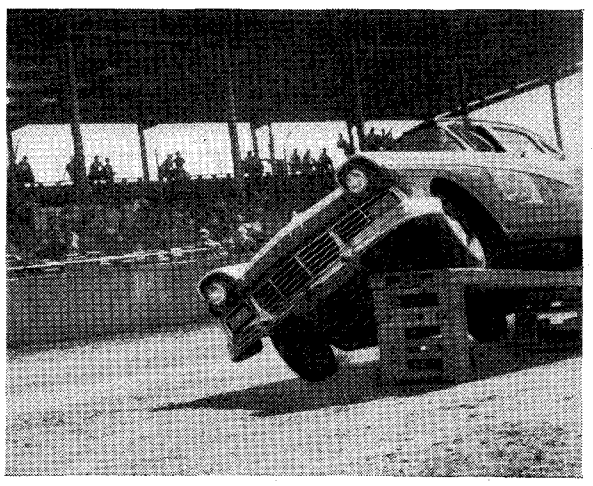

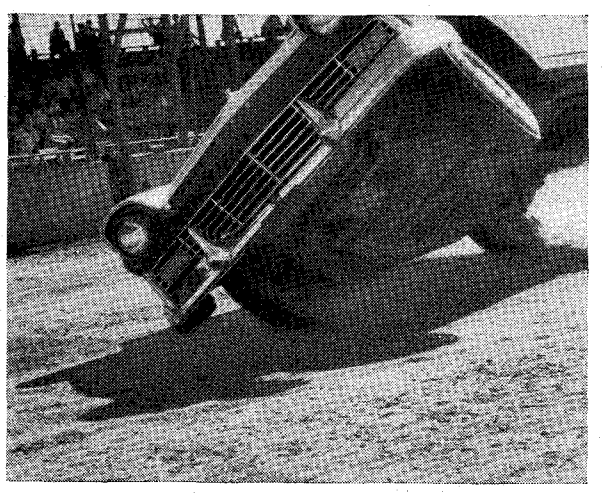

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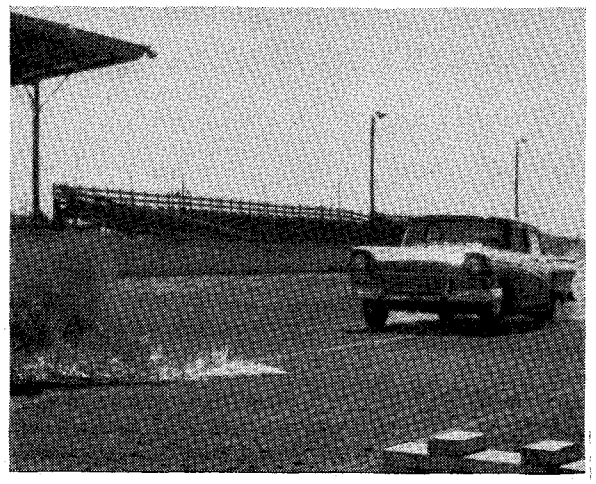

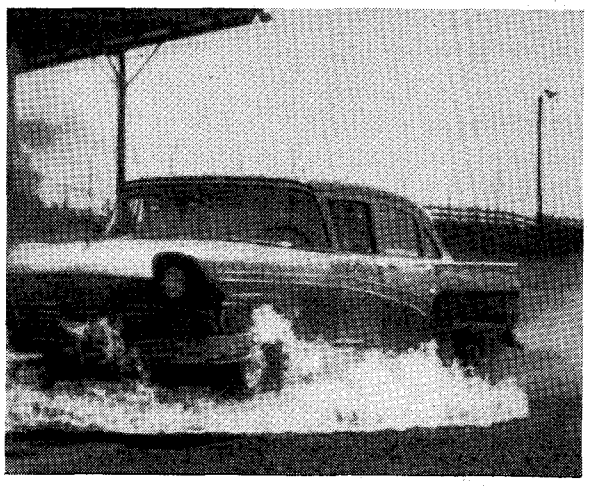

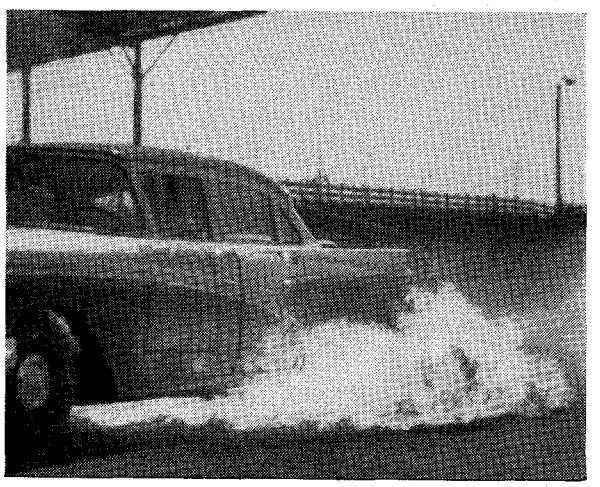

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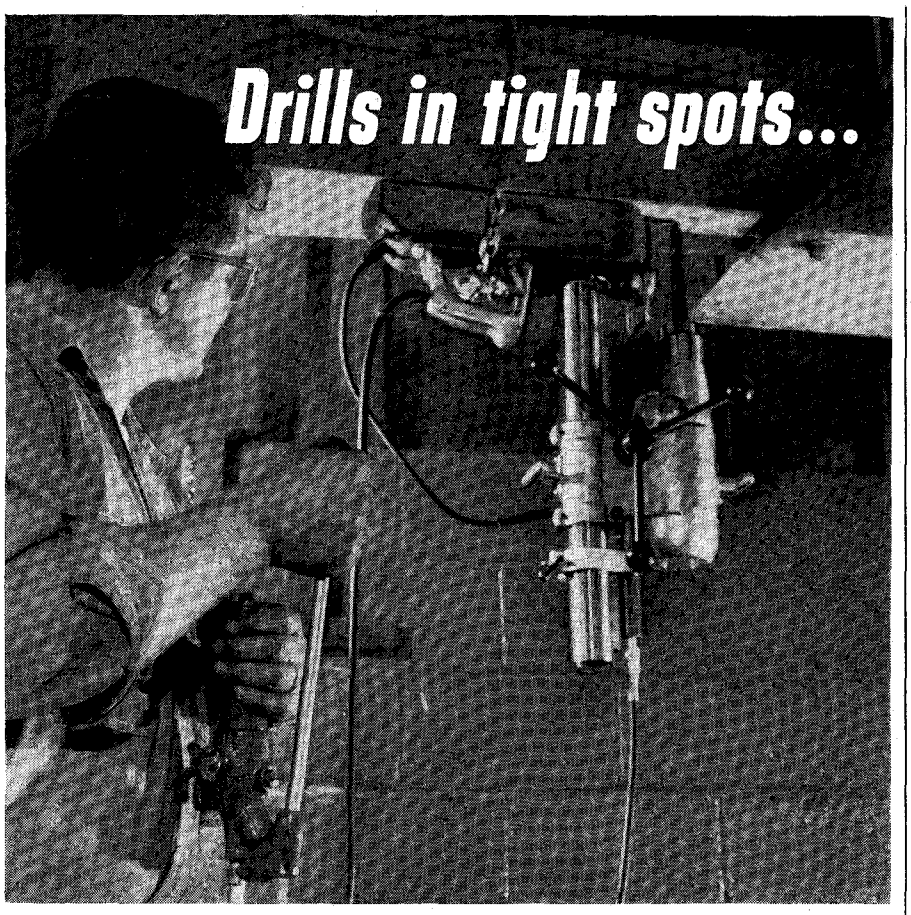

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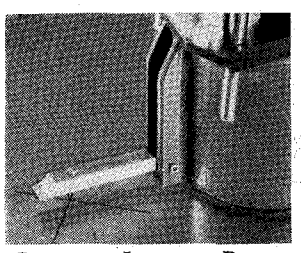

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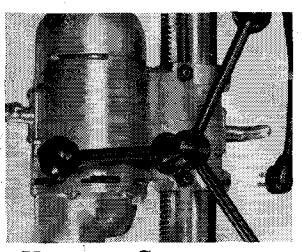

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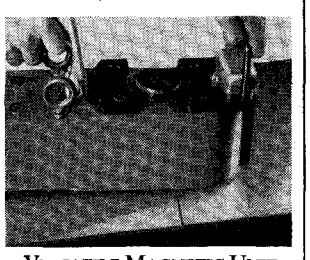

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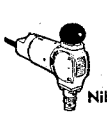

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The Strategy of Love (Continued from Page 33)

Better, she thought; beneath the gloss the fire still burned; banked, maybe, but there, she hoped. "Internship and specialization," she said, "then the Army, now here." She waved one hand, indicating the town of Nice and the glow of the French Riviera. "Why here?" This was the loaded question, and she put her small chin on both fists and watched him steadily.

"I am going to practice medicine here, Miss Harper." Just like that.

"So it's true." And something inside of her curled up its toes and began to breathe hoarsely—death not far away. "I didn't believe it when I heard." She thought of Mrs. Potter. "You're going in with Doctor What's-His-Name, the one with the cushy practice, catering to rich women with the fantods and vapors because they don't have anything but themselves to think about. Rich men, ditto. You're a bone specialist. Do they have any bones, except in their heads?" She could see the fire now; it showed in his eyes, but not very much.

"Just one question," she said.

He nodded slowly.

She took a deep breath. "I don't know the fancy words; they're for the headshrinkers. But you always did things the hard way. You came out of a small town with no money. You played minor-league ball to pay your way to college. Then major-league ball, still college, and after that medical school—all the way, earning it as you went."

"Look ——"

She shook her head. "Some people fold under pressure and some get better. You ——" It was hard to say it right out, paint for him at least part of the picture she had carried around in her mind all this time. "You thrive on pressure. A lifetime batting average of three-oh-six, but a World Series average of four sixty-two."

"That doesn't put me in the Hall of Fame."

"I haven't asked my question yet."

"Then ask it."

"All right." And she hesitated. "You've fallen in love, I hear, and she has money, looks, title—everything. You're just going to settle down now and play at living? You're going to dog it the rest of your life?"

She sat there after he had gone, feeling for the moment closer to tears than she could remember. The sounds she heard were all in her head—illusions shattering like so many clay pigeons. And then, at last, she got up and went to the telephone.

To Mrs. Potter she said, "You were right, or almost. What you thought were starry eyes were just holes in my head." And that could have been that.

There was a Battle of Flowers in Nice that afternoon. Pretty girls in pretty dresses rode in open horse-drawn carriages up one side of the Promenade des Anglais and back down the other, around and around the center parkway, tossing small bouquets of carnations to the spectators, who tossed them back.

Liz bought a hundred-franc ticket, which admitted her to the standing-room area hard against the rope. She watched the carriages, wished she were tall and statuesque like the girls in the pretty dresses, caught tossed bouquets with the absent ease of Rizzuto in his prime, and tossed them back. It seemed to go on and on. And then, across and a trifle down from her, standing on the grass parkway, the infield, as it were, she saw Doctor Mills, and everything was changed.

He was not alone. The girl with him was tall and cool-looking, the goddess type, in a simple little creation worth a month of a female sports writer's salary. She smiled at Doctor Mills in a private sort of way, and Doctor Mills smiled back. From time to time the doctor snaggled a flying bouquet and handed it to the goddess, and she, overhand, all elbows and stiff wrist and ladylike awkwardness, rared back and threw. Once her bouquet fell on a horse; otherwise her score was zero.

It was not difficult to get through the crowd; everyone was most polite. Liz found elbowroom directly across from the doctor and the goddess. She moved to her right and made a meat-hand shoestring catch of a flying bouquet. Still stooping, she flipped it.

It flew on a rising trajectory across one of the carriages, startling three of the pretty girls. Doctor Mills got his head out of the way, but his hand was too slow.

"Butter fingers," Liz muttered, and moved to her left, pulled in a shoulder-high wild pitch from one of the carriages, heaved it across the street with a fine brisk wrist snap.

This one came in chest high, and Doctor Mills saw it and gathered it in. He stood there, the small bouquet in his hand, looking thoughtful. And then the carriage passed, and he saw Liz. He seemed to hesitate. Slowly, and without expression, he handed the bouquet to the goddess, who smiled and went into her stiff-wrist rare-back; the bouquet failed to reach the center of the street.

Liz, watching, felt a small glow of unladylike satisfaction. "Glass arm," she said audibly, and moved back a step or two on a short pop fly. She let this one go, high and hard and with a hop on it, and she saw Doctor Mills gather it in and shift his weight slightly.

There was no hesitation this time. He got off his throw with smooth precision, as in earlier days from deep third, when pitchers, fearing decapitation, had been known to hit the dirt. It came in on a line, neither rising nor falling. Liz got a hand on it, knocked it down, but failed to field it cleanly.

"Error," she muttered

"*Zut alors!*" said the nearest policeman, who had watched the throw. He moved toward Liz.

Across the line of carriages another policeman had words to say to Doctor Mills. It was to be understood, *non?* that the Battle of Flowers was a spectacle, was it not? It was not to be considered a contest, a competition, in effect an exercise in destruction—this was comprehended, *non?*

Doctor Mills listened, nodded politely and inwardly squirmed. Across the line of carriages, Liz Harper watched him like an impudent kid who had sneaked in to disrupt batting practice.

And when the policeman had withdrawn, but not very far, the goddess, whose name, title aside, was Madelaine, said, "The small American girl is a friend, Henry? Is it not?"

"It is not," said Doctor Mills.

The goddess merely looked thoughtful.

The Battle of Flowers ended. Doctor Mills gave the goddess his arm, escorted her across the street, where six or seven yards of shiny black automobile waited patiently beside a chauffeur in uniform. The chauffeur touched his cap.

The goddess said, "Until this evening, Henry." And she smiled. "You are embarrassed because the policeman scolded you." The smile deepened. "It is refreshing, this. It is what I find in you so ——" She stopped. "Will you not introduce us, Henry?"

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Doctor Mills turned. Liz was standing there. She looked at the goddess, and the goddess looked at her; they nodded as Doctor Mills spoke names.

"A pleasure," the goddess said.

"Likewise," Liz said. There was silence.

"Until this evening," the goddess said again, and she got in and the car rolled smoothly away from the curb.

"Nice tibiae," Liz said. "And well-turned fibulae too. Glass arm, though." And then, quickly, "I'll buy you a drink, doc."

"Go away," Doctor Mills said.

She stood her ground. "I think you need a drink. It dilates the vessels, I'm told."

"Will you beat it?" Doctor Mills said. "Leave me alone?"

She took his arm. It was satisfactorily solid. "Doc," she said, "you haven't got the idea I'm chasing you, have you?" She paused, and the words came out easily, without pain, "Because I am."

He looked down at the small, impudent face. "Not very funny."

"Not meant to be funny. I was taught that honesty is the best policy." And she studied him gravely. "How do you stand on that one these days?"

It could, I think, have ended there, no hits, no runs, no errors. They had their drink. They parted. Liz strolled along the sea wall, then walked slowly back to her hotel.

When a man is enthusiastic about hard work, the chances are that he's an employer.

HAL CHADWICK

And there, out of the gloom of the lobby, Mrs. Potter's voice said, "It's about time, junior." And then, "Stand here, in the light. I want to see if you're skinned up."

Liz opened her mouth. She closed it again. It didn't seem worth while to say anything.

"Despondent?" Mrs. Potter said. "In a slump? Can't hit the ground with your hat?"

"Lay off, Mrs. Potter." And she added, "Please."

"So," Mrs. Potter said. She leaned back in her chair. Her mouth was a thin line. "Told me to soak my head. Sounded real brisk when you said it. I liked that." She paused. "On the phone you didn't sound so cocky." She paused again. "Now ——"

"All right," Liz said. "You've made your point."

"Not quite." The old lady took her time. "Busher, are you? Can't hit major-league pitching? Ground ball takes a bad hop and you can't handle it, just let it go through, let the outfield worry about it?"

"Mrs. Potter," Liz said, "why don't you get lost? Or drop dead?"

Mrs. Potter nodded. "Better." She looked Liz up and down. "Got a fancy dress? Black, maybe? Cocktail type?"

"Why?"

"Well," Mrs. Potter said, "you can sit in the locker room and sulk, junior, if that's the way you are. Or you can go out on the field and have a try, and maybe you'll get a lucky hit or two, maybe you won't." The old eyes watched Liz's face. "Up to you."

"What are you trying to say?" Liz said. "Speak up. Don't mumble."

The corners of the trap mouth twitched gently. "Go get into your uniform, junior. I'm putting you in the line-up." She paused. "You're batting lead-off. If you can't hit, bunt. If you can't bunt, get hit by a pitched ball. Get on base someway, I don't care how."

The villa they drove to was not quite so large as the Louvre, but almost. It sat on the hills above the Grande Corniche, with the Mediterranean spread flat and blue all the way to Africa. There were cars parked outside, small and rakish, large and sedate, all shiny, all expensive. Liz looked at them.

She wore her best black dress and a hat. Mrs. Potter had a rope of diamonds hung around her thin neck. "I hate waste," Mrs. Potter said. "Always have. He's a good boy, and he doesn't belong in this phony paradise. He'll rot."

"And I," Liz said, "am supposed to pull your chestnuts out of the fire, is that it? So you can take him home, give him a job putting your ballplayers back together when they come unstuck?"

Mrs. Potter nodded gravely. "You like chestnuts, don't you, junior? This one, anyway?"

"All right," Liz said. And then, in a smaller voice, "Yes." She looked sideways. "You picked a weak reed to lean on."

"Maybe," Mrs. Potter said. "Maybe not. We'll see." She heaved herself up from the seat of the car, climbed out and waited for Liz. "Don't let the size of the ball park scare you, junior. The bases are the same distance apart." She led the way to the vast front door.

There were people, quantities of people, matching the cars outside—all shiny, all expensive. There were several languages going at once—English, French, Italian, Spanish. There were servants, male, with trays of drinks, and servants, female, with trays of canapés.

Liz looked around. She took a deep breath. "This is where she lives?" The black dress, which had looked pretty good hanging on the store rack in New York, felt sort of plain here—"dowdy" was the word. And the hat ——

"Cute little joint, isn't it?" Mrs. Potter said.

And here came the goddess herself, tall, regal, smiling. "Mrs. Potter. So nice that you could come."

"I brought junior along," Mrs. Potter said, "so she could see how the other half lives."

"Delighted," the goddess said, and looked as if she meant it.

"We'll just sidle around," Mrs. Potter said. Liz followed dutifully.

Mrs. Potter knew people. There was an Italian count who bent low over Mrs. Potter's hand; his mustache tickled the back of Liz's. There was Sir Somebody, wearing his London pallor with dignity. There was a Mr. Pappolous, who owned a fleet of tankers the size of a task force; and a young Frenchman with a Harvard accent. There was Doctor Mills, looking pretty much at home.

"Hello, Heine," Mrs. Potter said.

"Mrs. Potter." There was deference in his voice. He looked at Liz.

"I came along to carry her glove," Liz said, and felt that it was neither more nor less than the truth.

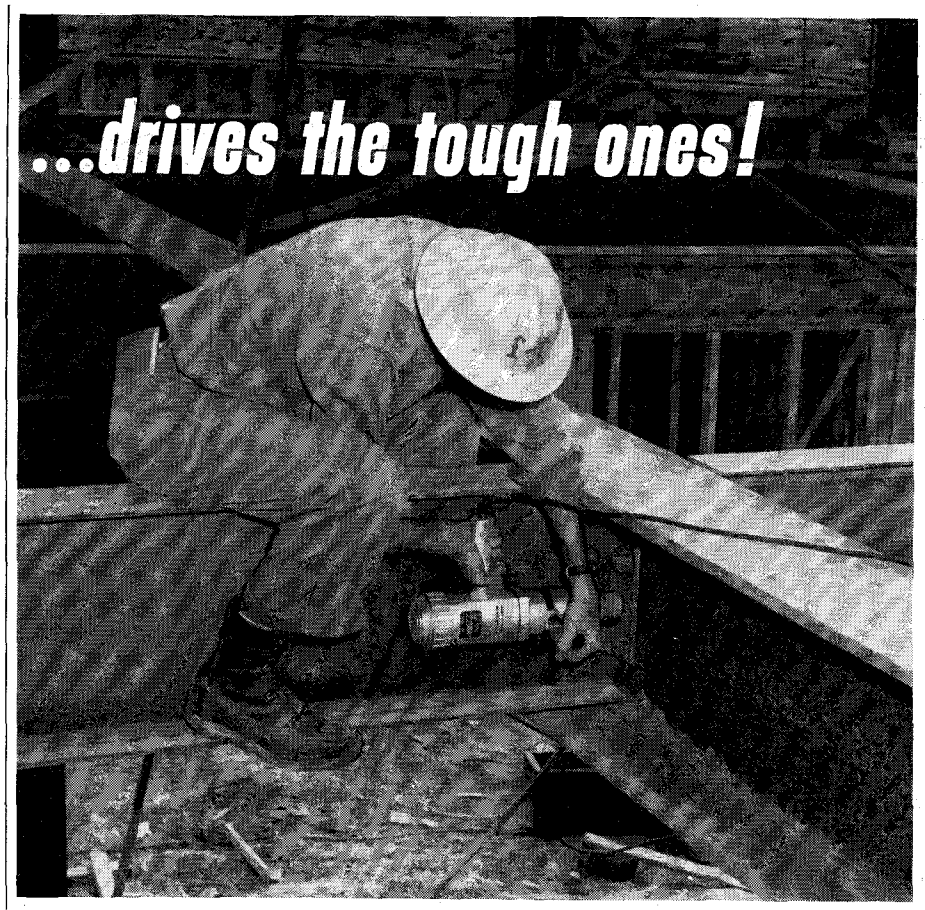
Mrs. Potter said, "See you later, junior." And just sort of disappeared, red hair, diamond rope, protection and all. The foreign tongues got louder, or seemed to.

Doctor Mills said, "You look different dressed up."

"Forty-nine-ninety-five," Liz said, "off the rack. They said it was a Paris copy. They must have had a different Paris in mind." She paused and looked him in the eye. "Since you ask."

He nodded slowly. "You look fine." And there was silence.

"Nice place," Liz said.



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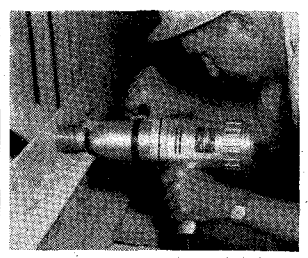

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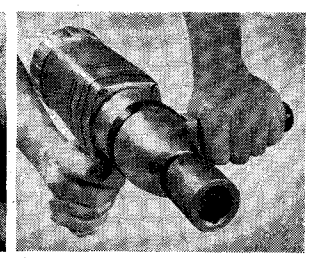

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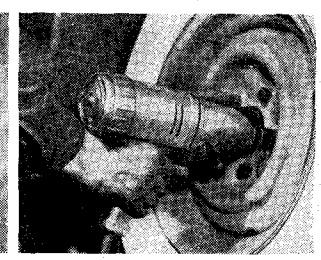

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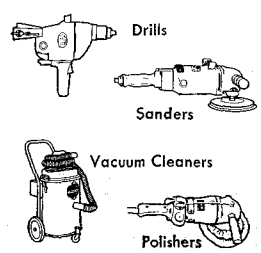

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Doctor Mills agreed.

"Nice view."

That too.

Out of the corner of her eye she saw the goddess, moving slowly, regally amongst her guests. And she thought again of that fast ball of Newcombe's, and the willow switch. "The weather——" She stopped there. "You're a doctor," she said. "Give me a prescription."

"For what?"

"The shakes."

He began to smile, taking his time, his eyes studying her. "No," he said. "Not you."

"I'm human."

"Yes," he said. "I'll agree to that."

And it was then that the goddess arrived, smiling, to take the doctor's arm, lead him off with friendly *politesse*. Liz stood alone, admired the view and the weather and wished she were dead. She was still at it when the young Frenchman with the Harvard accent came up.

He was smiling, friendly as a puppy. "Mrs. Potter sent me."

"Mrs. Potter," Liz said, "should——"

"Drop dead?" And his smile spread even more. He took a glass from a passing tray and put it in her hand. He said, "It's all make-believe, cake frosting, looks fine on the outside, but there's nothing underneath."

"You're an authority?"

The smile faded. "In a way. I amuse myself. We all do." He looked around the room. "Not quite all of us. Not Mr. Pappolous. Not Mrs. Potter. Not Doctor Mills." He paused. "Not you."

"Thanks," Liz said.

"No charge." And the smile was back again. "Like to look around?"

"That depends."

"No etchings," he said. "The grounds, the gardens, the pool."

"I'd like that," Liz said. Doctor Mills was not far off. She tapped his arm. "If Mrs. Potter asks," she said, "tell her I've gone to shag a few fungoes outside."

Doctor Mills looked at her. He looked at the young Frenchman, whose name was Jacques. He nodded slowly. "Don't lose one in the sun," he said to Liz. "It might bean you." And that was all.

The goddess looked at Jacques. She spoke in rapid French. Jacques said merely, "I think the rose garden first, Miss Harper. It is beautiful now."

It was. And so was the greenhouse. And the terraces marching off down the hillside. And the pool. They came to rest by the pool.

Liz said, "What does all this do to you?" She waved one hand indicating everything. "You're a nice guy. Tell me."

"You have it bad, don't you?" And again the smile was gone. He said, "Doctor Smart is inside. The doctor Heine is going to go into practice with." And he seemed to wait for comment.

"Is he?" Liz said. "I didn't see him. I didn't notice him."

Jacques nodded, satisfied. "Not many people notice him. Not any more." He paused. "We look for something, for somebody, new. We—Madelaine has found somebody new." He smiled. "Madelaine is my sister."

"I see," Liz said. She didn't, but it was not important.

"I went to school in America," Jacques said. "And college." The smile altered a trifle. "I even played some baseball. I wasn't very good. Strictly amateur."

"I see," Liz said again, and this time it was true, or beginning to be. "Go on."

"It was a mistake sending me to America," Jacques said. "It gave me ideas. About people who do things." He was watching her. "And about people who don't—people who just amuse themselves looking always for something that is new. My ideas are not popular within the family."

"So," Liz said. She studied her feet for a long time. And then, from the direction of the house, she heard footsteps and voices.

Mrs. Potter was saying, loud and clear, "Nice party, but I've got to go. If I can find junior, that is."

And the goddess' voice said, "Perhaps by the pool. I am sorry, Mrs. Potter. My brother——" She left the sentence unfinished.

"Shagging fungoes," Doctor Mills' voice said. His tone held an edge.

Liz looked up. Jacques was silent, watching her. Liz said, "She told me, if I couldn't hit, to bunt. And if I couldn't bunt, to get in the way of a pitched ball."

"She told me," Jacques said, "not to miss any signs—hit-and-run, double-steal, pitch-out, whatever."

"You don't argue with the manager," Liz said, "even if you aren't sure he knows what he's doing." The footsteps were close. She took a deep breath, reached up and pushed her hat askew. "I guess you'd better kiss me."

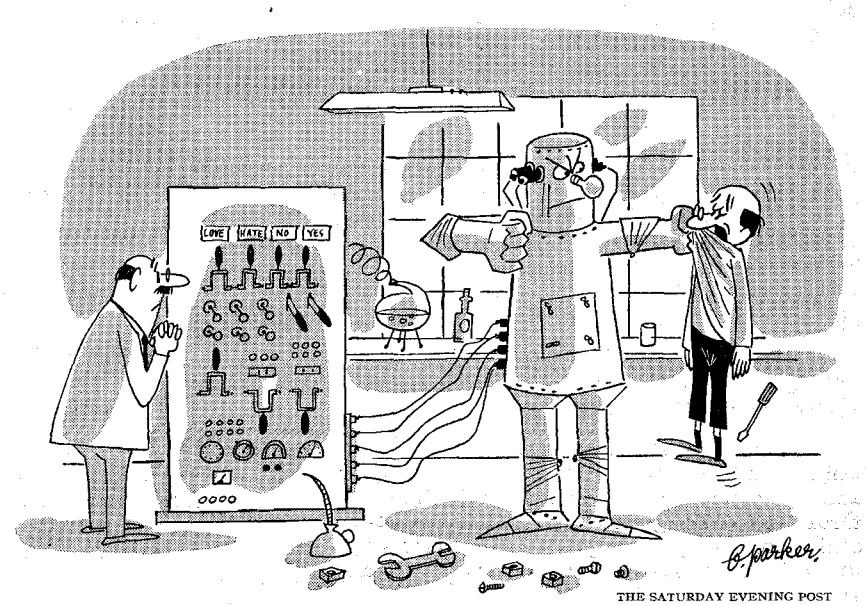
"I guess I had," Jacques said.

"Make it good."

"A pleasure."

In the silence the footsteps came around the bend.

Mrs. Potter, first on the scene, reacted first. "You (*Continued on Page 105*)



"Quick, Norton . . . the gratitude switch."

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The Picture of Health for October

by **MAXINE DAVIS**

Fighting the battle of the bulge? Keep it up! These excess pounds cause all sorts of trouble, for instance, if you're pregnant. If you are pregnant they're a serious menace. Today *obstetricians control gain*, and thin down overweight to avert complications and make pregnancy and childbirth safe.

Extra pounds are depressing. The fat girl isn't really jolly, knowing she's not attractive, ashamed of her lack of self-restraint.

Extra pounds are expensive. You have to feed and clothe them; pay higher life insurance; spend so much energy toting them that you're inefficient; you don't earn the income you might without them.

They're uncomfortable, unhealthy; hard on the feet. They overwork all the vital organs; cause ailments ranging from headache to heart trouble. In so many ways, they're bad news!

Your doctor may advise thinning down; you've become used to over-eating. A great help will be a bottle of KESSAMIN #14 tablets. These contain essential nutritional vitamins and iron as well as a neutral food additive. Together with enjoyable Kessamin menus, they make up the New KESSAMIN PLAN. I've found the New KESSAMIN PLAN the only way to be perfectly satisfied with small servings, even of gourmet foods. My doctor told me about Kessamin! I find it really works.

It's been a good summer—our family has stored up health. The job now is to keep it. So I think it's smart to supplement my family's diet with Bexel Vitamin-mineral capsules. Get them for the entire family—small fry and grown-ups too. For adults, keep them as handy as sugar or salt at breakfast. The young will enjoy the gay red child-size BEXEL capsules or pleasant BEXEL syrup.

Vitamins provide the additional nutritional elements that can help make you feel top of the world. With BEXEL (in her formula) the baby gets what doctors advise. Maybe vitamins will even help your husband break par! The family's on the up-beat!

But Ann has problems! You worry about that young one. She's sulky and miserable, afflicted by adolescence and acne. And her dresses are pulling out at the seams.

Whether her pimples and pounds are the reason or result of those appalling soda fountain messes she consumes is neither here nor there. Ann is sadly in need of help.

You can't cure adolescence, or acne either; but, thank goodness, with UTOL you can make those twin trials relatively painless. UTOL, an antiseptic antibiotic ointment is invaluable; it helps relieve the minor irritation and itching that keeps reminding Ann of her "spots", and also prevents re-infection. UTOL is flesh-tinted to hide blemishes. So have her apply it as a foundation cream under her make-up.

With UTOL she'll be OK, her gay un-self-conscious self again. She'll try for the Junior High Girls Hockey Team after all!

Now you can relax. You've taken the basic preventive measures to guard the family against autumn ailments. So if your husband brings a rough throat and croaking voice home from a smoke-filled conference room, don't get the thermometer; get NEO-AQUA-DRIN. Those antibiotic anti-pain lozenges are just what he needs.

Now from the laboratories of McKesson comes the

first antibiotic deodorant

...used over 2 years by thousands of women to give longer, safer protection!

Fluffy, white Yodora won't irritate delicate skin. So mild, so gentle you could actually use it for underarm shaving.

AMONG the great medical discoveries in recent years is the use of antibiotics to wipe out bacteria.

Now, for the first time, an antibiotic is used to end perspiration odor. For what causes odor in perspiration, is the bacteria that breed there—and remain in your clothes, to make them objectionable too.

McKesson scientific research now ends this old problem with New antibiotic Yodora. New Yodora stops perspiration bacteria up to 48 hours. And gives this lasting protection without harsh chemicals so it does not injure clothing or irritate your skin. In fact, it is so mild and gentle that you could actually use this fluffy, white cream for underarm shaving.

It is only natural that McKesson laboratories, after years of dedicated research, should pioneer this amazing new principle to take care of unwelcome perspiration odor.

Ask your druggist, whose professional training you can trust, about New antibiotic Yodora. He can tell you why New Yodora is years ahead . . . why it does a better job, naturally, to keep you and your clothes fresh and odor-free. New antibiotic Yodora, in jars or tubes, is economically priced. It is just another example of McKesson's great conscience for perfection, which always strives to "make it better—better for you." © 1957, McKesson & Robbins, Inc., N. Y.

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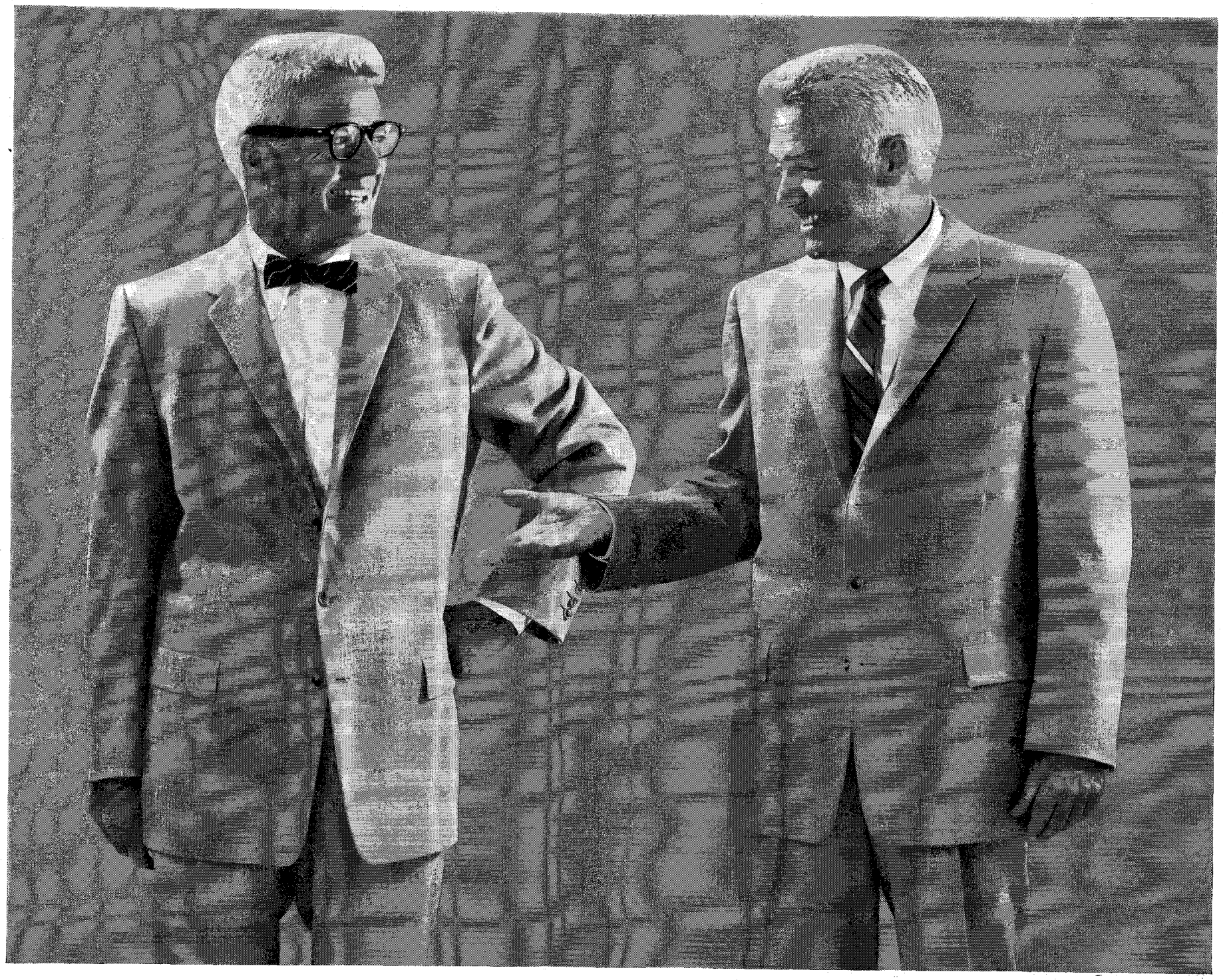
and which has been Sanitone Dry Cleaned 50 times?



Here's Dramatic Proof That Repeated Quality Dry Cleanings Do Not Alter Look and Feel of Newness

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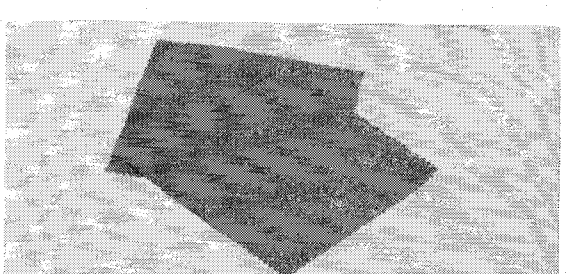
One of the identical, brand-new suits pictured above was Sanitone Dry Cleaned 50 (fifty) times and then examined by a committee of experts. Even they could detect no significant difference between this suit and the one that was brand new...either in *appearance*, or in the *feel* of the fabric.

That's why you can be sure you and your family will always look your best when your clothes are Sanitone Dry Cleaned regularly. Look in the classified section of your phone book for the dry cleaner who offers "Sanitone Approved Service." If you cannot locate him, write today for the name of your nearest Sanitone Dry Cleaner.



This test has been duplicated with swatches cut from the same bolt of cloth as the suits shown here. See them at your Sanitone Dry Cleaner's TODAY.

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(*Continued from Page 102*) really hustle, don't you, junior?" Her mouth shut with a little snap.

Jacques untangled himself and stood up. He took out a handkerchief and dabbled at his lips. He said nothing. He looked unabashed.

The goddess was very tall, very regal. She spoke French in a sort of imperious torrent; the words hissed and crackled.

"Impolite, my sister," Jacques said. "You should repeat it in English." There was silence.

Doctor Mills said, "Research for an article, no doubt, Miss Harper." But he was frowning a trifle, faintly puzzled.

"You might call it that," Liz said. Her hands were not quite steady as she reached up and tried to straighten her hat. "Finding out how the other half lives, you might say." She looked up at the goddess and smiled. She hoped the smile looked real, but she doubted it.

"I think," said Mrs. Potter, "that we'd better fold our tents, junior, and cut out of here."

"Thank you, Mrs. Potter," the goddess said. There was more silence.

Liz stood up. Mrs. Potter's face showed nothing. And then, without warning or preparation, one old eye closed and reopened again.

"Well," Liz said in the general direction of Jacques, "thanks for the—tour. I seem to have been thumbed out of the game."

An experienced husband is one who can keep his head while losing his temper.

ANTHONY J. PETTITO

"You have not told me which hotel you are staying at," Jacques said.

"It's the ——"

"Jacques!" the goddess said. And there was more of it, again in French.

Doctor Mills said, "I don't think it's worth getting upset about, Madelaine." The calm, professional voice. "If he wants to see her ——" He shook his head, and a little of the professionalism slipped. "You can't keep them from playing footie-footie, if that's what they want."

"Don't be coarse, Henry." And then, "I forbid you, Jacques ——"

He was smiling again, friendly as that puppy, in effect, crouching and growling in falsetto as he chewed at the forbidden slipper. "Do you, my sister?"

The goddess was icy. "We will speak of it later."

"No," Liz said, "we'll talk about it now. What's wrong with me? I'm a leper?"

The goddess merely looked and said nothing.

Liz shook her head. This was different, this was for real, no longer play-acting to an uncertain script. She was conscious that Mrs. Potter watched her, and Doctor Mills and Jacques, but none of these mattered at the moment.

She faced the goddess, standing as tall as she was able. "Speak up, sister. You have something to say, say it. I went for a walk with your brother. He's a nice guy. So he kissed me. That infects him with something?" She missed the twitch at the corners of Mrs. Potter's mouth; she missed, too, the quiet, watchful expression Doctor Mills wore.

Jacques gave the slipper another shake. "A very pleasant kiss, too, I must say." And that, like the pulling of a trigger, did it.

"Very well," the goddess said. "I will tell you, Miss Harper. I do not choose to have you associate with my brother. He is young. He is foolish, irresponsible. He has stupid ideas ——"

"The ones," Liz said, "that he picked up at school and college in America? About people who do things and people who don't? People like me, for example, who work for a living and wear forty-nine-ninety-five dresses off a store rack? That what you mean?"

"That is what I mean, Miss Harper," the goddess said. "And now ——" She produced a frosty smile and looked at Mrs. Potter.

"Oh, we'll blow," Mrs. Potter said. . . . "Come on, junior."

Doctor Mills said, "I don't think that's quite fair, Madelaine."

"Don't you?" And her tone made it plain that she couldn't care less.

"Stay out, doc," Liz said. "This is a private brawl. You might get scratched up. She's said her piece, now I'm going to say mine. I ——"

"No, you're not," Doctor Mills said. "You're going to shut up." And his voice was no longer detached and professional. . . . "I said I didn't think that was quite fair, Madelaine."

"I heard what you said. It was without point."

"So," Doctor Mills said. And then, "I work for a living too. What does that make me?"

"That is different, Henry; quite different."

"Because I'm a professional man? But I wasn't always, Madelaine. I was a farm laborer, and a truck driver, and a professional ballplayer, among other things."

"We will forget that," the goddess said.

Liz, watching, held her breath. Mrs. Potter fiddled with her diamond rope. Jacques' eyes were bright, shining.

"I won't forget it," Doctor Mills said. "You see, I'm proud of it, Madelaine." He paused. "And I'm sorry for you." He turned to Mrs. Potter. "You said something about leaving?"

"I said it a couple of times," Mrs. Potter said, "but each time somebody got on base and I had to stay and watch."

Doctor Mills nodded. "Do you have room in your car for me?"

"Why, I think it might be arranged. Junior and I are democratic."

Jacques' voice drifted after them around the bend of the path. He spoke in English, Harvard-accented and happy. "Your mistake, my sister, was in throwing the fast ball. You should have stuck with your curves."

They sat silent in the car, Doctor Mills in the middle. "What now, young Heine?" Mrs. Potter said. "Have you come out of your slump? Ready to get up off the bench and pick up a bat and go out and take your cuts again?"

He took his time. Then slowly he nodded. "Could be," he said, loose and easy. "Maybe I wasn't cut out for the quiet, gracious life."

"I said all along," Liz said, "that the goddess had a glass arm."

Doctor Mills turned on her. "You," he said. "Shagging fungoes."

"I lost one in the sun," Liz said. "It beaned me."

"I don't believe it." And he looked from one to the other. "I see it now. A couple of conniving females."

"So?" Liz said. And she held her breath again, and time seemed to stand still.

"All right," Doctor Mills said. "I guess I deserved it."

Liz let her breath out slowly.

Mrs. Potter fiddled with her diamond rope. "Don't mind me," she said. And then, "Call me Stengel." THE END

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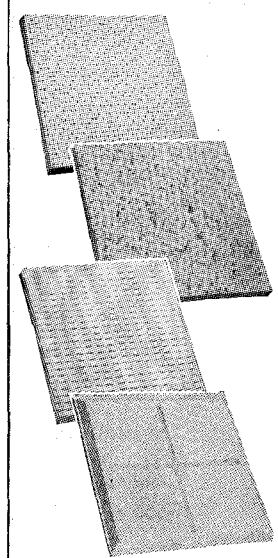

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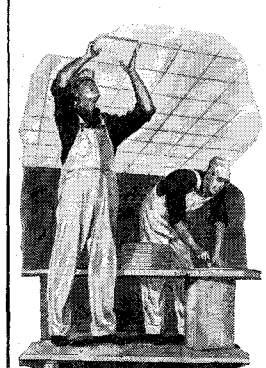

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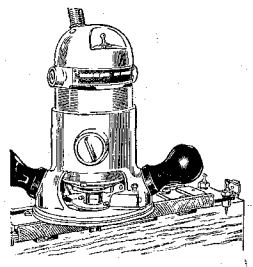

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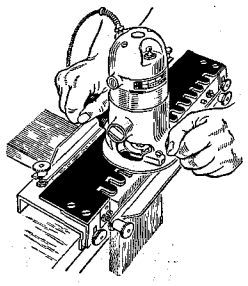
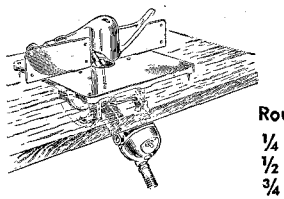


Dovetailing



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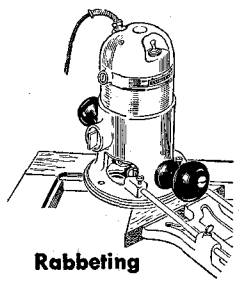
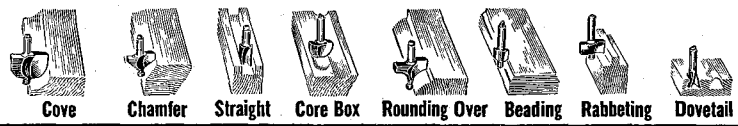
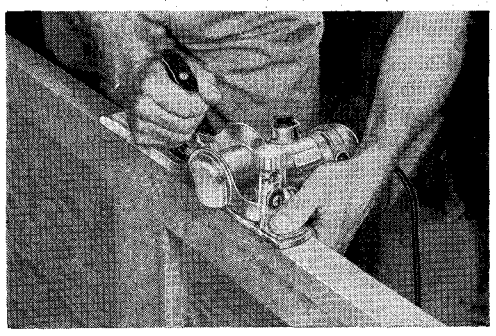


Rabbeting



Cove Chamfer Straight Core Box Rounding Over Beading Rabbeting Dovetail



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The Case of the Dead Man's Daughter

(Continued from Page 53)

"Referring to the ninth of October, I will ask you if anything unusual happened in your office on that day?"

"Yes, sir."

"What?"

"Now just a minute," Judge Decker said. "There seems to be no objection by defense counsel, but it would seem that there should be some connection here. Anything which happened on the ninth of October outside of the presence of this defendant would have no bearing upon the case unless there is some evidence indicating that the defendant consented, acquiesced or in some way profited therefrom or that it is part of the *res gestae*."

Hamilton Burger said, "We want to show exactly what Mr. Garvin did on that day. We want to show that he knew of certain things and was in a position to communicate them to the defendant."

"Is there any objection from the defense?" Judge Decker asked.

"No objection," Mason said, smiling.

"Very well. Go ahead and answer the question," Judge Decker said, but his eyes, sharply accusing, regarded Perry Mason's bland countenance.

"Well, what happened?" Hamilton Burger asked.

"Mr. Garvin telephoned me from Las Vegas. He told me to wait at the office until he arrived."

"What time did he arrive at the office?"

"Around eight-forty-five, almost an hour prior to the time he said he would arrive. He was highly nervous and he refused to talk with me until after he vanished into his bathroom and took a shower."

"Now just a moment," Judge Decker said. "Mr. Garvin was called as a witness by the prosecution. Are you now attempting to impeach your own witness, Mr. Prosecutor?"

"The witness was a hostile witness," Hamilton Burger said. "He is quite definitely affiliated with the defendant, as was disclosed by his testimony."

"Nevertheless he was a witness called by the prosecution."

"There is no objection on the part of the defense," Mason said.

"Well, there should be," Judge Decker snapped.

Mason merely inclined his head out of deference to the court, and continued to sit there saying nothing.

"Very well," Judge Decker said, controlling himself with a visible effort, "under the circumstances, there being no objection, the witness will be permitted to answer the question."

"You're certain of the time element?" Hamilton Burger asked.

"Absolutely certain," she said. "I resented being treated as a chattel. I felt that anything Mr. Garvin wanted to say to me could have been said before he ——"

"Just a minute," Judge Decker interrupted. "Your thoughts are not important as far as this case is concerned. You are simply asked if you were sure of the time."

"I am sure of the time."

"Now did Mr. Garvin say anything to you about Mr. Casselman?"

"Yes."

"Who was present?"

"Just Mr. Garvin and myself."

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'I have just talked with the man who I am certain killed Stephanie Falkner's father. I have made an appointment to see him at eleven o'clock tonight.'"

"Then what did he do, if anything?"

"He took off his coat. I noticed the revolver which was in his shoulder holster. He took off this shoulder holster and placed it on his desk, and then went into the shower room to take a bath."

"Can you identify the gun which was in that shoulder holster at that time?" Hamilton Burger asked.

"No, sir. I cannot. I am afraid of guns. I didn't go (*Continued on Page 109*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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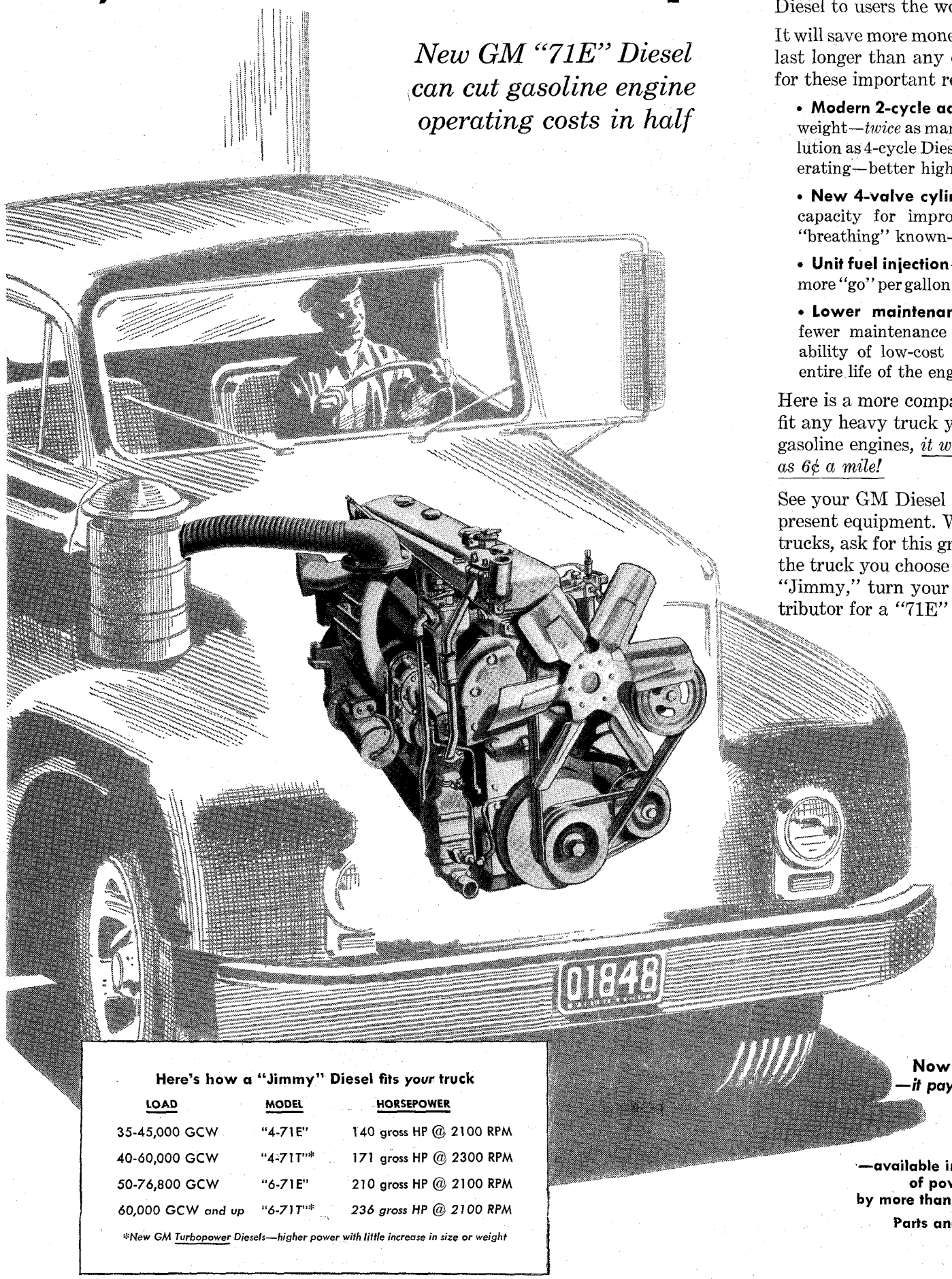

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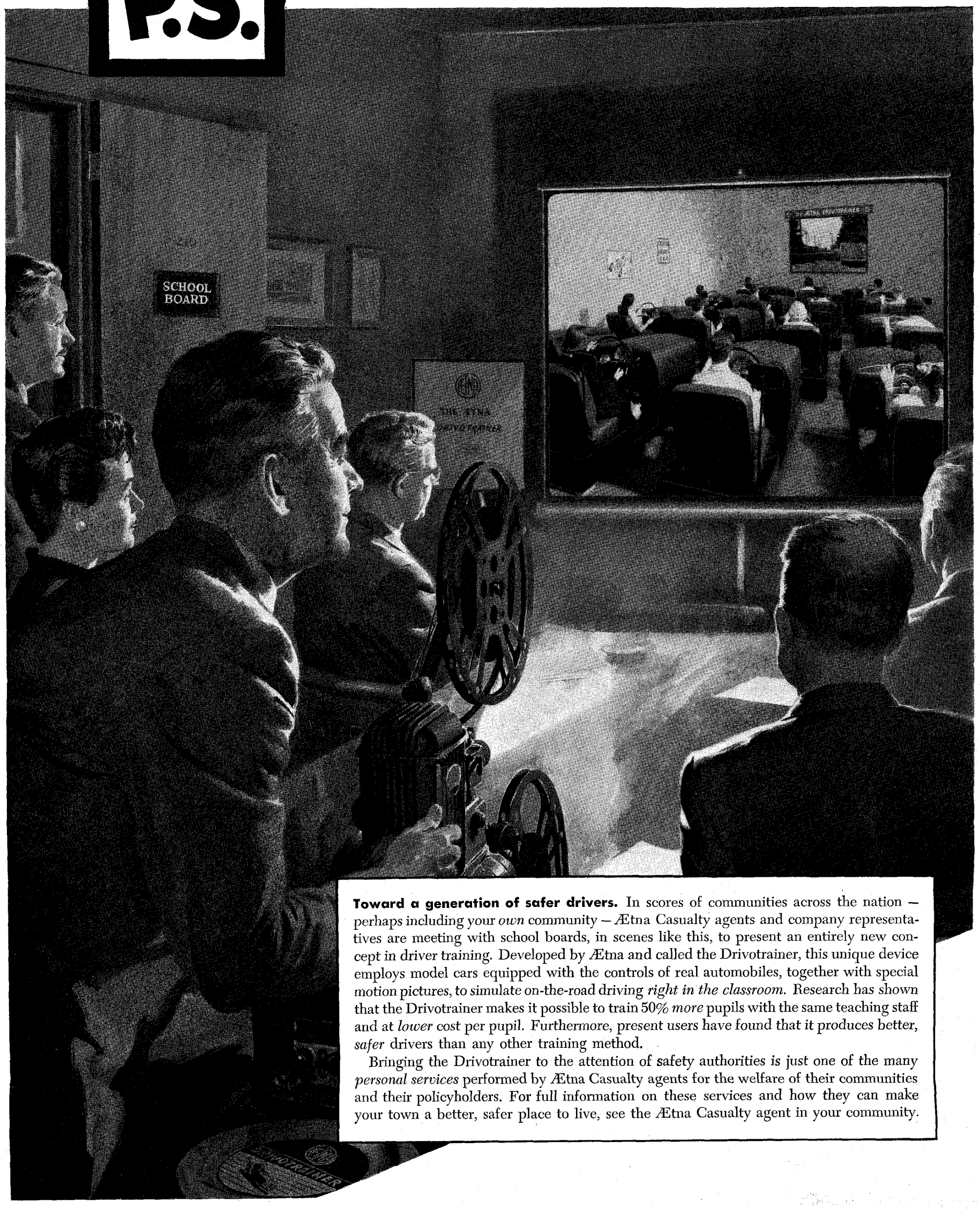

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(*Continued from Page 106*) near it. However, it looked exactly like the gun marked People's Exhibit Thirty."

"You may inquire," Hamilton Burger said.

"Now what time was this?" Mason asked.

"When he arrived at the office it was about a quarter to nine."

"He told you he had seen Casselman?"

"His exact words were 'I have just talked with the man who I am certain killed Stephanie Falkner's father. I have made an appointment to see him at eleven o'clock tonight.'"

"You remember his exact words?"

"I do."

"But he didn't mention Casselman by name?"

"He meant Casselman all right. He said ——"

"I am not asking whom he meant. I am asking if he used Casselman's name."

"He did not use Casselman's name."

Mason said, "I have no further questions."

Burger said, "I'll call Mrs. Garvin, Junior, to the witness stand."

Mrs. Garvin, a long-legged redhead, strode to the witness stand with every appearance of perfect composure. She smiled at the jurors, crossed her knees so as to display just the right amount of nylon, turned courteously and expectantly to the district attorney.

Hamilton Burger said, "You are the wife of the witness, Homer Garvin, Junior, who has just testified in this case. I show you a weapon marked People's Exhibit Number Thirty, and ask you if you have ever seen that weapon before?"

"I can't say," she said, smiling. "I have seen a gun which looked very much like that, but I am not an expert on firearms."

"Where did you see that gun?"

"My husband left it on the dresser."

"When?"

"On the night of the ninth of October."

"At what time?"

"At approximately ten-thirty o'clock."

"Did you see that gun on the tenth of October?"

"I did. Yes, sir."

"And what did you do with reference to it, if anything?"

"I telephoned my husband at his office that he had left a gun on the dresser."

"When did you telephone him?"

"When I got up and saw the gun there."

"That was after your husband had gone to his office?"

She smiled and said, "I am a newlywed, Mr. Burger. I am trying to train my husband right. I let him get his own breakfast, and I slept until about nine-thirty."

The audience laughed. Judge Decker smiled and the jurors grinned. The good nature of the witness and her complete poise were making a terrific impression.

"What did you do with reference to that gun?"

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"Following my husband's instructions, I took the gun to him at his office."

"When?"

"At about ten-thirty on the morning of the tenth of October of this year."

"Do you know whether that was the weapon we are referring to as 'the junior gun' or as People's Exhibit Number Thirty?"

"No, sir. I do not know. All I know is that I took the gun from the dresser to my husband. I can't even swear that there was no discharged cartridge in the gun at that time. I do know that my husband took a gun from his pocket when he was undressing at about ten-thirty on the night of October ninth. I do know that a gun similar in every way to that gun was still on the dresser at ten o'clock in the morning. I am quite certain no one entered the bedroom after we retired. I do know I took the gun which was on the dresser to my husband at his office on the morning of October tenth at about ten-thirty o'clock. I know nothing more than that."

"Cross-examine," Hamilton Burger said.

Mason said, "Mrs. Garvin, were you home all during the evening of October ninth?"

"Yes."

"Did you know your husband rang twice on the phone and received no answer?"

"He told me such was the case."

"You want the jury to believe you were there, but didn't answer the phone?"

"I was sound asleep for about an hour, Mr. Mason."

"Did you tell your husband that?"

"No."

"Why?"

"It was our honeymoon. My husband went chasing off on a business deal. He didn't come home for dinner. I wanted him to realize I didn't like such conduct. I let him know I was hurt and a little angry. If he had felt I had gone to sleep while I was waiting for him to return, he wouldn't have been quite so concerned. I wanted him to be concerned. So I didn't tell him I was asleep. I think I convinced him he must have dialed the wrong number."

"Twice?"

"Twice."

"Didn't he require a lot of convincing?"

"Yes. A bride is in a position to convince her husband more easily than at any other time in her married life."

"Did you lie to him?"

"Heavens, no! I suggested he had dialed the wrong number. He didn't ask me if I had been asleep, so I didn't tell him."

Mason said, "Getting back to this gun, Mrs. Garvin. For all you know, that gun may have had one discharged shell in it when you took it to your husband's office."

She smiled sweetly and said, "Then, after you fired a shell into my husband's desk, there would have been two discharged shells, Mr. Mason."

"Assuming," Mason said, "that the gun which your husband gave me was the same gun which you had taken to his office."

"A bride must always assume that her husband is truthful, Mr. Mason."

"That's all," Mason said.

Burger's next witness was Lorraine Kettle, a spare-framed widow of fifty-six who testified she lived in an apartment on the ground floor of the Ambrose Apartments. At about eight-forty-five on the evening of the ninth of October, she had seen a woman descending the service stairs leading from the back door of George Casselman's apartment. She had, she said, felt the woman might have been a burglar, so she had left her own apartment by the back entrance and had followed this woman at what she referred to as "a discreet distance."

"Were you close enough to recognize her?" Burger asked.

"I was."

"Who was she?"

"That woman sitting right there; the defendant, Stephanie Falkner."

"What did she do?"

"She walked across to the sidewalk and then a man stopped his automobile and called to her. She got in that car. They drove away."

"Who was that man, if you know?"

"Mr. Perry Mason, the lawyer, sitting right there."

"Cross-examine," Burger snapped.

"How did you happen to be looking at the back stairs of the Casselman apartment?" Mason asked.

"I had seen young women go in there before. This time I was determined to complain."

"You mean you had seen this defendant go in there before?"

"I can't swear it was her."

"You mean prior to October ninth?"

"Yes."

"And had seen women leave by the back door?"

"I can't swear I'd seen more than one woman."

"You followed this woman who left on October ninth?"

"I followed the defendant, yes."

"Why did you follow her?"

"I wanted to see who she was."

"That was the only reason?"

"Yes."

"You intended to follow her only far enough to get a good look at her?"

"Yes."

"You were still following her when she got into this automobile?"

"Yes."

"Then by your own testimony you hadn't got a good look at her by that time. Is that right?"

"I saw her all right."

"But you said you were going to turn back as soon as you had a good look at her, and you hadn't turned back at that time."

"Well —— I'd like to have had a closer look, but I'm pretty certain in my own mind."

"Pretty certain?"

"Yes."

"And if it hadn't been for her getting in the automobile, you'd have followed her farther?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"That's all," Mason said, smiling.

"That's our case, your honor," Hamilton Burger said.

Judge Decker frowned.

"The defense moves that the court instruct the jury to return a verdict of not guilty," Mason said. "The evidence at this time shows merely an inference, a suspicion."

... ...

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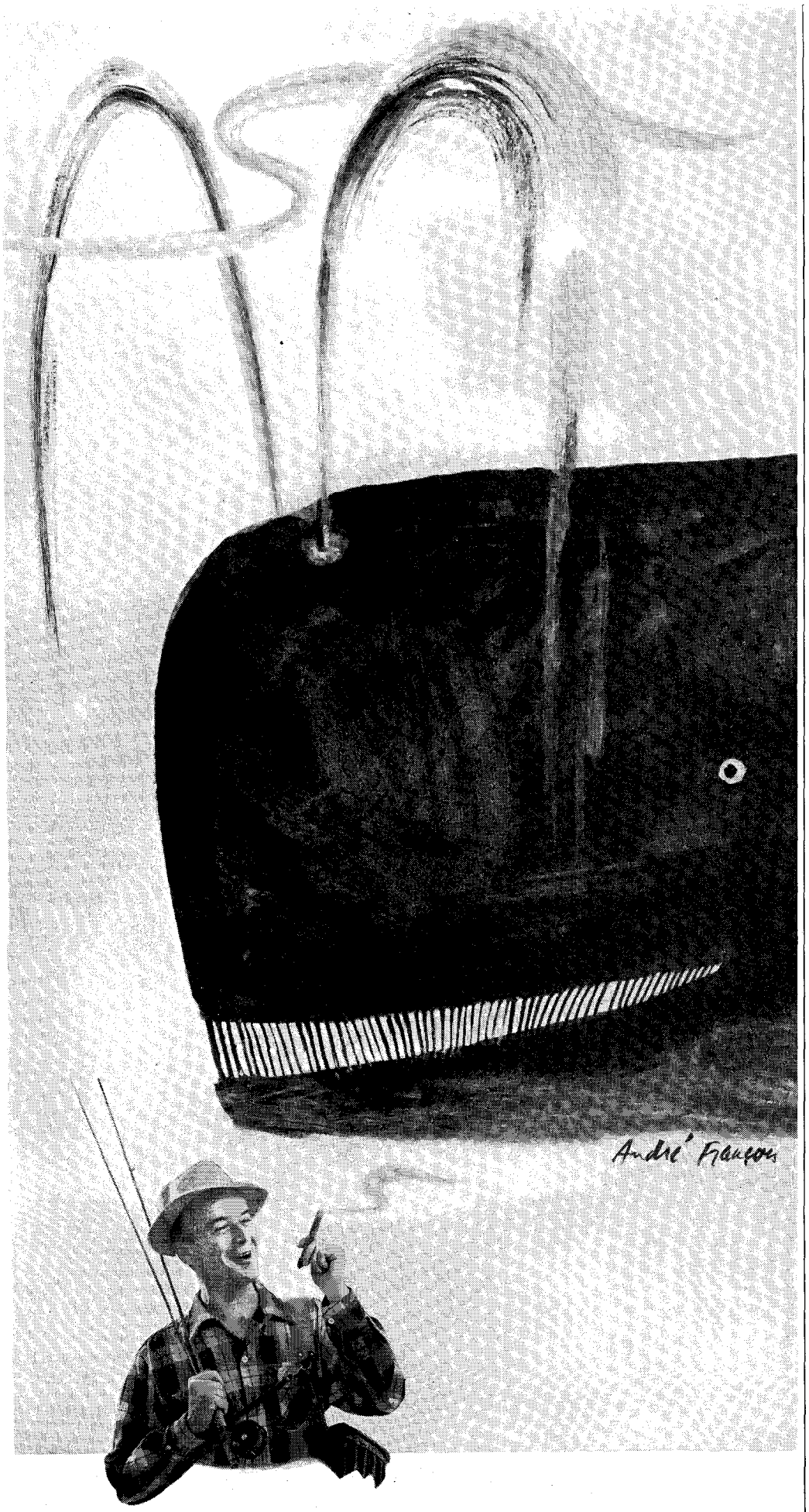

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Judge Decker said, "The court does not wish to comment on the evidence other than to say that at this time the motion is denied. After the defense has put on its case, the question of proof will be in the hands of the jury. At the present time and for the purpose of this motion, the court must accept all of the evidence in its strongest possible light as far as the prosecution is concerned. The court makes no comment on that evidence other than to state that the motion is denied.

"The court notices that it is approaching the hour of noon adjournment. The court will take a recess until two o'clock, at which time the defense can put on its case. During that time the jurors will remember the admonition of the court not to converse about the case or permit anyone to converse about it in your presence, and not to form or express any opinion until the case is finally submitted to you. Court is adjourned."

Mason turned to Stephanie Falkner. "Stephanie," he said, "you've got to go on the stand. You've got to deny that you killed George Casselman."

She shook her head. "I am not going on the witness stand."

"You have to," Mason said. "They'll convict you of murder if you don't. In view of the testimony we have managed to bring in about your father's death, the jurors won't bring in a death penalty, but they will find you guilty. The fact that your shoe has blood on it, the fact that there was an imprint made by a heel plate similar to yours ——"

"I am sorry, Mr. Mason, I am not going on the witness stand."

"Why?" Mason asked. "Is there something in your past you're afraid they'll bring out? Have you been convicted of felony?"

She shook her head.

"Have you?" Mason asked.

"I am not going to make any statement to you, Mr. Mason, other than the fact that I am not going on the witness stand. They can do whatever they want, but they are not going to put me on that witness stand."

Mason said, "Stephanie, you can't do this. I'm going to call you to the stand as a witness."

"If you do," she said, "I will simply refuse to budge from my chair."

"All right," Mason told her; "that's better than nothing. It will at least give me something to argue about."

"Time for you to go now, Miss Falkner," the bailiff said.

Mason, Della Street and Paul Drake were eating a gloomy luncheon in the private dining room of a little restaurant near the courthouse.

They were half through when knuckles beat on the door in a rapid staccato, and a moment later Gertie, Perry Mason's receptionist, was in the room, all excited.

"Mr. Mason, Mr. Mason!" she said. "Marie Barlow came to the office. My heavens! Is that woman immense! I think she's going to have triplets at least. She shouldn't be out. I've told her! I warned her!"

"Now wait a minute, Gertie," Mason said. "Calm down. What's this all about?"

"Marie was at Mr. Garvin's office. She has been trying to get the files cleaned out, you know, and she looked in back of one of the file drawers of an old transfer case. Things in there are ten years old and older."

"All right," Mason said. "What did she find?"

Gertie lowered her voice. "Bloody towels that Mr. Garvin had left there the night of the murder."

"What?"

"That's right. Towels with dried, crusted blood on them. And they're stamped with the name of the Ambrose Apartments. They had been hidden there, and Marie was afraid —— Well, she didn't want anybody to know. She wanted me to find you and tell you and ask you what to do. She's loyal to Mr. Garvin, but she simply can't sit still with anything like this on her mind and let Stephanie Falkner go to prison. She felt that perhaps she could wait and see how the case came out, and then she could apparently find them for the first time, and then you could move for a new trial on the ground of newly discovered evidence. But that wouldn't be right. She's all at sea, poor kid. She ——"

Mason said, "All right, Gertie. Calm yourself. Now sit down and have some coffee."

"Heavens! I'm so terribly upset, Mr. Mason. You can see it all now. Homer Garvin really did kill George Casselman, and Stephanie Falkner knows it. Because she loves him she won't go on the witness stand."

"Hey! Wait a minute! Wait a minute!" Mason said. "That crazy, mixed-up, romantic mind of yours has given me an idea."

Della Street looked warningly at Perry Mason. "She has lots of crazy ideas. Give her a button and she'll sew a romantic vest on it."

Perry Mason started pacing the floor. "Hang it!" he said. "It's corny. It's a grandstand. But it will catch the district attorney entirely by surprise, and it's the only thing I can do."

(*Continued on Page 116*)

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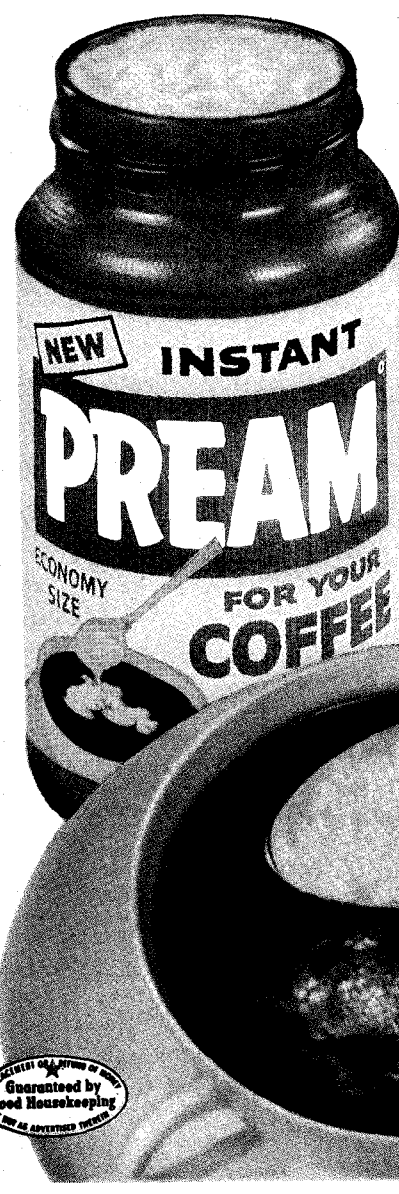

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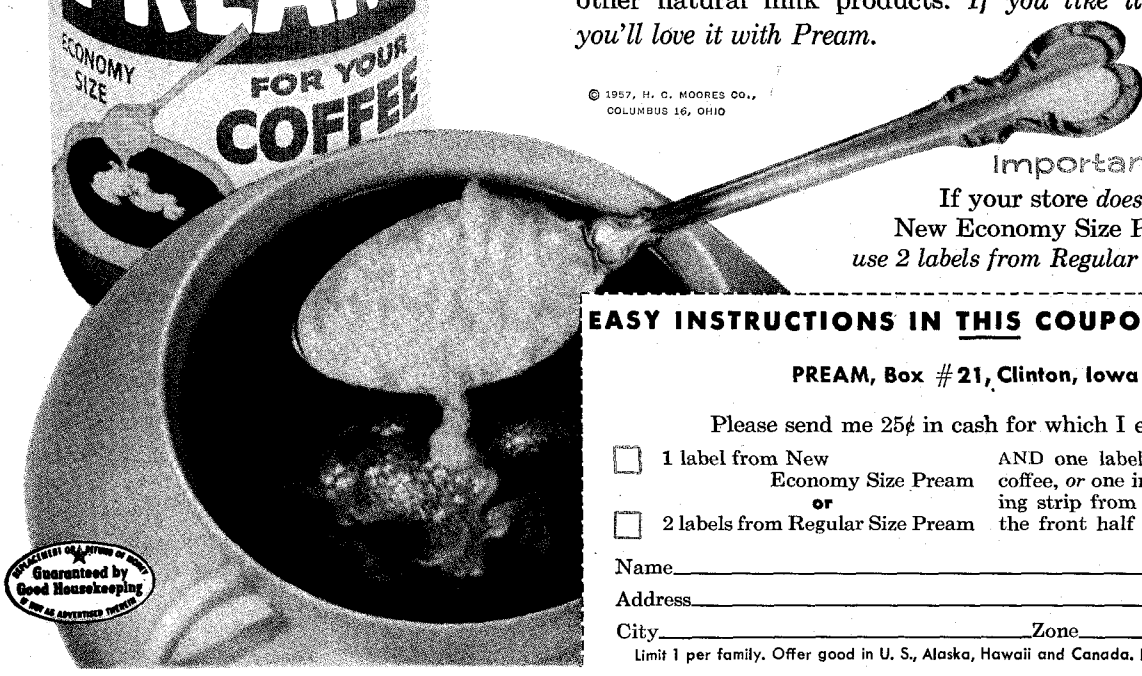

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"It was part of your secretarial duties to make out vouchers in payment of bills incurred by the Garvin enterprises?"

"Yes."

"You habitually typed out checks covering those bills and Mr. Garvin would sign those checks?"

"Yes, sir."

"What audit did you make of those bills?" Mason asked.

"Objected to as incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial, and not proper cross-examination," Hamilton Burger said.

"Sustained," Judge Decker snapped.

"Isn't it a fact," Mason asked, "that during the time you were with Mr. Garvin, you made out and got his signature on several checks amounting to several thousand dollars, payable to the Acme Electrical and Plumbing Repair Company, of Thirteen-ninety-seven Chatham Street, and the Eureka Associated Renovators, of Thirteen-ninety-seven Chatham Street, when, as a matter of fact, there were no such firms and no orders had ever been given to those firms?"

"Just a moment! Just a moment!" Hamilton Burger shouted. . . . "Your honor, this is completely outside the issues of this case. It is not proper cross-examination. It is incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial."

Judge Decker stroked his chin. "It would seem at first blush to be completely outside of the issues," he said, "unless counsel can assure the court that he intends to connect it up in that it might show bias."

"My next question," Mason said, "will be to question the witness whether the person who was sending in these bills was not engaged in a conspiracy with her, and that this witness is therefore prejudiced and biased against Mr. Garvin, her former employer, because of fear that her defalcation will be discovered."

Judge Decker frowned. "I think I am going to permit the questions," he said. "It's rather a technical legal point by which evidence which otherwise might well be extraneous is introduced into a case, but it needs only a glance at the face of this witness to tell that there is something here which is ——"

Eva Elliott interrupted, "Your honor, I swear to you that I didn't get a penny of it! Mr. Casselman promised to ——" She stopped.

"Go on," Judge Decker said.

"I don't think she should be permitted to volunteer a statement," Hamilton Burger said. "This is a very technical point. It is a matter which is being dragged in by the ears for the purpose of discrediting a witness whose actual testimony is not open to doubt and who has testified to a fact which is uncontradicted."

"It is uncontradicted as yet," Judge Decker said, "but the defense has not put on its case. The witness will kindly compose herself. . . . You mentioned the name of Mr. Casselman, Miss Elliott."

Eva Elliott started to cry. "He promised me to have me as his entertainer when the new motel went up! He lied! He couldn't make good! He promised me a floor show!"

The door of the courtroom opened. Marie Barlow, quite evidently in the last stages of pregnancy, carrying a paper package in her hand, moved with slow, measured steps down the aisle of the courtroom. Judge Decker looked at her. The jurors looked and spectators turned to look.

Marie Barlow approached the mahogany rail which divided the counsel tables from the courtroom and extended the paper parcel toward Perry Mason. Mason took the parcel in his hand and turned to the witness. Slowly, dramatically, he tore the paper from the package, brought out the bloodstained towels.

"Eva," he said, "after you shot George Casselman you wiped off some of the blood with towels and put those towels in your purse. You concealed them in the back of a filing cabinet in Mr. Garvin's office. Then you substituted 'the safe gun' which you had used in the killing, for 'the holster gun' which you took from Mr. Garvin's holster while Mr. Garvin was in the shower, and put 'the holster gun' back in the safe, didn't you?"

Eva Elliott got to her feet, then sank back into the witness chair. "I did it in self-defense!" she sobbed. "When I found out about what he had done, I —— I ——"

"Now just a minute! Just a minute!" Hamilton Burger shouted. "This whole matter now has the appearance of being a well-rehearsed, carefully staged attempt to stampede the jurors!"

Mason resumed his seat at the counsel table and grinned at Hamilton Burger.

"That's all, Mr. Burger," he said. "Rest your case, if you dare do so. The defense will put on no evidence."

"You have no further questions of this witness?" Judge Decker asked incredulously.

"None, your honor," Mason said.

Hamilton Burger sat undecisively for a minute. "I would like to ask the court for a thirty-minute recess," he said. "It may be that the prosecution will ——"

"Do you have any questions of this witness?" Judge Decker asked.

"They certainly think a lot of that dog."

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"No, your honor."

Judge Decker glanced at Perry Mason. "Does the defense oppose the motion for a thirty-minute recess made by the district attorney?"

"The defense opposes the motion," Mason said. "The defense does not intend to put on any evidence, and we would like to start the argument, so that we can go to the jury this afternoon."

"Very well," Judge Decker said. . . . "Proceed with your case, Mr. Prosecutor."

"That is all of our case. We had already rested."

"The defense does not intend to put on any evidence," Perry Mason said.

Judge Decker looked down at Eva Elliott.

"Despite the fact that it is highly irregular, the court is not satisfied to have the matter disposed of in this manner. . . . Miss Elliott, did you kill George Casselman?"

"I shot him," she said. "I took the gun out of Mr. Garvin's safe to use as a bluff, to frighten him. Then he tried to choke me. He was trying to break my neck. Everything was going black, and I heard something go boom—and then I could breathe again."

"And what gun did you have with which to try to bluff him?"

"The gun I had taken from Mr. Garvin's safe earlier that afternoon."

"And what did you do with that gun?"

"I put it in Mr. Garvin's shoulder holster while he was taking his shower. Then I put the other gun, which had been in his shoulder holster, in his safe."

Judge Decker gave the matter frowning consideration. "The court is going to take a sixty-minute recess of its own motion," he said. "In view of the fact that this witness is one called by the prosecution, it would seem that the prosecution is bound by her testimony."

"Your honor," Hamilton Burger said, "we don't want to be bound by the testimony of this witness until we can find out what happened during the noon hour, what inducements were made to this witness, what theatrical flimflam was arranged with those so-called blood-stained towels."

"The court is not interested in your feelings in the matter," Judge Decker said. "The court is interested in administering justice. This is a most peculiar situation. The court will take an adjournment for one hour. At the end of that time, the court will again entertain a motion to instruct the jury to return a verdict of acquittal in the case pending against this defendant."

Perry Mason, Della Street, Homer Garvin, Paul Drake and Stephanie Falkner sat grouped about the table in Mason's law library.

Mason said to Stephanie Falkner, "You should have told me."

"I wasn't going to tell anyone, Mr. Mason. I saw Homer as he drove away from George Casselman's apartment house. He didn't see me. Later on, when he gave me that gun and I found there was an exploded cartridge in it, I felt I knew what had happened. Then, when you arranged to have Junior give me a gun, so that, in case the police asked me to produce the gun they are calling 'the holster gun,' the one that had been given me by Homer Garvin, I could give them 'the junior gun' which his son had given me, I thought I would be smart in substituting guns, so that the police would find the murder weapon just where Junior would be forced to testify he had left 'the junior gun' which he had given me. 'The junior gun' I snatched from the table as soon as you folks left my apartment, and dropped it into a sack of flour in the kitchen. Later on, I took it out of the flour sack, walked over to an adjacent lot where they were building a house, and pushed the gun down into some wet concrete that had just been poured."

Homer Garvin said, "I didn't know you had seen me there at that apartment house, Stephanie. I went up to tell Casselman that I wanted a showdown. He told me he had an important appointment in ten minutes and that he simply couldn't see me. Eva Elliott must have been in there at the time. I told him I'd be back at eleven o'clock, and that I was going to call for a showdown."

Mason said, "Eva Elliott must have been the one who telephoned while I was in conference with Casselman, and said she was coming right up. It was that which disturbed him. He asked for a two-minute delay. That shows she was phoning from a nearby phone. I went out the front door and watched the front of the apartment house, but didn't see anyone come in. The fact that I knew someone was coming in, but didn't see anyone arrive, should have warned me that the person who entered the apartment must have gone up by the back stairs."

"Well, we know the whole story now," Garvin said. "She went in the back door. Casselman had persuaded her to put through checks on phony bills. He had promised her top billing in a floor show in the new motel. He'd promised her television contracts. She was willing to do anything to get in that floor show as the top actress. She wasn't the victim of her lack of secretarial experience. She was deliberately getting money for Casselman. Then she found out somehow he was double-crossing her."

Stephanie said, "A woman held the outer door open for me. I went up to Casselman's apartment and rang the bell. No one answered. I tried the knob of the door. The door was unlocked. I opened it and went in. George Casselman was lying there dead. I—I didn't know what to do. I suddenly realized I'd stepped in the pool of blood, and then I became panic-stricken. I went into the bathroom and tried to wash the blood off my shoe. I had knelt over him to see if he was dead, and there was blood on my hands. I washed and washed and washed, and then I went down the back stairs. Because I felt certain Homer had killed him, I said nothing. I felt that it wasn't my duty to turn state's evidence."

Homer Garvin looked at her thoughtfully. "And you'd have taken a chance of being convicted of first-degree murder rather than implicate me?"

She said, "You should talk! After you thought I had committed the murder, you deliberately tried to put your neck in the noose so as to save mine."

Suddenly both of them started laughing.

"All right," Garvin said. "We'll discuss that later. . . . In the meantime, Mason, I have something to say about your fee."

Garvin took out his checkbook, signed his name to a blank check, slid it across the table to Perry Mason, and said, "You fill it out, and fill it out for plenty."

The phone rang. Della Street answered it and said, "Just a moment."

She turned to Mason. "Junior's on the line," she said. "He says he's sorry he lost his temper. He says he'll take six hundred dollars off that sports job you were driving when you took him to see Stephanie."

Mason grinned and picked up the blank check Garvin had signed.

"Tell him to call later, Della. I think we may make a deal." THE END

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I Call on Tennessee Ernie

(Continued from Page 35)

Bristol, Tennessee, on February thirteenth, thirty-eight years ago. He is big, moves softly, is black-haired, black-mustached. His eyes look like jumbo-size ripe olives, but they are quizzical and friendly. He can laugh heartily or he can summon up a wistful smile or look serious, depending upon the conversational trend. Laughing, wistful or serious, he's relaxed and easygoing in the Perry Como-Bing Crosby tradition. His variety show, which features music with a jump, hymns, and a singing group which rearranges harmonies in flutelike, intricate patterns, has been called TV's most informal show.

To me, his most appealing trait is his way with a hymn. When he sings The Old Rugged Cross in his rich baritone, he makes you feel that's the way all hymns should be sung and seldom are.

Young Ernest Jennings Ford was taught to sing by his father at the tender age of three. And when the sheriff had a jailful of culprits, he sent for Ernie and his mother and father, and together they went down to the prison and sang hymns for the county's guests. Ernie has been singing ever since, but things are different now. "It's nice to sing to people," he told me, "knowing that it's not the leg irons on them that make them hold still and listen."

His voice has the bigness of an operatic basso's voice—with this difference: you can hear and understand each word Ernie sings. The fact that he sings like that is a tribute to what the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music and one of its professors, a voice teacher named Hubert Kockritz, could do for a promising youngster in a few lessons. Ernie couldn't afford more. As it was, he paid for one of his three lessons a week by singing in a choir trained by the good professor. He started at the conservatory in September and by Thanksgiving had run out of money. To stake himself to that brief spell at the conservatory, he had worked as an announcer at the Bristol radio station WOPI, for ten dollars a week. He had saved part of his wages after giving the rest to his folks to help out at home.

When he was fresh out of funds, right after Thanksgiving, other jobs seemed to come his way without much seeking on his part. The first one was with WATL, in Atlanta, at twenty dollars a week; the second with WROL, at Knoxville, at twenty-three dollars a week.

When World War II began, Ernie was trained as a navigator for heavy bombers; then he became an Air Force instructor and married a pretty civilian secretary named Betty Heminger, assigned to the air base at Victorville, California. After the war he fell into a job as combination radio announcer and disk jockey in San Bernardino. For the most part, the disks he spun were hillbilly or Western music (they are now lumped under the all-inclusive title, country music).

He told me, "I played country music and sometimes I'd fool around singing part music with those records. If it was a duet record, I'd make a trio out of it. From Pasadena I moved on to a Los Angeles hillbilly radio show, Hometown Jamboree, and after those wanderings I started heading for the NBC national network barn as a result of a recording of I'll Never be Free that I made with the female pop singer, Kay Starr, and a few guest shots on the George Gobel show, the I Love Lucy show, the Dinah Shore show and The Colgate Comedy Hour."

It doesn't take long for a writer who's trying to do what Ernie calls "hauling off and composing a piece about me" to discover that it's hard to persuade him to talk about what he's done, how good he is, his zooming popularity. Autobiographical details come from him spasmodically, and only then because he is trying hard to be helpful. Ordinarily this halting flow of personal reminiscences would be disconcerting to a reporter. In Ernie's case it becomes less and less of a handicap as it becomes clear that the most interesting thing about him is what he thinks about things and the way he thinks about them.

An associate says of him, "Ernie is a success because he is real. He doesn't think he's funny or quaint, but he manages to be both of those things. He doesn't conceal a Simon Legree blacksnake whip under an exterior of melted butter the way some other 'folksy' TV personalities (Continued on Page 124)

$1,252 Profit

in 3 Months Part-Time Cutting

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Mr. Ernest E. Schmiedel is a certified Pennsylvania Tree Farmer who owns a Homelite Chain Saw and a 120-acre farm in Ridgway. While most of his income comes from corn and buckwheat, he makes a better than average annual income from his 70-acre woodlot. Last winter, for example, in 3 months of part-time work he selectively cut 75 cords of maple which he sold as paperwood for $1,600 (he would have received only $179 if he had sold it "on the stump"). His total costs for hauling the timber and running the saw were $347.50 — leaving a net profit of $1,252.50 which helped him purchase a new tractor.

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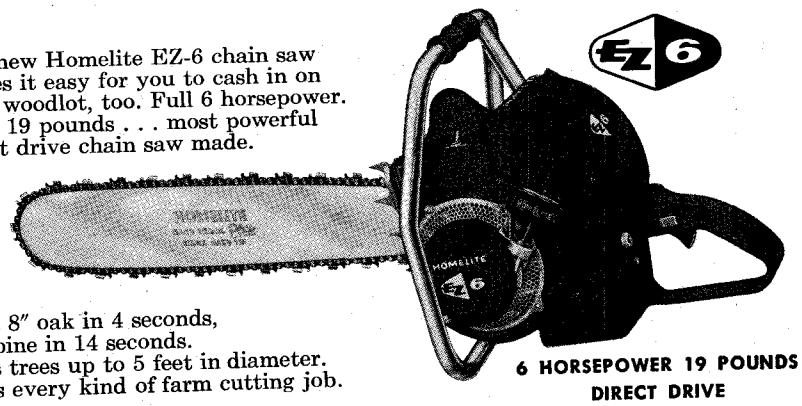

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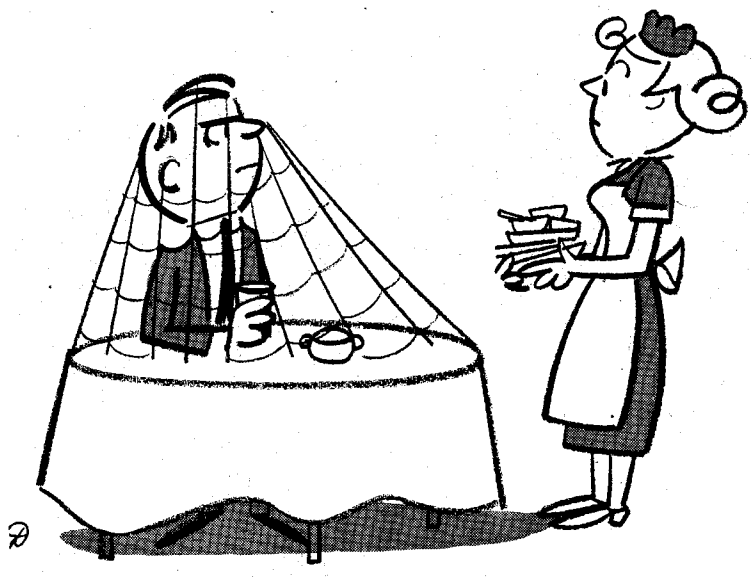

The Perfect Squelch

Eager to have a speedy lunch, Harry picked an uncrowded restaurant and gave the waitress a simple order. Twenty minutes later he still was sitting with his glass of water and his thoughts, while his waitress chatted with old customers or gazed thoughtfully in every direction but his own. After another twenty minutes, Harry finally caught her eye and motioned her to his table.

"Tell me," he said, "how long have you worked here?"

"Why, I just came to work here a couple of weeks ago," the waitress said.

Harry sighed. "Then you couldn't be the girl who took my order."

Betty U. Johnson

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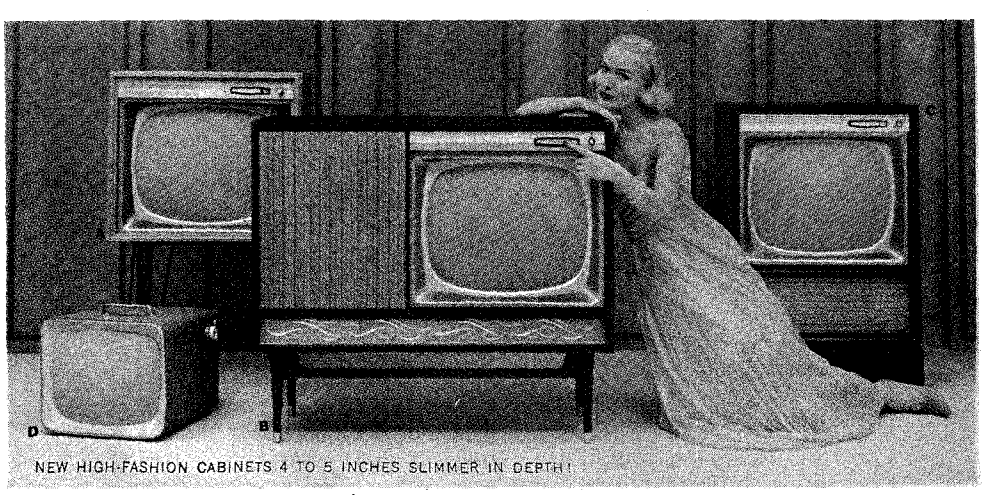

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(*Continued from Page 122*) do. Ernie's a nice, simple guy from Tennessee with a warm personality, a gift for rhythm and a versatile baritone voice."

"Do me a favor," I begged Ernie when I was having a sandwich with him in his office on North Vine, in Hollywood. "Tell me how to go about being relaxed. I try hard, but I can't seem to make it."

"I got a lot of it from my daddy," he said. "He's a fine, easygoing man. He taught me you don't have to be as restless as a worm in a bucket of hot ashes to go places. From his advice I've evolved the two-part Ernie Ford law. The first part is: Just because you're in the television industry, it doesn't mean you have to get tied up in knots and wake up the first thing in the morning and grab a copy of Variety to find out who did what last night and what his rating is. I've got too much to do handling my own show to worry about how the other fellows are doing. The second part of the Ford law is: When I'm not working, I'm not working. I'm not even thinking about it."

"You wouldn't be of much use to a psychiatrist," I said. "A lot of people who visit psychiatrists hate their fathers, and it's pretty clear that you like yours." I thought over what he'd told me for a moment. "Everything that's happened to you seems to have fallen into your lap," I said. "You couldn't have made it that easy."

"It has been hard work," he admitted, "but basically I'm lazy to the point where it was an effort for me to learn that I couldn't go hunting any time I wanted to. I've never been in a hurry. I'd rather work six years at six thousand a year than three years at twelve thousand a year. Twelve thousand makes a lot more splash, but those three years can go by real quick, and after they're over, the cow may be dry and the calf doing poorly."

Remembering that a song called Mule Train was the first record that had brought him national recognition, I asked, "How did Mule Train happen to you? Were you just standing on a corner, minding your business and humming under your breath when Mule Train just came up and shoved itself into your pocket?"

"You're pretty nearly right, at that," he said. "I was due to leave on a deer-hunting trip the next day, and I went down at eleven o'clock at night and did my recording so I could get away. Mule Train was popular, all right. It was recorded by twenty-one different companies."

"I suppose Vaughn Monroe made one of them," I said. "It sounds like him."

"Oh, yes, Vaughn made one," he said, "and Frankie Laine and Bing Crosby and Gene Autry; everybody all the way down the line had a crack at it. It's funny," he went on, "but there seems to be a preordained time for a song to hit. It can lay on a shelf for years, then all of a sudden it's hotter than a bucket of red ants. The words and music of Mule Train had been written by Johnny Lang, Hy Heath and Fred Glickman eight years before a recording of it was made.

"While twenty-one different records were made of twenty-one different singers singing Mule Train, so far as I know, I was the only one who'd ever driven a mule. When I was a youngster helping on the farm, we didn't have any fancy tractors or mechanized equipment. I remember one mule that pulled a five-foot cultivator, while I 'geed' at him to make him turn right and 'hawed' to make him turn left. I had the reins around my neck so I could hold onto the plow handle with both hands."

"What inspires people to lift songs like that down off the shelf and blow the dust from them?" I asked.

"When you do a show five days a week and one night a week, the way I was doing, you use up so much music every day that pretty soon you find yourself hustling for material. You do repeats and you do songs in the top twenty—that way you keep current—but if you do six songs a day five days a week, pretty soon you're scratching for stuff you can use as hard as a starving hen in a concrete barnyard.

"Still, it takes more than just desperate looking through old material to make a smash of an eight-year-old song. You can keep rummaging around until you find a song you like, but you can't predict whether it'll hit or not. Sometimes it's a new twist that boosts one of those songs up into the million sales class. Sixteen Tons was written eight years before I recorded it too. I'd sung Sixteen Tons years before, but it hadn't been any blockbuster, and Merle Travis, who'd written it, had put it in an album of his songs called Folk Songs of the Hills. Nothing happened then either. Then we decided to do some of Merle's things with modern instrumentation. When Merle did them, he'd used a straight guitar-music background. When we did them we used a flute, a bass clarinet, a trumpet, a clarinet, drums, a guitar, vibes and a piano. They gave it a real wonderful sound."

"But what gave Sixteen Tons its hammerlike rhythm?" I asked. "It sounded like a chain gang pounding on a hard-top road."

"It had a good solid beat to begin with," he told me. "In addition, I snapped my fingers all through it. Sometimes I set my own tempo during rehearsal by doing that. The orchestra leader asks me, 'What tempo do you want, Ernie?' I say, 'About like this,' and I begin to snap my third finger and thumb together. After I was through rehearsing that song, Lee Gillette, who was in charge of the recording session for Capitol Records, screamed through the telephone from the control room, 'Tell Ernie to leave that finger snapping in when you do the final waxing.'"

"It certainly added to that song," I said. "It gave an effect I hadn't heard before."

"They liked Sixteen Tons, all right, at Capitol, when I brought it over and suggested that they record it, but nobody threw a fit over it," Ernie said. "Nobody said, 'We're glad you brought this along because it's sure to sell a million copies in twenty-one days.' They didn't say that because anybody in his right mind knew that wouldn't happen. Yet that's exactly what did happen.

"As a result of that recording," he told me, "coal miners sent me big lumps of coal. Some of them were highly polished and decorated, and some were rough and shed coal dust all over. I was even given little coal cuff links. I don't know whether they still have company stores any more" (he pronounced the last three words "sto's any mo'"), "but I do know that three and a half million copies of Sixteen Tons have been sold."

"How does that compare with other all-time best sellers?" I asked.

"It puts Sixteen Tons up in there," he said. "Of course, there are records that have sold more over a period of years, like Bing Crosby's White Christmas and Kate Smith's Easter Parade, but Sixteen Tons was the fastest seller in record history. Its foreign sales have been mighty sweet too."

I wondered if the foreign sales for Sixteen Tons had been good because it sounded so typically American to those who live in other countries. "I wouldn't know about that," he said. "I played the Palladium in London, but I don't understand the British point of view and I'm

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sure they don't understand mine. That London press is a dandy."

"What do you mean a dandy?" I asked.

"It's understood that you have a press conference before you open at the Palladium, and since about thirty writers accepted invitations to mine, I decided to hold it out-of-doors and serve hot dogs, beer and soda pop. I was surrounded by reporters wearing high collars and bowler hats and carrying umbrellas and holding hot dogs and trying to write at the same time. They asked some real pointed questions, such as: 'How much do you make every year in the U. S.? How much are you making over here? What is your income tax?' Then, after they were through with their financial probing, they got into the personal bit. One bowler wearer asked: 'What do you do in Ameddica?' Groping for an answer, I said, 'Well, I eat and sometimes I go hunting.'

"'Oh, so you ride to the hounds?' that reporter asked.

"Imagining myself jumping somebody's fence back in Tennessee in a pink coat, when my idea of hunting includes an old mule, an old Long Tom shotgun, a pair of bib overalls, and a few squirrels cutting hickory nuts and spitting them out in the treetops, broke me up. But if I had tried to explain my notion of 'hunting,' I'd have been there a couple of weeks, so I said, 'Well, no, not exactly,' and let it go at that.

"In the stories they wrote after that mass press interview, they called me 'as American as a hot dog and as homely as a fireplace.' Apparently over there 'homely' means cozy, warm and friendly. Only nobody bothered to tell me that. I just thought 'homely' was a nice way of calling me ugly."

"About that record I'll Never be Free, you made with Kay Starr," I asked. "I must be real stupid, but I don't know who Kay Starr is. Tell me about her."

"She's only one of the biggest girl singers in the pop field," he told me. "Anyhow, I found this song I'll Never be Free, and it worked out so good as a duet it started me branching out into a wider field. I'd made lots of friends in the country field, I'd sold lots of records, my personal appearance tours weren't flops. So

... ...

Newlyweds

They're still devoted and
adoring,
But sure enough of married
life
To start out cautiously
exploring
The old sweet mystery of
strife.

By Richard F. Armknecht

... ...

I could have just sat back as contented as a swarm of June bugs in a barrel of mash. But I wanted to be more of an all-around entertainer than I could be if I stuck to country singing."

"How did I'll Never be Free differ from what you had been doing?" I asked.

"It was a pop-song beat instead of country music," he said.

"What's the difference between pop and country?" I asked.

"The difference is not so much in the beat," he said, "it's in the sound. You can get the same kind of beat with two steel guitars and a bass fiddle that you get with a rhythm and blues combo, but it doesn't sound the same. Country music has kind of a twang to it."

I said, "Oh." I tried to make the word sound bright and knowing, as if I understood fully. Then I changed the subject. "What do you do with yourself when you're not working?" I asked.

"I try to see something of our kids," he told me. "My wife, Betty, and I and our two boys try to do things together as a family. It's our hope that our children will remember them when they grow up. Chances are they won't, but that's what we have in mind. Anyway, last Saturday the four of us drove up into the hills out of Palmdale, up to Big Rock Creek in the country back of Angelus Crest. We got out there and ambled around and hunted lizards and took pictures and threw rocks at the creek."

"We called it rock skipping down in Albemarle County, Virginia, where I come from," I said. "My rock-skipping record on Moore's Creek was five consecutive skips before the rock flopped and sank."

"Our oldest son is seven and he can already skip one halfway across a creek," Ernie said proudly. "I told him, 'When you can skip one three times, you can consider yourself a big boy.' Guess what he said; he told me, 'This ol' creek ain't wide enough.'"

"What's his name?" I asked.

"Jeffrey Buckner," he said. "We call him Buck."

The way he pronounced it, it seemed to have two syllables. I thought, *Anybody who can make two syllables out of "Buck" is certainly no New Englander.*

"You're famous for calling everybody pea pickers," I said. "Where did you get that expression and what does it mean?"

"I just thought it would be something to call people," Ernie told me. "I figured they'd want to be called something. I don't know what it means; I just pulled it out of thin air."

"You're also famous for your country-style sayings," I told him. "Take what you said on the air one night about a girl singer: 'When that gal gets through singing, it'll be too wet to plow.' What did that mean?"

"It was just a little old saying," he told me. "I meant she'd done the best she could with that song. It's an expression you use when somebody does something well, and you say, 'If you ever find anybody who does it better than him, it'll be too wet to plow.' I've got a lot of things like that in my head, but when I first began to use them I didn't think anybody would care what they meant.

"The expressions you're talking about are just naturally a part of my conversation," he said. "That's the way we talked back where I come from. I've never written one of those country sayings into a script. I wait until I'm on the air, and if I need one bad enough and it fits naturally, my memory gets as active as a new rooster in a henhouse and out comes a phrase I can use. But the situation has to call for them or they're flat and they don't mean a thing. If I try to think up one on command, it's bad enough to clabber the milk."

I asked him if he ever made up any of them.

"I just remember them," he told me. "I got them from my grandparents, my daddy and momma, my relatives and friends. I remember them saying, 'I was as nervous as a long-tailed cat in a room full of rocking chairs,' but they weren't all comparisons. I remember grandfather saying, 'All marriages are happy; it's the living together afterward that causes the trouble.' And I remember him saying, 'There's no such thing as kissing a girl unexpectedly. The closest you can come

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to it is to kiss her sooner than she thought you would.'

"I had Greer Garson for a guest star for a show at the beginning of a season. She's a gracious lady and an actress in the grand tradition. I don't know what got into me, but after the show, when I had my good-by session with the audience, I found myself saying, 'Well, it looks like we've hung our first ham in the smokehouse.' Fortunately, by that time we were off the air."

It was becoming more and more obvious that I was falling into his way of saying things. "I guess you've noticed the way I talk," I said. "I come from Charlottesville, Virginia."

"I figured Virginia," he said. He grinned. "You've still got that 'hoose' for 'house' and 'oot' for 'out.' I was twenty years old before I found out everybody don't talk the way I talk. But I know what you mean. Every time I start to talk to somebody who comes from my part of the country, but who's spent a lot of time up North, they slide right back into grits-and-hominy conversation. After all, your home town and mine aren't far apart. There can't be more than two hundred and fifty miles between Bristol, Tennessee, and Charlottesville."

"I understand your folks were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South," I said. "My mother and father were Methodists too. I'll bet I had more Methodism drummed into me when I was a boy than you had."

"My mother's mother was a Hard-shell Baptist," he told me. "But aside from that, my family are all Methodists. Momma's momma, Grandma Long, is eighty-four, but she's a catbird. When I was on This Is Your Life some of the folks from Ralph Edwards' office went back to Bristol and told her, 'Grandma, we want to take you out to California in an airplane to see Ernie.'

"'No, you're not,' she said. 'I'm only going up into the sky once, and this ain't the time.' However, in the end, they talked her into it, although she'd never been farther off the ground before than upstairs. She kept warning them, 'You're going to have to blindfold me and back me onto that plane,' but she made it."

"I went to the First Methodist Church Sunday school and I attended Epworth League," I said. "My father was Sunday-school superintendent and chairman of the board of stewards; I studied the Shorter Catechism and I was a member of the Rosebud Missionary Society."

"You got me licked on being a Rosebud," he said. "But we had an Amen Corner in our church where old gentlemen in white beards sat and said, 'Amen, brother,' when they thought the preacher gave Satan's tail an extra twist. And when I started growing up I sang in our Methodist church choir. I'll bet you didn't do that."

I admitted I hadn't.

"That evens us up for my not being a Rosebud," he said. "I guess you were raised on chicken gravy and hot biscuits, the way I was."

I nodded. "And snap beans cooked with fatback," I said.

"My wife cooks it that way," he said. "But if you mention it in your piece, you'd better tell people snap beans are just green beans. Back home, momma took green beans and put them in a pot with a chunk of fatback and cooked them all day. When I first saw them cooking beans out here in California, they looked raw to me. I thought they was fixing something for a sick cow. I've found out since that if you want to retain the nutritional value, you cook them only thirty minutes. The way momma did it cooked the beans to death, but it sure did make them taste good.

"I have a 'weight problem,'" he said, "which is what the women's magazines call it if you love to guzzle food. I've lost fifteen pounds in the last six months, and I'm down now to about where the man says I ought to be, but I still wouldn't say I was in good shape. To be real honest about it, I look like a sackful of doorknobs.

"I used to do outside work and lose some of my lard, but now I work inside and keep it. And speaking of gravy, my favorite is red-eye ham gravy. You fry a few slices of country ham; then you take them out of your skillet, leaving some of the ham fat in it. Then you stir in two tablespoons of coffee and a little bit of water and you've got red-eye. It's called that because it looks red and it's salty and peppery because those two spices are already in the ham. There's nothing better for sopping biscuits and light bread or corncakes. We Fords were pretty sloppy soppers."

He said, "My wife's people live in San Bernardino. Her mother can really cook too. The last time I was there I had to eat kind of picky because I was on a diet, but I could watch, and my eyeballs must have gained ten pounds.

"But speaking of eating," he said, "we had a lot of fun when I was a boy, even if we didn't have much money. We held family get-togethers Thanksgiving or Christmas or the Fourth of July or on any other time anybody could think of; and our house was so crowded its sides bugged out like the eyes of a stomped-on toad. Momma would have twenty kinfolks in for dinner and it wouldn't make her draw a short breath. I've got more kin than a bresh rabbit. And speaking of rab-

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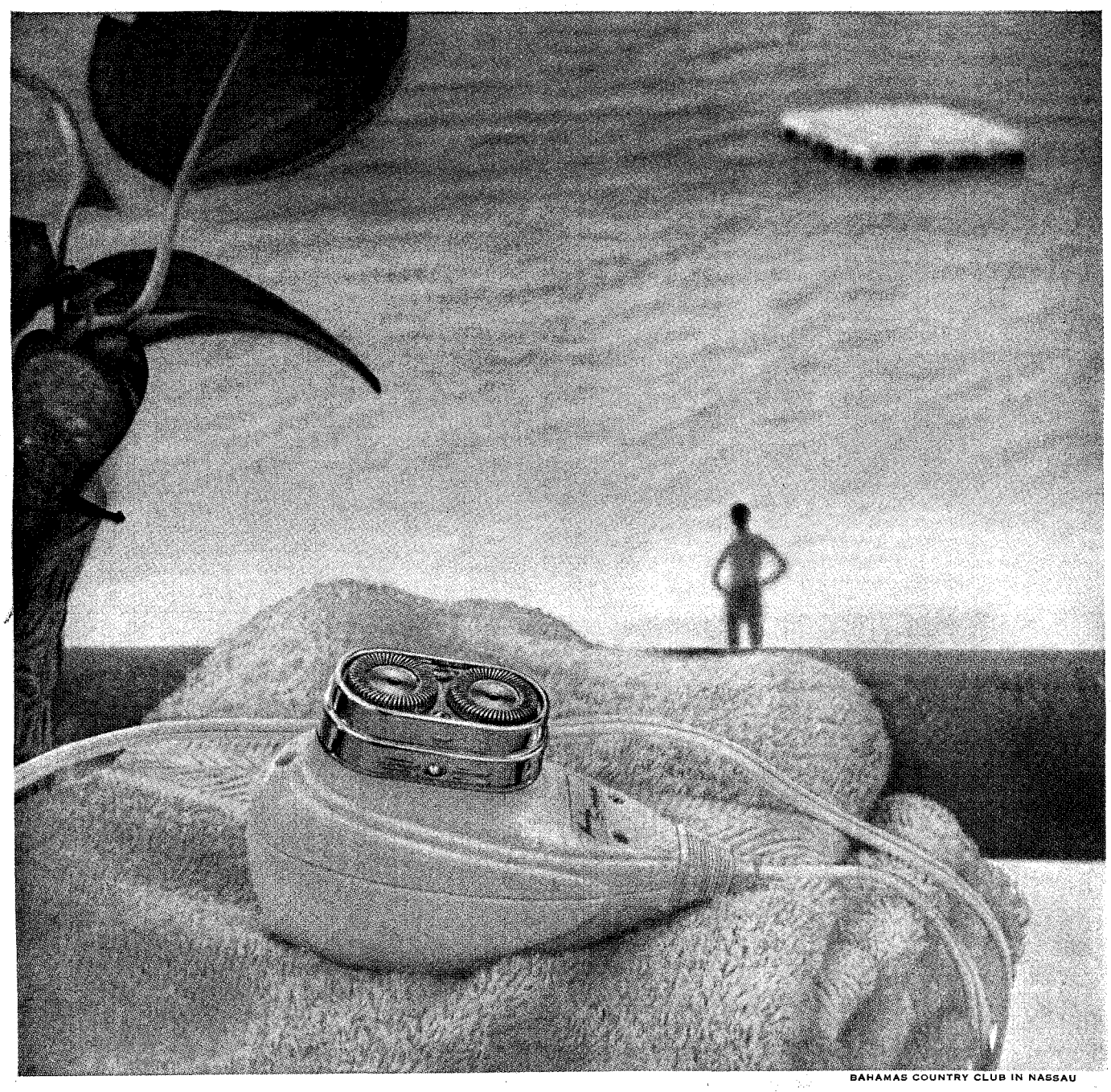

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bits, the men would go rabbit hunting on Thanksgiving while the women stayed at home cooking a smoking-hot meal for us.

"When all my uncles, aunts and cousins on momma's and daddy's sides got together, and brought something, you could hardly see over the table when they got through piling it up. We always had turkey, chicken and country ham, we never had less than three kinds of beans, and everything was homemade, including the cranberry sauce, the jams, the jellies and the ice cream."

"I hate to change this fascinating subject, for I've been strangely moved by your eloquence," I said, "but I'm curious to know why you gave up your daily daytime show and concentrated on one evening show a week."

"All those shows had me so tuckered, I felt I'd been ridden hard and put away wet," he said. "To start rehearsing each morning, I had to get up so early I was lucky if I had a peek at my family at breakfast. I'd get through in time to have a short lunch, then I'd start rehearsing for my night show. I put in a ten- or twelve-hour day and I got home after dark. That's no way to live. You oughtn't even to call it living. I asked myself, *What are you knocking yourself out for? You've never seen a coffin with a pocket in it.* So I decided to cut my life out and sew it back together again so I could be with my family more.

Being able to hold on to money doesn't always mean that a man is stingy. It may mean that he is single.

HOMER PHILLIPS

"That evening show for Ford autos happened mighty fast," he said. "For a while it was just in the conversational stage. A number of prospective sponsors said they were interested, but nobody came up with a time slot. Nobody even had a night picked out. Then, in the summer of '56, a representative of the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency walked in and said: 'We want Ernie Ford for nighttime television on Thursday nights at nine-thirty, and here are the papers. Sign here.' That stuck a cob in my life and stoppered it. It's a good thing my Saturdays and Sundays were free. I think I'd have dropped, gasped and spit out the bit, like a played-out old horse, if I'd had to work over weekends too.

"But now that I'm concentrating on our nighttime show, I think we're getting it off the ground. It's a lot better than it was when it started. You know how it is; you always put down a bigger milk pail than the cow can give."

I asked if giving up his daytime show had cut into his income seriously. "When you get up there where they let you keep only a little bitty piece of every dollar you make, that's not so important," he said. "Everybody works so many days, weeks or months a year for the Government, but after you reach a certain point you're just digging a hole and filling it up."

"You seem to have a strong dash of the philosopher in you," I said. "I hear that your manager, Cliffie Stone, calls you a pea-picking Plato. Maybe that's what helps you stay relaxed and easygoing."

"I don't carry being relaxed and easygoing to a point where I pay no mind to the future," he went on. "I'm not planning to drive this hardmouthed job I'm driving all my life. Someday I want to ease up and do the things I want to do instead of doing the things I have to do. I appreciate the acceptance I've had on radio and TV and that my records have had, and it makes me humble, but I look forward a lot more to taking my kids deer hunting than I do to the possibility of someday winning an Emmy."

"Not everybody has got it made soon enough to spend a few years enjoying themselves," I said.

"That," he admitted, "is a problem which I hope to have overcome before my kids grow up. I want to see a lot of them before we push them out of the nest. I don't mean I believe in buying luxuries for children. I don't think that's a kindness. I want my kids to have comforts, not luxuries. I'll help them when they grow up, if they want to go to college. A college education can't hurt them as long as they are willing to learn something afterward, but I don't plan to stand there and say, 'Here's ten grand, kids. Pick yourself out a university, buy a foreign sports car and light out down the road wide open.' That won't help them. That's no favor.

"It's my opinion that it's not a bad idea to let your kids know where their lunch money comes from. It can't hurt them to know that somebody had to sweat for it and nobody yet has found a tree on which it grows. If you eat the finest bread in the world and you don't care a hoot whose hands held the plow, you're not thinking straight.

"The trouble with most kids today is they don't have anything to do. As a result, they're bored and they ask their mothers, 'What'll I do next, mom?' I know it can't be the way it was when I was growing up, and it's too bad it can't. When I was a kid, helping out on grandfather's farm, I milked the cows, I carried water, I cut the wood for the kitchen stove, I got in cobs and put them under the stove so they'd be dry the next morning and we could use them for kindling, and I split fat wood for kindling too. Fat wood is pine wood loaded with pitch. It burns like a slew of blowtorches.

"I've gone into a cornfield and picked corn and shucked it and brought it in and shelled it," Ernie said, "and I've put it in a sack and loaded it on a mule. I've gotten on a mule and I've ridden it to the mill and had that corn ground and brought it home, and that night we had cornbread for supper made of our own meal."

"You mention your grandfather's farm," I said. "Then your father wasn't a farmer?"

"No, he worked in the Bristol post office," Ernie told me. "He's just retired. He worked there thirty-seven years. He's sixty-four now. However, I worked on somebody's farm every year until I was in my late teens. I took my pay home. Helping daddy and momma was simply a part of living. It's different now, and if you're a kid whose daddy is in the limelight, it's even tougher to be regular and normal."

"Do the kids in school know your kids are Tennessee Ernie Ford's sons?" I asked.

"I'm sorry to say that they do," he said. "And it doesn't do my boys any good, but Betty and I do our best to try to help them keep a sense of proportion. We make them clean up their rooms and sweep their floors. They must think I'm pretty hard-nosed, and I probably am, but I don't want them to take things for granted. It's nice if your children respect you and respect what you're doing, but being a star on TV or radio doesn't necessarily make you a star at home."

"You've given such a lot of thought to family life," I said, "I wonder if you've *any recipe for keeping a marriage* on the rails when one or both parties to it are in show business. The general notion seems to be that a man in the entertainment field has a harder time staying out of a divorce court than a man who earns his living in another way."

"Being in show business has nothing to do with it," he told me. "They have divorces on farms back in Tennessee. What hurts is when you put other things ahead of keeping your family together. That'll really mildew the sheets. If what you are doing is breaking up your family, you and your wife had better talk things over. If you've been married for any length of time, you ought to be adult enough to do that, especially if children are involved. If a wife says, 'I can't stand the business you're in because it means that I never see anything of you,' the husband ought to say, 'I don't know how to do anything else, honey, but I'll learn something else if it will keep us together.'"

"How long have you been married?" I asked.

"Fifteen years, going on sixteen," he said.

"Looks like you're going to make it," I told him.

"I hope so," he agreed. "I'd sure hate to break in another." THE END

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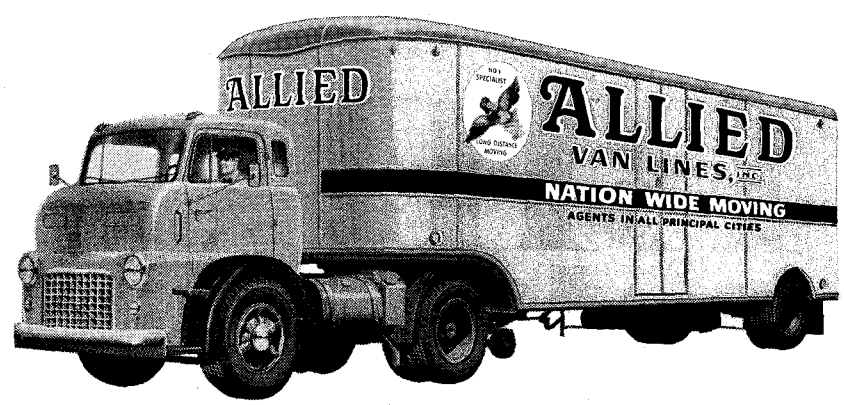

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Mr. Justice From Jersey

(Continued from Page 25)

Brennan is generously endowed in other ways too. He is never plagued by that crippler of personal enterprise known as self-doubt. His physical vitality is high, his mind swift and absorptive, his memory retentive and his nervous system unusually steady. The only time his nerves let him down is on the golf course. He is strong on the drive and the intermediate shot, but when on or near the green he tightens up. After taking many lessons aimed at eliminating his fatal tensions, he saw no improvement and resigned himself to an average score of 100, plus open air and companionable foursome partners.

He has a prodigious capacity for sustained work and a brand of self-discipline that is awesome. His face is that of a combative cherub, and the cherubic effect is heightened by a frame of only five feet, eight and a half inches onto which Nature has compacted 167 pounds.

Brennan has never run for an elective job and, as he has reached the pinnacle of a lawyer's dreams solely by executive appointment, it is a safe bet that he never will. Without any detectible effort or exercise of influence, Brennan has somehow managed to attract the favor of governmental executives. It is a potent magic he works on them, for, although he has never been active in party politics, he is an unabashed Democrat and all his appointments have come from officeholders of the opposite political faith.

The first two came from Republican Gov. Alfred E. Driscoll, of New Jersey. In 1949 Driscoll persuaded Brennan to accept a Superior Court judgeship and, in 1952, made him an associate justice of the New Jersey Supreme Court. Late last year President Eisenhower, another well-known Republican, elevated Brennan to the nation's highest court to fill a vacancy left by the resignation of Associate Justice Sherman Minton.

Strangely, the only substantial objection to Brennan's appointment was raised by a fellow Roman Catholic, the late Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy, of Wisconsin, who complained that Brennan had shown "supreme unfitness" for a Supreme Court post. What McCarthy had in mind, it developed, was two speeches which Brennan had made while still a New Jersey justice.

One was an anti-Communist address given on St. Patrick's day, 1954, before the Charitable Irish Society, of Boston, in the course of which he said: "The enemy (Communism) deludes himself if he thinks he detects in some practices in the contemporary scene reminiscent of the Salem witch hunts, any signs that our courage has failed us and that fear has palsied our hard-won concept of justice and fair play."

The other, a defense of the Fifth Amendment, was given in 1955 before a gathering of Rotarians at Red Bank, New Jersey, not far from Fort Monmouth, which was still smarting from a Red hunt directed by McCarthy. In this one Brennan had remarked: "A system of inquisition on mere suspicion or gossip without independent proofs tending to show guilt is innately abhorrent to us." And he had attacked as "barbarism" the "distorted version of the happenings at secret hearings released to the press, the shouted epithet at the hapless and helpless witness."

The only result of McCarthy's maneuver was to rescue the disputed addresses from obscurity and to spread them in the pages of the Congressional Record for everyone to see. The Senate confirmed Brennan's nomination by a voice vote, unanimously given, except for a loud "No!" from Senator McCarthy.

When, on October 16, 1956, Brennan—wearing the black robe he had worn on the New Jersey Supreme Court—took his place on the Supreme Court bench, the Court's 167th session had been under way for two weeks. Partly because of an unusually heavy calendar, it was to last for ten months instead of the usual nine. And because of the extreme touchiness of some of the cases—chiefly in the fields of subversion, civil liberties, law enforcement and the antitrust statutes—it was to be one of the stormiest in the court's modern history. When it was all over, its main decisions were likened by liberal commentators to a fresh breeze of freedom sweeping across the land. The conservatives wondered whether it wasn't just a strong whiff of potassium cyanide.

To the hard-pressed Court, Associate Justice Brennan brought judicial experience, a kind of youthful buoyancy and a strong back which enabled him to assume more of the work load than is normally allotted to a neophyte. He also brought a viewpoint which, in cases involving the Bill of Rights, usually aligned him with the liberal wing of the Court, the veterans of which are Justices William O. Douglas and Hugo L. Black. During the session, Chief Justice Warren also showed an increasing tendency to vote with the liberal wing.

As the months passed and the session rolled on and on, it became steadily evident that the spirit of sweet agreement, laboriously instilled by the Chief Justice in preceding sessions, had started to sour. Decisions in a number of its more important cases, on which arguments had been heard as far back as October, were still bottled up in late May—an almost sure sign of trouble in the conference room. This kind of situation whets the interest of Washingtonians, and on June third they filled the courtroom early, and a long waiting line grew up in the corridor.

Promptly at twelve o'clock, with the Chief Justice leading the way, the justices emerged from the portieres back of the bench and took their accustomed seats. The high drama that was to mark the day smoldered for an hour while scores of lawyers, singly or in small groups, were introduced by their sponsors, welcomed briefly by the Chief Justice and sworn into the privilege of practicing in the palatial marble chamber.

When these formalities were over, Justice Charles E. Whittaker, an even newer member of the Court than Brennan, began reading the majority opinion in one of the minor cases on the calendar. Whittaker, a spare, gaunt Kansan of fifty-six, is not a rousing speaker. His voice came through thin and strained. Within easy reach of each justice is a microphone which connects with a public-address system, but Whittaker neglected to snap his on. In this he was following a good precedent. Few of the justices ever bother to use their microphones, which is a pity, because except for Brennan, who is equipped with powerful lungs, their voices range from the intimately conversational down to the all but inaudible.

While Whittaker droned bravely on, emphasizing his most telling phrases by shaking a professional finger at the public in the pews and the lawyers in the well, almost everyone else present was indulging in the fascinating sport of studying the faces and demeanor of the other justices. Chief Justice Warren, who normally wears an expression of warm geniality, as befits a peacemaker, was

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lost in pensiveness much of the time, thus adding support to conjectures about disharmony among the brethren which had been floating about the capital.

Big and wide of physique, Warren dwarfed Black, who is seventy-one and sits at the Chief Justice's right, and Felix Frankfurter, at seventy-four, the oldest man on the Court, who, glumly bundled in his robe, sits at his left. The joint impression was that of a mother hen stretching her wings to protect her chicks. Douglas, fifty-eight, a restless man with short but erratic hair, repeatedly ran a hand quickly over his face, pulling his nose sideways. Justice Tom Clark, fifty-eight, his solemn, tanned face topped by graying black hair, had the impassive dignity of a retired Indian.

John M. Harlan, fifty-eight and the handsomest of the justices, looked like a patrician patiently enduring a proletarian rite and wondering if the steward of his club hadn't been tapping his private stock of perfectly aged Camembert lately. Justice Harold H. Burton, sixty-nine and sternly crisp, resembled a judge with a corrosively worded dissenting opinion up his sleeve—which indeed he had, not for the majority opinion being read by Whittaker, but in the case which was next on the program. Justice Brennan sat back comfortably, looking fixedly over the heads of the spectators at an elevation where the choir loft would be if the courtroom were a church.

When Justice Whittaker had finished his stint and was reaching for a glass of water, Justice Brennan picked up the reading chore. It was now about 1:30 o'clock and people were getting tired and hungry. They perked up noticeably when Brennan identified the case at hand as that of "United States of America, Appellant, v. E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company et al."

Brennan gave all he had to his chore. Without benefit of microphone, he opened like a trumpeter and closed like one. When he was through trumpeting, one of the sturdiest walls in American industry had been breached. The case was an antitrust action based upon du Pont's ownership of 23 per cent of the stock of the General Motors Corporation. Filed originally in the United States District Court in Chicago, it was tried before Judge Walter LaBuy. The trial lasted seven months and it took Judge LaBuy another year and a half to wade through 7500 pages of testimony and write his decision, in which he held that no violation of the antitrust laws had been shown. This monumental decision was toppled over in the twenty minutes it took Justice Brennan to read the majority opinion of the Supreme Court, which he had written. Joining him in reversing Judge LaBuy were the Chief Justice and Justices Black and Douglas. With Justices Frankfurter and Burton dissenting, it was a bobtailed verdict of four to two. The three nonvoting justices were Clark, during whose tenure as Attorney General the suit had been instigated; Harlan, who as a lawyer had represented du Pont; and Whittaker, who had come to the Court after the arguments had been heard.

The Court's decision sent the case back to the unhappy Judge LaBuy for, in the words of Brennan's peroration, "a determination, after further reading, of the equitable relief necessary and appropriate in the public interest." No very specific guidance was given. In an era characterized by an unusual spate of big mergers and intercorporation stock relationships, the du Pont decision caused consternation in business and industry. About all that could be done was to mark time until District Judge LaBuy reoriented himself and figured out the puzzle anew. It looked as if a tough winter lay ahead for LaBuy.

Before the day was over, another majority opinion, with Brennan again on

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Manhattan Castaway (Continued from Page 28)

very careful with those little plants, and careful with everything else too. She was a big, stout woman, always in the black dress and the white apron, but there was nothing flabby about her. When she was talking to mamma she used a slow, sweetly polite voice that said what she wanted it to say, but perhaps not what she thought, Cathy Ann decided, and not what she meant either.

It was a funny kind of a night. Mamma's headache must have got worse, because she came to bed early, right after Cathy Ann. She didn't undress, though, and perhaps she thought that Cathy Ann was asleep by that time. She stood in the dark for a long while, over by the doorway in their bedroom, and then she whispered things to herself—very queer things. About some letter of hers, and why Mr. Kennedy hadn't mailed it to Aunt Lucy; and about the fat woman. "Is it even his sister?" mamma whispered tragically, all kind of upset and excited-looking with both hands up to her mouth, and the

"Is it even his sister?" mamma whispered tragically, all kind of upset and excited-looking.

street light shining in against her through one of the windows. "Dear Lord above! I don't know—but I couldn't stay in that room with her for another minute. And to bring the child with me to this place! To be so silly as to —— Oh, Lucy, Lucy! Why didn't I have the sense to listen to you?"

Then she woke up Cathy Ann afterward, very late, when Mr. Kennedy was snoring away somewhere. Cathy Ann got herself dressed, and mamma opened the hall door and listened at it; then she nodded to Cathy Ann, putting a finger across her lips, and picked up their two suitcases and tiptoed down into the front hall very carefully.

It was all awfully exciting—like a good play on the television. The houses were all dark outside, and the streets were all like Mr. Kennedy's street right over again—the alleys between the houses, the brick fronts, the two windows on the first floor and the three on the second. Then it began to rain. They went down dirty steps, but not like a house or anything, and a train came on out of a long tunnel, and there were straw seats inside with a few tired-looking people sitting on them. The train stopped every so often, and people got off and other people got on. Once they were way up in the air, with water underneath them, and beautiful lights far away, and big buildings, but it was still dark everywhere else, and still raining.

Then they came to the Manhattan Central railroad station. There was a room in there like a—well, like a hall, with long benches. Mamma sat down in there and began sniffling; and Cathy Ann pushed up against her, and pushed again, insistently, because she didn't want all these strange people to look at mamma, and maybe to start laughing about her. But there was a nice, kind old lady right on the bench with them.

"Oh, goodness!" the old lady said, looking at Cathy Ann first, then at mamma. "Now what's the trouble, my dear? Couldn't I help in some way?"

So she and mamma talked for a long time about some horrible people that mamma knew, and the old lady must have been sorry for mamma, and not thought that she was silly and flighty, the way that Aunt Lucy always said she was.

"Now I'd march right out and get that hotel room," the old lady announced

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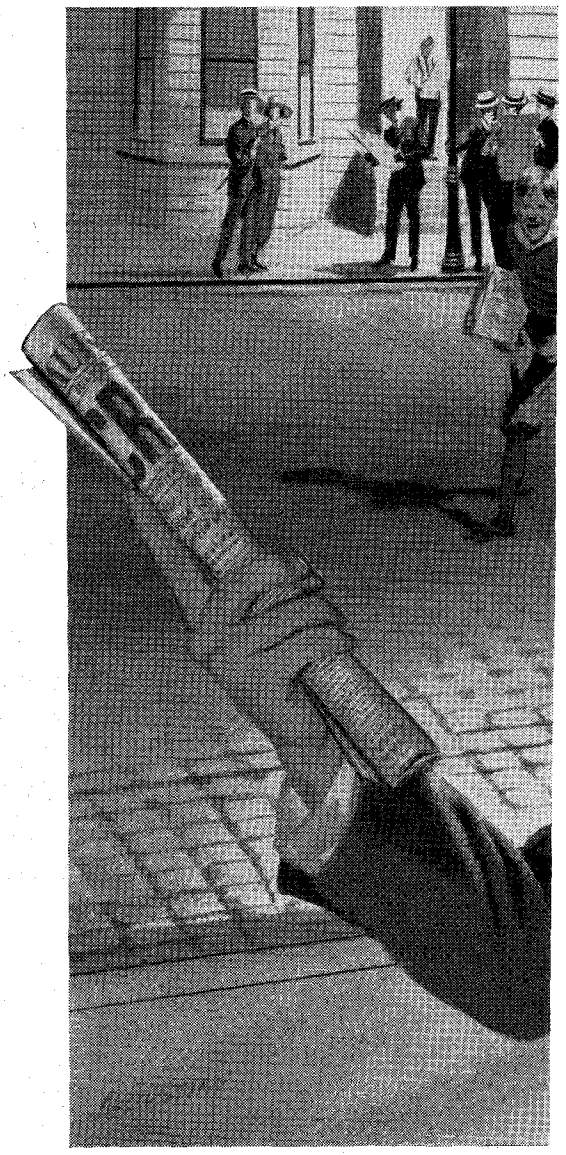


THE headlines were all of battles in France, but for him, the real news was in the rolled-up paper itself. And a good thing, too — for what he saw was destined to turn a primitive steel-splicing method into the world's most useful metalworking technique.

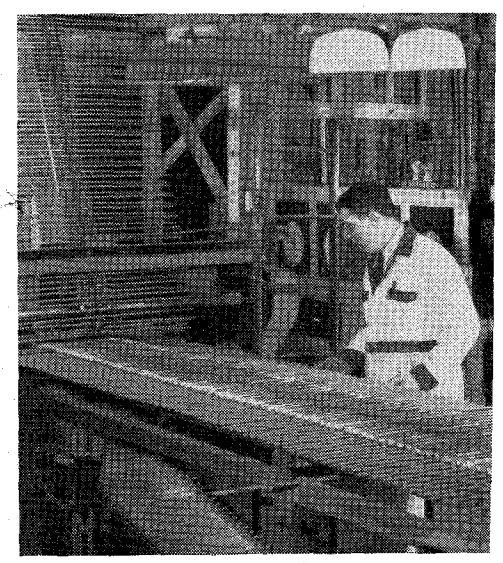
Bright and eager — with the restless, inquiring mind of a born scientist — the young man couldn't stop thinking about the project he was on at A. O. Smith. A research team had been assigned to find a substitute for imported asbestos-covered electrodes, made virtually unobtainable by enemy U-boats, desperately needed for welding aerial bombs. Problem was to develop a cover with a burning rate that could be controlled to make welds pliable yet tough.

THE search was frustrating — brittle welds, weak welds — until the night he suddenly saw the answer in that rolled-up newspaper. Why not paper-wrapped electrodes? Control the burning rate by treating the paper with sodium silicate which was being used to fireproof things as flimsy as theater curtains.

Sounds almost too simple — but it worked. Electrodes with arc-shielding wrappers of fireproofed paper produced welds that withstood shock and pressure . . . that possessed ductility far beyond anything known before . . . at a cost that would make production welding truly practical.

It was the beginning of a new industry in which A. O. Smith would continue to pace progress. All because of a young researcher . . . working for people who would *listen* (and who've never stopped listening) to good ideas.

How we work steel



Wrapped electrodes were just the start. A Smith researchers soon perfected extru coating electrodes — to make arc welding most widely used production techni Today, A. O. Smith manufactures more t 70 different types, preferred for perform by fabricators everywhere.

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firmly. "And I'd have a good night's rest for myself—me and the child. It'd be just too cruel to keep her sitting around like this until your train leaves at nine-thirty tomorrow morning. Why, I wouldn't even think of it! Look at her! She's falling asleep right now!"

"I don't know," mamma said. She blew her nose drearily. "I'm so upset that I can't seem to —— But I suppose I could see if they had a room for us at this hour. That's the sensible thing."

"Oh, it is," the old lady said. "Believe me. Leave the child with me, and those two heavy suitcases. I'd be only too glad to watch them for you."

So then the old lady gave Cathy Ann a candy bar, and talked to her, and buttoned up her new coat with the silver buttons. Pretty soon an old man came along and kissed the old lady on the cheek and said something about not having received her telegram until an hour ago.

"Oh, that's all right," the old lady said. "Our Cathy Ann here kept me company. . . . Didn't you, Cathy Ann? Well, you wait right there now, like a good girl. Your mother just has to be back again any minute. I declare to goodness, I don't know what's keeping her so long."

Then she went away with the old man, and it got pretty lonesome in that place. The hands on the big clock over the entrance moved around slowly and mysteriously, as if they meant something; only they never seemed to move while Cathy Ann was watching them, she had to look away for a while, and then back. Then a big man with broad shoulders and a kind of rough-looking face stopped under them. He noticed Cathy Ann. While he was watching her, a policeman came over to him, and the man said something, and the policeman also looked around at Cathy Ann. Then the policeman shook his head.

The first man made some kind of sour, twisted-up face at the policeman, just as if he wasn't afraid of him—or even, if anybody could imagine it, that the policeman might be afraid of the big man in the worn tweed coat and the rumpled-looking brown hat. The policeman followed him a couple of steps, as if he was trying to explain something, but the man waved at him, shutting him off in that manner, and came over to Cathy Ann's place and stopped before her.

"Little girl," he said—not quite "goil," but almost—"what are you doing in here at this time of night all by yourself? Who are you waiting for?"

... ...

Animated Leaves

By Margaret Grahame Collins

When autumn whips the
varying winds
With whimsical and
sudden drive,
The dead leaves take
surprising forms
And seem to come alive.

They sail the sky like
tawny birds,
Swirl madly in the
wine-crisp air,
Alight and teeter on the
fence—
Small, frowzy revelers
there!

In quail-like coveys they
escape
With startled flurries up the
street,
Or come with little
frightened rush
To nestle at my feet.

... ...

Cathy Ann looked down primly at her blue socks and low-heeled black shoes, and arranged her skirt over her knees, the way mamma did sometimes.

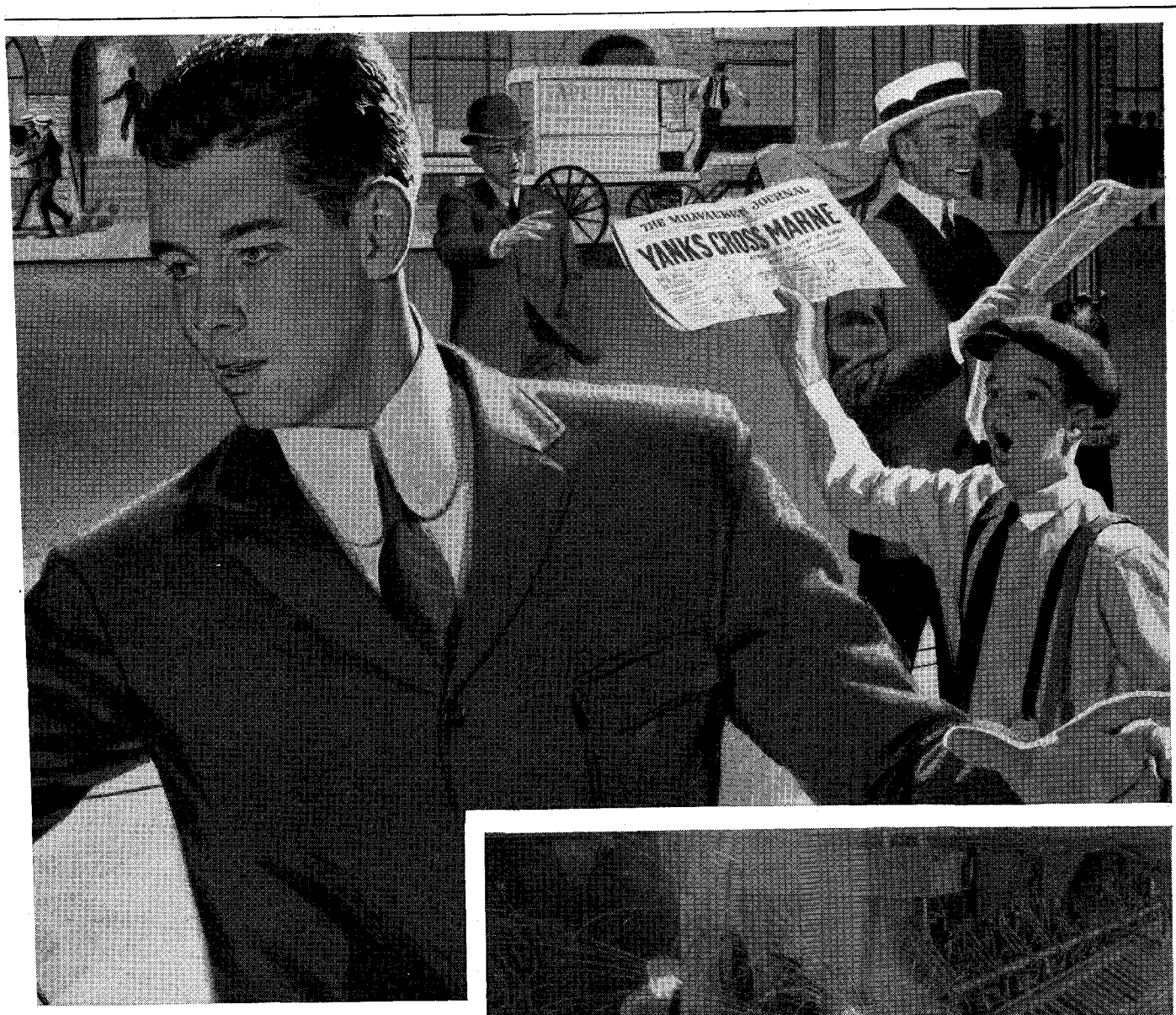
"I'm waiting for my mother," she said. "She's coming right back. She told me to wait."

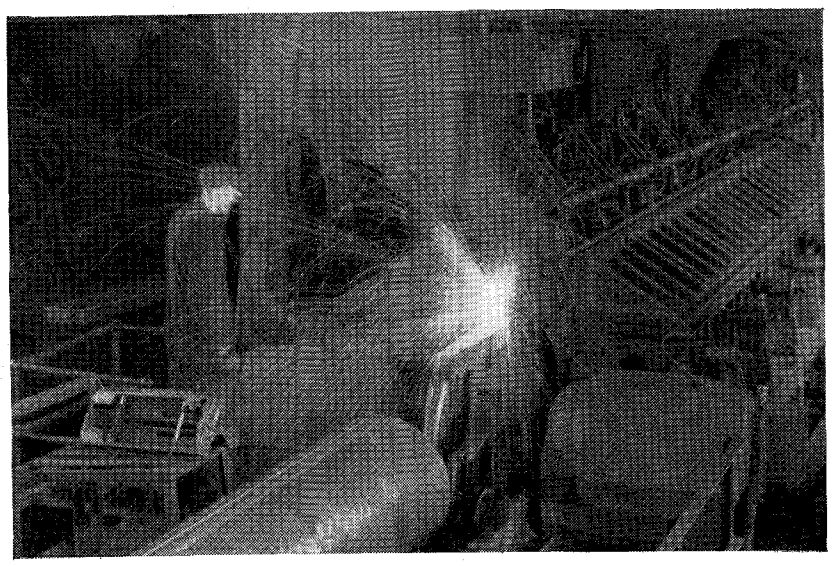
"Did she?" the man said. "That right? Oh." He considered her again; he had very white teeth, a ruddy complexion and small, sharp-looking gray eyes. "O.K.," he said; he seemed like a nice, cheerful man. He winked at her. "I'll have the rockhead over there keep an eye on you. And you watch him, too, hah? I think maybe you got better sense."

He went away somewhere, whistling to himself and slapping a newspaper against his leg. Then it became an awfully long time waiting for mamma. Cathy Ann dozed for a while, and roused guiltily, and saw a young woman in a pretty red hat with some kind of flowers on it sitting opposite on the other bench and reading a magazine. When she noticed that Cathy Ann was awake, the young woman smiled over in a crisp, friendly way.

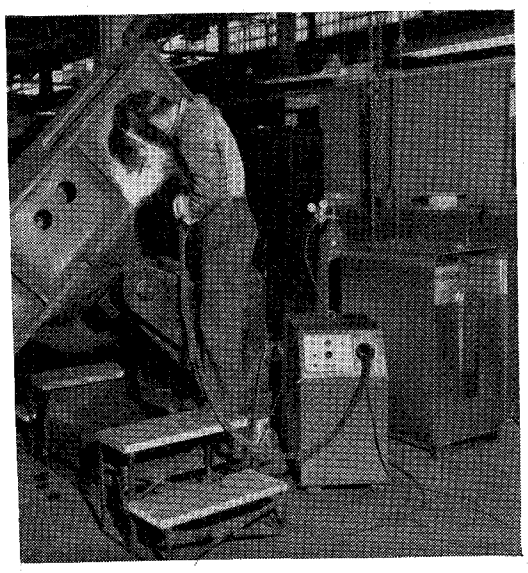
"Hello, there," she said. "We're up pretty late tonight, aren't we?"

Then the big man in the tweed coat appeared again (*Continued on Page 145*)





ake steel work for you



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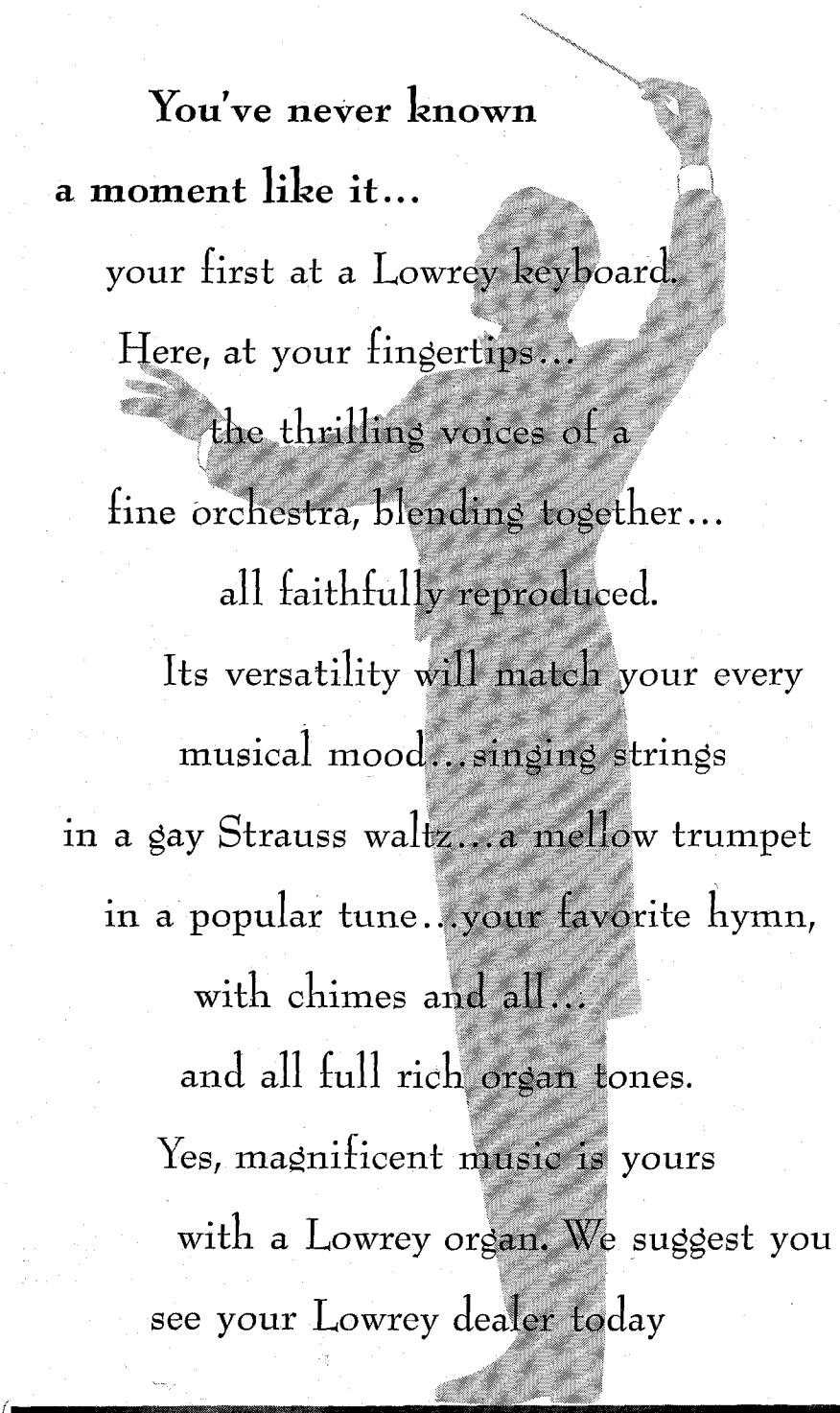

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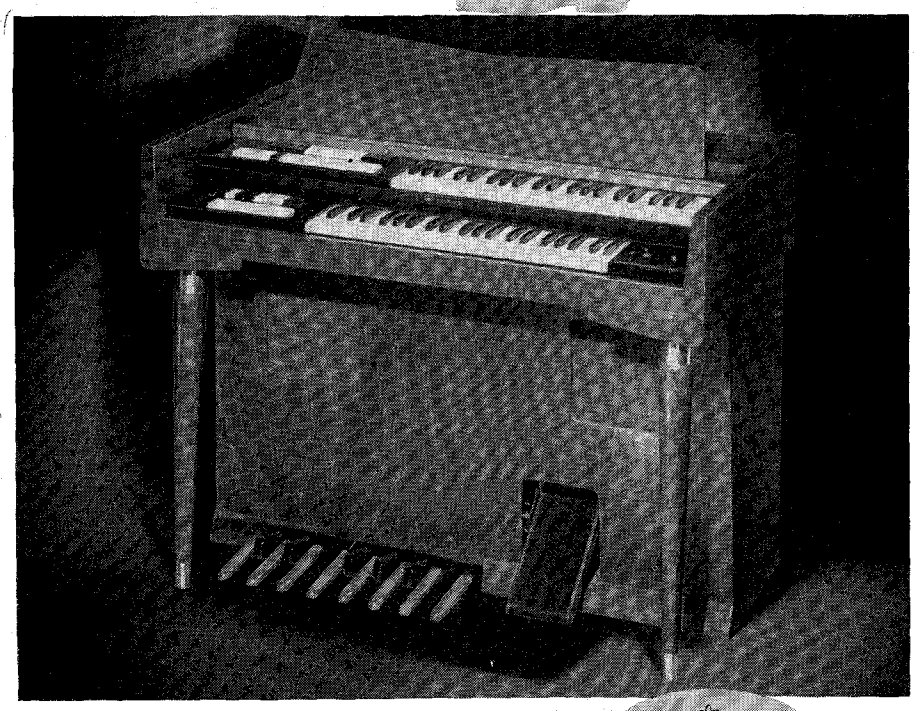

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shocked and distressed suddenly. "You mean abandon her? Then I'd do something about it, lieutenant. I'd wake her up. I'd ask her some questions."

"Glad you told me," Lieutenant McTiernan said—not very pleasantly, however. "I need advice like that, naturally; it's something I could never figure out for myself. Uh-huh. But the idea I had—I was thinking of somebody who could wake her up nice and easy, without scaring her. A woman, maybe. You know—pet her a little, get the whole story, don't push anything. Now, you take me. I can handle the wisenheimers all right; the bums and hustlers in here never give me a bit of trouble. But for something like this—well, I'm not the type. You see that, I suppose?"

Miss Cunningham colored up the least bit. It seemed to her that she saw something else—that this Lieutenant McTiernan, despite his deplorable outward manners, had felt an innate decency and consideration for a five-year-old child which she might have shared with him at this hour and in this place, but had not.

"Of course," she agreed—not quite so superior now either. "If you want me to. Could we take her somewhere?"

They took her around to Lieutenant McTiernan's office. A machine over in one corner clacked and stuttered erratically, then stopped short; and outside, through the glass door, could be seen the main concourse at Manhattan Central—almost deserted at this late hour on a Friday morning, with a few young soldiers sitting around disconsolately on duffel bags.

"Now get the name and address," Lieutenant McTiernan muttered at her, "if you can. I'll leave you alone for that—or maybe I'll go on into the other office and take a look at these suitcases she's got. They might help us a little, if she can't. Letters or something."

Miss Cunningham gave him a quick, rather apologetic smile, holding the child against her, then nodded. Nice smile, Lieutenant McTiernan told himself, squaring his broad shoulders, and nice girl, too, probably. Well ——

He went on into his private office. In there, after experimenting a bit with an enormous bunch of keys that he got out of the desk drawer, he opened the suitcases and discovered a stack of letters in one of them—all postmarked from New York City, on hotel stationery, all beautifully handwritten, and all addressed to a Mrs. Catherine A. Proctor, 93 Elm Avenue, Baileysville, Pennsylvania.

There were also a dozen or so snapshots, at least eight showing the background of some seaside resort, probably Miami. The woman in them, apparently Mrs. Catherine A. Proctor, was pleasant-looking enough, though a bit plain, but there was one rather peculiar thing about the tall and self-assured man pictured with her—never, for some reason, did he quite allow the camera a close-up and unobstructed view of himself.

It aroused McTiernan's professional instincts. *So*, he thought, *no likee no picture, hey? Why?* He tilted the snapshots, holding them up under his desk lamp for a minute or so. Every week the terminal police at Manhattan Central—an exceedingly fine vantage point—received official wanted circulars from all over the country; and Lieutenant McTiernan had always taken considerable pains to study those circulars, so that he could recognize and identify the characters on them, whenever possible, at first glance. Now, however, he was still studying the man in the snapshots, with something teasing and tormenting that very accurate memory of his, when Miss Cunningham walked in.

"I woke her up," Miss Cunningham ventured, after hesitating for a moment or two, "but she seems to have a pretty involved story, lieutenant. You know how a child sees things, I suppose—all mixed up, all impressions. It seems that she's been visiting here since last Monday, with her mother, but these friends of theirs, these Kennedys ——" She shrugged helplessly. "I think perhaps you'd better come out and talk to her now. You'd know what to ask."

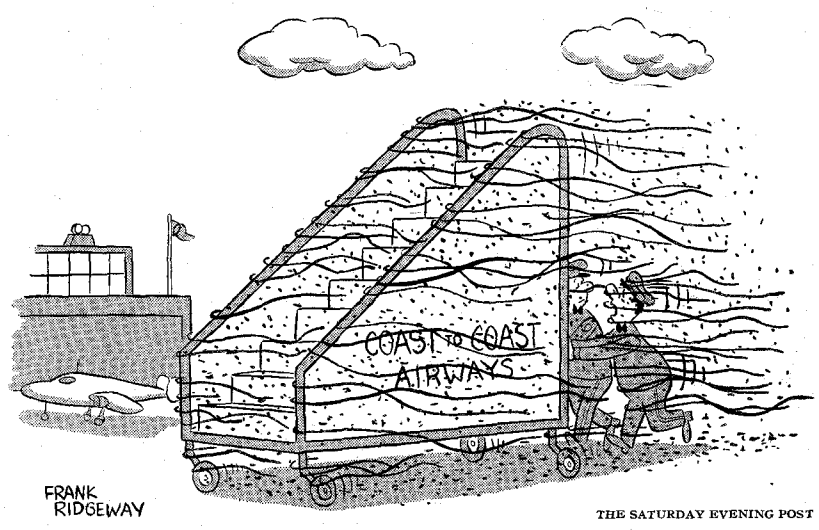
Providing himself with a box of sugar cookies from the wall cabinet—the standard remedy, at Manhattan Central, for a situation of this kind—McTiernan went outside with Elizabeth Cunningham and heard about the fat woman, and Mr. Kennedy, and the big house that Mr. Kennedy had that wasn't a big house at all when Cathy Ann had come to visit it. McTiernan asked a question or two, and then exchanged a quick glance with Elizabeth Cunningham.

"Oh," he said. "I see. So your mother wanted this Mr. Kennedy to like you, did she? Why, Cathy? Was he going to be your new daddy, maybe?"

Her eyes filled slowly. She looked down at the label on the cooky box—a big cuddly white rabbit on a red-and-gold background.

"He isn't my daddy," she told them, her voice wobbling a bit. "He couldn't be; I wouldn't let him. I can remember my daddy. He was nice. He used to throw me up in the air and catch me. But then he went to the hospital; then he died."

Elizabeth Cunningham murmured gently, "Who was the fat woman? And where did she and Mr. Kennedy live?"



"That was the third pair of newlyweds today."

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"She wasn't my Aunt Henrietta either," Cathy Ann said, looking up solemnly, as though trying to explain something here that she saw and understood, even if they didn't. "And she wanted to slap me tonight, only she couldn't because mamma was right there, but I knew. And mamma didn't think it was his sister, even; mamma said that. So they're liars, aren't they? They're bad people. And then mamma woke me up afterward. Like this. Just watch a minute."

She sat up. Her eyes widened and then became oddly intent, as if warning someone; she put a finger across her lips and held it there. It was unexpected and extremely effective pantomime—effective enough, in view of what must have caused the original, to set up an absurd but rather queasy coldness in the exact center of Elizabeth Cunningham's stomach.

"That's what she did," Cathy Ann affirmed soberly. "That's how she looked at me. So she must have been pretty scared of them. I was too."

Again Elizabeth and Lieutenant McTiernan exchanged glances. He walked over to the glass door, stood there a moment with his jaw out and his hands behind him, and walked back slowly.

"You remember a guy you wanted a couple of years ago, who was picking up widow women at fancy resorts?"

"Why, of course," he said, thinking of a tall, thin man who met a widow at Miami Beach, and then wrote to her two or three letters a week on hotel stationery, and then got her to visit him and his sister. "Wait a minute! I'm beginning to see this; I'm beginning to remember that fat lady."

"Remember her?" Elizabeth said. The queasiness spread out a little; she tightened her arms around Cathy Ann Proctor for no sensible reason. "But how could you? I don't quite ——"

He went back quickly into the other office without answering her.

"Get me the precinct," he instructed the Manhattan Central operator, "and Charley Broderick." His face glistened a bit; he rubbed it with the back of one hand, impatiently; then stuck an unlit cigarette into his mouth, and snatched it away again.

"Charley?" he said. "Rowdy McTiernan here—and look." He perched himself on the desk corner, the big jaw shoving itself forward again. "You remember a guy you wanted a couple of years ago—a tall, smooth guy, say forty or forty-two, who was picking up widow women at fancy resorts and working some kind of a quick swindle on them?"

"You mean Captain Arthur McComas Creighton?" Charley Broderick demanded. "The one the newspapers got to calling the Brooklyn Bluebeard? What about him?"

"And you remember that sister of his?" McTiernan said, ignoring Broderick's questions. "Just describe her a little, Charley. What did she look like?"

"Probably the wife," Broderick told him, now beginning to sound mildly interested. "Big as a house, Rowdy—real big, and real fat too. And the way they operated with this swindle of theirs ——"

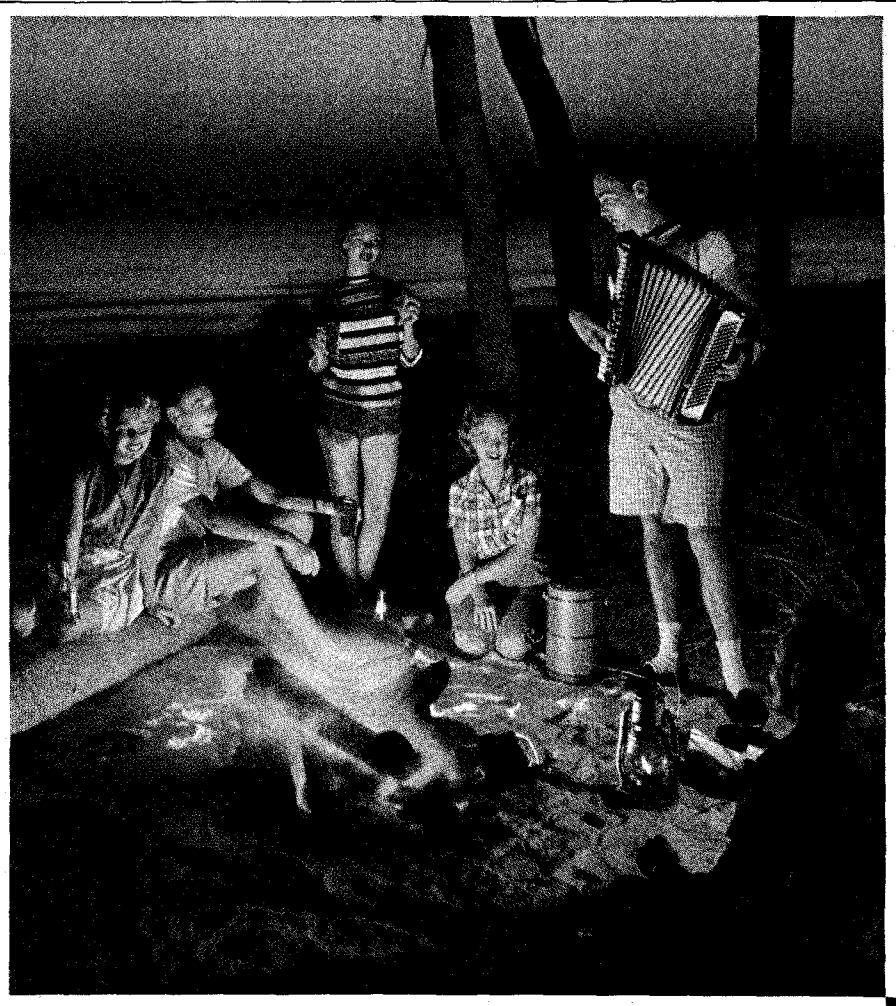
"Wait a minute," McTiernan said grimly. "I'll tell you. He'd have one room in a fleabag hotel with a fancy name, but when he wrote to these women he told them that it was better than the Waldorf. And, of course, he had a penthouse in it, or a whole floor. Correct so far?"

"Pretty near," Broderick said. "He'd get the widow women to visit him and this so-called sister of his, but when they got here from Peoria or Sioux Falls, he'd dump them down in some kind of cheap house the fat woman rented for him. Kind of cute, hah? Because the people back home just had the hotel address, so when they couldn't trace the widow women through that, there wasn't a thing to go on. You mean to tell me that he's opened the store again, and that you've got some kind of a lead on him?"

"Get around here," McTiernan said quietly. "That's all. And bring one of those circulars that has his picture on it. Then we'll know something, and then we can decide what to do about it."

He hung up, keeping his big hand on the phone for a few seconds, and then becoming aware that Elizabeth Cunningham was just behind him and had apparently been listening there to at least the tag end of his conversation with Charley Broderick.

"The same guy, all right," he announced now, waving the snapshots at her with an expression of triumphant vindictiveness. "Captain Arthur McComas Creighton. You beginning to see



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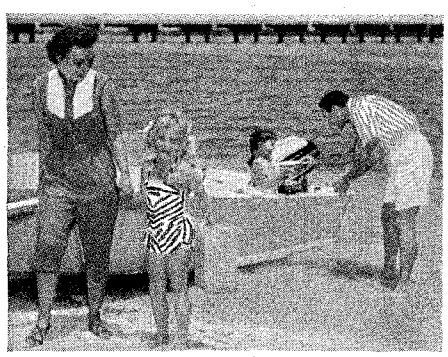

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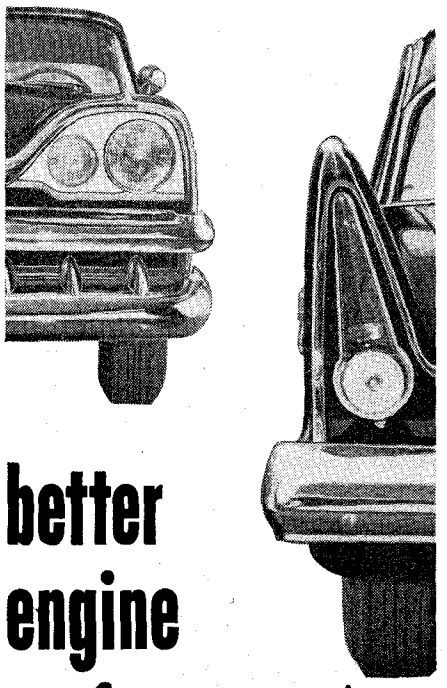

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the thing? It's all adding up, I tell you—the way he sucked in this Mrs. Proctor to visit him, that fat sister of his, that crummy little row house the kid out there was describing to us—everything!"

Elizabeth glanced at Cathy Ann Proctor, standing out in the other office and looking solemnly at the main concourse.

"Maybe it is," she agreed anxiously. "I couldn't say. But what happened to the mother, lieutenant? It must be two or three hours now since she walked out of here to look for that hotel room. Couldn't you check the hotels? The Central is just across Seventh Avenue. And maybe the clerk there ——"

McTiernan, who had his hands on his knees and his head bent slightly, looked up at her.

"Go on and give me that professional advice of yours!" he barked, as if he had been insulted by her in the most outrageous and deliberate manner. "I need it, hah? Do this, do that; check the hotels! Sure! I don't know my own job, I don't. Is that the idea you have? Go on and admit it. I know, anyway; I could tell the way you were looking at me out there."

She stared at him, her throat filling up ridiculously. She was very tired by this time; the child worried her; and the fat woman and this Arthur McComas Creighton—shadows as yet, but dark and ominous shadows—were beginning to create in Miss Elizabeth Cunningham from Sherburn Hills something that was very disturbing and unfamiliar to her—the sense of a shrewd, calculating and quite cold-blooded human evil. It was not a pleasant emotion, and yet she had no idea of what to do about it.

"I'm sorry," she whispered at him. "I didn't mean ——" Then she began to cry, also ridiculously.

"What, what?" Lieutenant McTiernan said. He seemed amazed at such a development; he hopped up quickly, came around the desk at her, and took hold of her by the two elbows. "Now stop that," he directed curtly, "and stop it right now. You hear me? You're all right; just sit down here and calm yourself. I'm the dumbhead for squawking out at you in that way. Don't know why I did it, either, so help me! All the time I seem to be blowing my stack around here at a lot of things, and a lot of people."

He walked rapidly away then, smacking his big hands together.

"All the time!" he insisted, stopping now at the other side of the desk and pointing a forefinger at her. "I ain't integrated, I guess—if that means what I think it does. I'm fouled up or else I just can't stand to think of all the bums and the chiselers I got to handle in here, when they figure out something like this and try to take advantage of decent people. It's always up to McTiernan. Who else ever does anything at all about them? Who else cares?"

He threw out his hands abruptly to indicate complete helplessness.

"And I'll tell you what I ought to do—I ought to get some kind of a life for myself! I ought to walk out of here and never come back! Only I can't—and you know why? Because, the way I figure it, there's somebody got to do something about them! Is that stupid? Go on and tell me. You're pretty smart, aren't you? And you see me as just a low-down type of mug that enjoys pushing the pin on people *and telling them off*. Well, O.K. I don't care. Why should I care? You ain't nothing to me. Nothing at all!"

He walked rapidly again, again smacking the big hands together—but just once this time, with a report like a rifle shot.

"And I can tell you the story on this Arthur McComas Creighton. Here it is: He gets Fatso to open up a savings account right here in New York—and not under her own name, of course, but as Mrs. Catherine A. Proctor. Now that's the name she rented the house under, so, if the bank bothers to check the name and address—which they don't, usually—they find out that a Mrs. Catherine A. Proctor is actually living there.

"Fine! But they don't know anything, of course, about a Mrs. Catherine A. Proctor in Baileysville, Pennsylvania. How could they? So this Creighton, or Kennedy, or whatever he calls himself, gets the real Mrs. Proctor to visit him, and then Fatso copies her signature under a typewritten letter to the bank in Baileysville, and tells them out there to transfer the Proctor account to the bank in New York. So they do. What's suspicious about it? The same name just has to mean the same person, the way Baileysville sees it—which means the thing is just an ordinary business transaction. So this Creighton is all set; he just has to kill a couple of weeks until the check clears. The widow women ain't hurt, either—not unless they get suspicious and start raising trouble about something. But

"I'm sorry," she whispered at him. "I didn't mean ——" Then she began to cry, also ridiculously.

then ——" He threw out his hands again. "And that's what I'm worried about. Did the mother go back there for some reason? Did this cheap skunk manage to get hold of her in some way?"

Elizabeth was staring at him. "You mean that he'd do away with the mother?" she whispered. "That he's done it in other cases?"

McTiernan grinned at her—a very tight, very ominous grin.

"If we let him," he said; "if he's got her and if we give him the chance. But me, speaking personal—well, when I don't like a guy, I generally find out a way to do something about him; and I don't like this Arthur McComas Creighton. You catch on?"

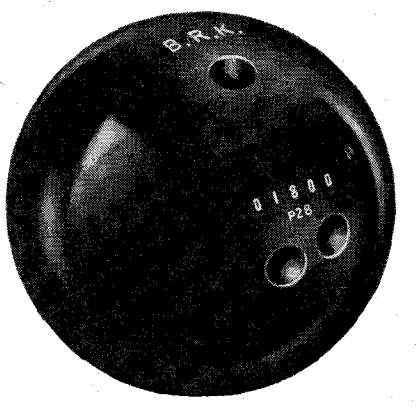
It seemed to Elizabeth that she did. She nodded quickly.

"If he's got her," McTiernan added, the gray eyes narrowing dangerously. "That's the point. Of course, I could check the hotels, but why bother when Charley Broderick is due here any second, and can really start them hopping on it downtown? The thing I'm figuring out—where's that house Cathy Ann was telling us about? She described it, sure, but she doesn't know the street name, or the house number, or even the section."

The house, Elizabeth thought—of course! A two-story house with heavy drapes at the front windows, and—and what else?

"I'll call her in," she said quietly. "I'm afraid that I haven't been very intelligent about this so far, lieutenant, and I'm

BOWLING BALL



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sorry. But perhaps if you talked to Cathy Ann again ——" She turned her head. "Cathy!" she called. "Cathy!"

There was no answer, however; and outside, a second or two later, there was no Cathy Ann waiting for them in McTiernan's anteroom.

"Now take it easy," McTiernan advised, moving ahead quickly and peering out at the main concourse. "She just went out to the waiting room to look for her mother. That's all. I'll see if Jerry Maloney at the information booth noticed her. He should have. He's right on the way."

Outside, they found a bored young man arranging suburban timetables for tomorrow morning at one end of the information booth.

"A little kid?" he said, after McTiernan had spoken to him. "Sure, Rowdy, a little girl in a blue coat. I see her go out with a woman about five minutes ago. They were heading right past here for the taxicab platform."

"Oh, thank goodness!" Elizabeth said, and a sudden and overwhelming relief flooded her. "Then it's all right, lieutenant. The mother got back finally. She must have."

But it did not appear to be all right for Lieutenant McTiernan. His gray eyes darted about—over to the cab exit, back to the information clerk.

"What kind of a woman?" he demanded urgently. "This Mrs. Proctor was

She got hold of a small hand, but the figure in the blue coat attempted to hang back from her.

pretty small in those snapshots. About up to my shoulder, Jerry? Kind of skinny?"

"Then it wasn't this one," Maloney said. "This one was bigger'n you, Rowdy, and real fat too."

Fat? Elizabeth thought. Real fat? But then —— She ran two or three steps after Lieutenant McTiernan, who was already springing ahead for the cab exit; then she stopped. Maloney came up behind her, grabbed her arm and asked a couple of excited questions. But she did not answer them—could not. It was then, by the big clock in Manhattan Central, exactly five and a half minutes past four in the morning.

Quite a bit earlier than this, however, and well over at the east end of Manhattan Central, a stout, rather heavily featured woman wearing a dark coat and a dark hat had appeared down the long business arcade from 7th Avenue. From the head of the stairway she examined the concourse under her and the corridors that led on to the waiting room and the lower level; then she came down slowly, hesitating every so often, and eyed the ticket windows very carefully, and the taxicab exit on her right, and another side entrance to Manhattan Central way off on the left.

She began moving about. She went into the waiting room and came out again; she inspected the coffee shop; and then she picked up a timetable from the information booth and began studying it, looking up frequently, however, and to all sides.

Perhaps ten minutes went by. Then a small figure wearing a blue coat and a round blue hat appeared from one of the side corridors and headed diagonally across from it for the waiting room. The stout woman compressed her lips slightly but firmly. She walked part way around the information booth, waited there and moved out at just the right moment. She got hold of a small hand, bent, murmured quietly; and the figure in the blue coat attempted to hang back from her.

But it proved to be a very unequal contest, the woman having all the strength here, and all the advantage of a proper and unquestioned adult authority. She did not hesitate. She picked up the child, holding her easily with one arm—and also, of course, with that low murmur of hers, whatever it was, and by a certain dangerous tightness and intensity in the dark eyes.

The child faced back then over Aunt Henrietta's left shoulder. She could see a few people walking around, and that policeman in uniform chatting idly to one of the Manhattan Central porters, but she could not see either Lieutenant McTiernan or the nice lady in the red hat. Her lower lip quivered. Unknown adults were still natives of Mars to her. She had no idea of how to appeal to them; what to say; but then, even in herself, it was only instinct, and not intelligence, that kept her head turned from the fat woman and her small arms pushing and thrusting against her—of course, quite uselessly.

Outside there was just one taxicab waiting for them at the passenger platform. (And none at all, just a few minutes afterward, when McTiernan sprinted out desperately from the main concourse. No starter then, not at this hour; no other driver from whom to pick up some shred of information; just the wind beating down the vehicular ramp from 7th Avenue, and bursts of rain that spattered diagonally across the road from a side street.) That cab driver opened his door; Aunt Henrietta got in, lifting the child before her; and Cathy Ann Proctor backed off into the opposite corner.

They started off. The fat woman appeared to be placid and unemotional as ever; and yet, instinctively aware that there was something else between them, a finer and much more ominous sense of communication, what suggested itself to Cathy Ann was a pathetically childlike and naïve peace offering. She extended McTiernan's sugar cookies silently and in both hands, but the fat woman just looked calmly at them, and then at her.

"So that's what you were doing," the fat woman remarked placidly. "Buying cookies for yourself and wandering all around in that station. And your mother's suitcases? Oh, I know; you never even bothered your head about them." She looked back at the taxicab platform. Well, she thought, let him worry about the suitcases, if he wanted to, but if somebody had just picked them up and walked

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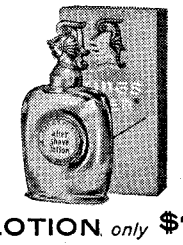

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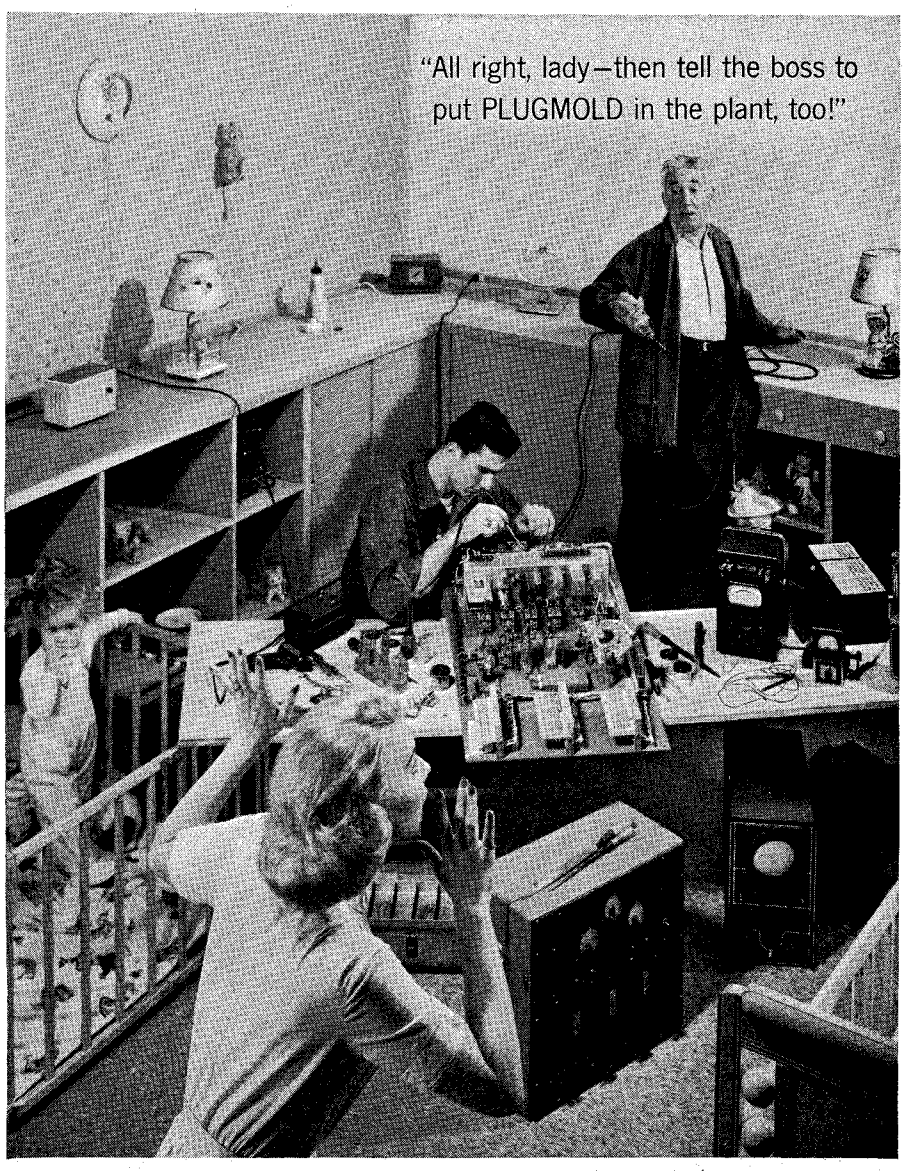

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out, which seemed the most likely development, there was really very little to worry about. A baggage thief would get rid immediately of such valueless objects as letters and snapshots; discard them in the nearest trash barrel.

"I talked to a man," Cathy Ann whispered unsteadily. "And he gave me these cookies; I didn't buy them."

"Little liar," the fat woman said. But it was a bad moment for her; again she glanced back guardedly at the huge mass of Manhattan Central. "What kind of man?" She became cunning. "A good-looking young man with curly hair? I bet that's the one. I think I saw him in there."

Cathy Ann nodded silently, agreeing to that; agreeing to anything in these circumstances.

"But not too big?" the fat woman persisted. "Pretty skinny and humped over, maybe—an old man with a bald head and a big mustache?"

She did not understand children, nor even like them. So now, when Cathy Ann just nodded again, she relaxed a bit, comfortably assured of her own cleverness in trapping the child through two descriptions—neither in any way accurate—of Lieutenant McTiernan.

"Despicable little liar," she went on placidly. "Just how many other people were there who talked to you, and bought you cookies, and made a fool out of you? Now I want you to sit up there to do just what you're told, and to behave yourself. Do you understand me?"

Behave yourself was to be very quiet, and to stop annoying the grownups; and so Cathy Ann lowered her head, saying nothing else about the way Lieutenant McTiernan had opened the suitcases. Then, for a long time, rain pattered against the windows, and there was cold air on her legs. She bounced with the cab, her small face miserably tired and pinched-looking and her eyes hurting her—stinging like, all swollen—but then they got out at last, with the fat woman pushing her ahead again, and then yanking her along hurriedly on wet pavement.

They walked several blocks. They made several turns also, the fat woman glancing around each time; then they came to Mr. Kennedy's house. When the fat woman was unlocking the front door, Cathy Ann attempted to hide the cooky box in her pocket and dropped it; and the fat woman snatched it away from her and flung it out behind them onto the sidewalk. She felt at home in safe territory now; more herself.

"I'll give you cookies!" she declared breathlessly. "Little sneak! Get in there! . . . Arthur!"

Mr. Kennedy appeared from the kitchen, glancing at Cathy Ann first, and then into the street anxiously.

"So you found her," he said. "Any trouble? I didn't hear your taxicab just now."

"I don't know why," the fat woman informed him venomously. "I'm so stupid that I came right to the front door in it. Well, that seems to be your style when something like this happens, but not mine. And it always was too."

"Oh, yes," Mr. Kennedy said, closing and locking the front door after them. "My style. Only I got the other one back here, if you want to remember it. Wasn't that anything?"

He peered out nervously again, through the curtains.

"And that was the really important thing," he said. "I parked in front of that hotel on Seventh Avenue; and then I saw the moth—the other one coming across at me. She recognized the car, I guess, because she jumped back all of a sudden, and this truck or whatever it was knocked her right smack into my front fender. And it was raining pretty hard too. I don't think he knew anything happened."

"Thank heavens I woke up before and missed the two of them," declared the fat woman, pouring a glass of water for herself at the kitchen sink, drinking it and then meditating briefly. "But you know, Arthur, I just got that positive feeling about them—that they went straight from here to the railroad station."

"Where else?" Mr. Kennedy said. He began moving about nervously. "I was in pretty much of a spot, Etta. The other one was dazed, of course—but for how long? I had to get this fellow and his wife to help me, and I had to tell them that I was bringing her to the hospital myself—that she'd tripped over the curbstone. So I couldn't go into the station for this one. You don't seem to understand about it. I just had to get out of there."

"Oh, I understand, all right," the fat woman declared contemptuously. "You had to! And then, of course, I had to go back over there and finish the job for you. Oh, you make me sick. What good are you, anyway? You're not a man. You're not up to a man's work."

"I'm not up to your work," Mr. Kennedy said, becoming angrily flushed then. "That's for sure. And I suppose it's getting just about time now for the specialty of the house, isn't it?"

"Just about," the fat woman replied calmly. "Oh, you're a prize, all right. You weren't counting on it—of course not. You never want anything to happen to any of them. The end of it every time is all my doing, naturally. Not yours."

"She jumped back all of a sudden, and this truck or whatever it was knocked her right smack into my front fender."

The words Cathy Ann could understand, as well as a dim sense of the bitter mutual loathing that had sprung up between them with such blazing intensity, but what she could not understand was the true sense and importance of what they were saying to each other. She drew back from them, that frightened little face of hers swinging from one to the other with appalled fixity; then back to the woman, those heavy brows drawn together and the dark eyes in the fine, creamy complexion, glittering liquidly now, as if she was very angry about something, and yet building up the anger in herself cruelly and deliberately for a purpose she had in mind.

Then they went upstairs, all of them. They had mamma up there. She lay on

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the bed in the small bedroom with her coat loose and her hat off, but she didn't say anything to the fat woman, or to Cathy Ann, or to Mr. Kennedy.

"Must be concussion," Mr. Kennedy said. He shifted uneasily. "She's been out a pretty long time, Etta. Do you suppose ——"

"Do I suppose what?" said the fat woman. "That we'd better call a doctor for her? Is that it?"

"I don't know," Mr. Kennedy said. He sighed dolefully. "I guess the child bothers me."

"Oh, I know," the fat woman said. She smiled sweetly, looking down at Cathy Ann. "She's such a dear little thing; so quiet and such perfect manners. Is that the meaning you have? But then, you always had a great sensibility, Arthur. You aren't like me, are you?"

Mr. Kennedy flushed again. "I happen to have a heart," he said. "Not a stone in me."

"But who are you pretending to?" the fat woman asked him. "Not to me,

"It's all right," Cathy Ann whispered to her. She felt very sleepy. "Don't worry, mamma."

surely; not after all this time. Don't you want me to do it? Is that it? Then make the decision. Just tell me."

For a moment or two they stared silently at each other.

"All right, then," Mr. Kennedy muttered. "Whatever you think, of course. Whatever's the best."

"You know what's the best," the fat woman declared placidly. "As soon as the milkman comes I can fix up some hot milk for the two of them with a dash of nutmeg on top, so your little darling over there won't get the taste of anything. But there's one thing—you're going to know about it right now, and you're not going to forget that you know about it. Not this time."

They went out, the fat woman locking the door after them. They mumbled together on the stairs, then in the kitchen.

There was one light on in the bedroom—a strong, yellow light—mamma was with her; and yet the feeling Cathy Ann had was that the fat woman and Mr. Kennedy had left her alone in an empty room in an empty house somewhere. The window was beginning to show dirty gray up in one corner; and mamma's hand hung down over the bed with the fingers curled—very hot fingers when Cathy Ann ventured to touch them.

She rested her head wearily against mamma's shoulder. She wished mamma would wake up, but she wasn't frightened any more. Mamma groaned softly.

"It's all right," Cathy Ann whispered to her. She felt very sleepy. "Don't worry, mamma. She's gone to get some refreshments for us."

Refreshments was a new word for Cathy Ann; one she liked.

"Some hot milk," she whispered, "with nice nutmeg. Wake up, mamma. What's the matter with you?"

There were four of them in the police car—Elizabeth Cunningham and Lieutenant McTiernan in the back seat, and Charley Broderick and another plain-clothes detective in front. The rain had stopped now, but it seemed to be just as dark as before, with innumerable gray streamers of fog drifting about.

They drove fast. Every few minutes the siren had to clear a belated taxi or a lumbering produce truck out of the road; and then that nerve-racking and somehow protesting screech whined off and away over black pavement, back down a glittering and receding row of mistily bestarred street lights. They drove at eighty to eighty-five miles an hour on the Belt Parkway; and so they covered the route taken by Aunt Henrietta's taxicab in no more than a third of the time required for that earlier trip.

They stopped at a narrow intersection with a church on one corner and a glittery supermarket directly opposite. There were two police cars already waiting there, but only one uniformed patrolman was visible to Elizabeth. McTiernan and Charley Broderick, out together, held brief conversation with him; then McTiernan trotted back hurriedly.

"They're out scouting the neighborhood," he announced, "or as much as they can at this hour. But just wait'll the stores open, that's all; then someone's got to remember this Fatso. You're not worrying about that, are you?"

He didn't seem to be any too comfortable himself, however. He looked a bit haggard now, and he glanced quickly at one side of the intersection, then the other. But all two-story houses, Elizabeth told herself hopelessly, and all exactly alike, just as Cathy Ann Proctor had described them back in the police office at Manhattan Central.

"All right," McTiernan said, rubbing a handkerchief around under his shirt collar and then getting back hurriedly into the seat with her. "Charley! Let's start cruising around ourselves. Let's try to see what the score is."

So they began to cruise then—up one street, down it, around the next. They went very slowly now, past unimpressive little row houses where the street lamps were reflected back, in window after window, with a watery dark glisten; and Lieutenant McTiernan, with the window open on his side, stuck his head out and studied house after house very sharply and quickly. But whose fault had it actually been? Elizabeth asked herself. If she had watched the child; if she had only brought her into Lieutenant McTiernan's office that time; if —— There was a strange emptiness or deadness in her reactions. She moved her lips silently.

Now there was one sign of life before them—a milk truck. Charley Broderick got out and spoke to the driver, and then came back and shrugged at McTiernan. No help there, Elizabeth thought quietly, and no help from McTiernan either. Oh, perhaps he had been able to work things out at Manhattan Central fast and skillfully, but then he knew all about that place, from bottom to top.

Knew, for instance, that only one cab company—the one that had the station concession—was permitted to have its drivers wait in there in order to pick up outgoing passengers. But probably the fat woman hadn't known that, as Elizabeth hadn't; and so the fat woman could never have suspected that any cab at the passenger platform in Manhattan Central would have to be a Mid-City cab, and no other—and that, consequently, it would have a fleet license number that started with S-20, and that it had the picture of a black-and-white Scotty dog on each side.

Which had made it identifiable to some extent, and with good luck—particularly

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out in Brooklyn, where Mid-City cabs did not usually operate at this hour. So the alarm had been put out on it, by McTiernan and Charley Broderick, before it was ten minutes away from Manhattan Central; and on its way back to the city, just about five minutes after it had dropped off the fat woman and Cathy Ann Proctor, a prowl car had raced up beside it on one of the Brooklyn parkways.

All very simple when you knew how—as Lieutenant McTiernan did. Elizabeth looked over at that rugged profile of McTiernan's, and the alert and pugnacious gray eyes jumping from house to house. There was no high polish, certainly, to Lieutenant McTiernan, but perhaps there were better things, if one bothered to look for them. A forthright and spontaneous directness with people, regardless of what they were, a casual physical courage; a quick competence in his field and a few standards of conduct and personal philosophy that were just about unarguable when one came to consider them. Those were details that added up to something rather impressive; something that ——

McTiernan sat back suddenly, reaching out a hand to touch their driver. "Wait a minute," he said. "Back up a little.... That's it; O.K. now. Stop the car."

He got out, and Broderick glanced around at him.

"Yeah?" Broderick said. "What is it, Rowdy? You see something?"

Without answering, McTiernan picked up from the sidewalk a cardboard box that was all bedraggled and rain-sodden, but there was still a cuddly white rabbit evident on a red-and-gold background. The cooky box, Elizabeth thought; McTiernan's cooky box! She jumped out then and looked at the house on this side, and grabbed at McTiernan with both hands.

"The drapes," she whispered at him. "Those green drapes, lieutenant! Remember what Cathy Ann told us about them?"

"Kind of," McTiernan said, very curt with her. "Not like you, of course, but just a little, anyway."

He went up three steps into a tiny lobby with glass doors, Elizabeth following him, then Charley Broderick. There was an alley beside the house, and the detective who had driven the car for them muttered to Broderick, and then vanished down there for the back yard.

"Now no rough stuff," Charley Broderick warned, peering in anxiously past McTiernan's shoulders. "I know you're kind of het up about this, Rowdy, but we need a warrant, remember. So don't try ——"

"We got a warrant," McTiernan growled back at him. "We got it right here. Just hold your hat for a second."

He tried the door, then lifted one of those long legs of his and kicked it at just the correct angle under a brass door knob. The door smashed in.

Elizabeth saw a light inside—not in the hall, but in a kitchen at the end of the hall. The kitchen door was open and a tall thin man was gaping out through it.

"Hello, Arthur," McTiernan said, quietly enough, but very grimly too. "Where's the fat lady?"

The fat lady revealed herself. She had an open saucepan in her right hand, with something that looked like hot milk in it, and she poured the milk into the sink calmly, and ran water into the saucepan and then turned.

"Now here," she said, not excited at all—calm as McTiernan. "What is this? And who are you people?"

McTiernan gave her a small, wolfish grin, tightly restrained.

"I'll tell you what it is," he said, looking into the living room beside them, and then moving ahead into the kitchen. "I'd figure it would be about twenty years to life, fat lady, with your record—and if you're lucky. Only I hope you ain't, personally, because if you've hurt that kid, if you've lifted so much as your little finger at her —— All right, Charley! Look upstairs, can't you? What are you just standing around for?"

There was a doctor in a white coat who examined mamma, and there were two other men who carried her out on a big stretcher. Cathy Ann wanted to go with them, to stay with mamma, but the pretty lady in the red hat picked her up, and hugged her, and said that she mustn't

McTiernan picked up a cardboard box. There was still a cuddly white rabbit evident on a red-and-gold background.

worry about mamma, because mamma was going to be all right again, just fine, in a day or two.

Well, all right, Cathy Ann told herself; if that was true—and, of course, the pretty lady didn't look as though she told lies to anybody. She sat on the pretty lady's lap and yawned drowsily; she felt very sleepy again, but the house didn't scare her any more, because there were a lot of people in it now, not just the fat woman and Mr. Kennedy. There were policemen in uniform, and other men, and she even noticed the big man with the husky voice who had talked to her before, back in the railroad station. Now he was out in the hall, talking to some of the policemen, and saying funny things, too, because the policemen were all grinning at him. But Mr. Kennedy had his head in his hands, and the fat woman was seated in her usual place, smiling coolly at everyone, as if she didn't care about the policemen or about anything else either—not even Mr. Kennedy. Cathy Ann stirred a little.

"I don't like her," she whispered to the pretty lady in the red hat. "She's mean; she threw away my cookies on me."

"Yes," Elizabeth said, hugging her again. "That's very true, Cathy. She did, didn't she? And thank God for it."

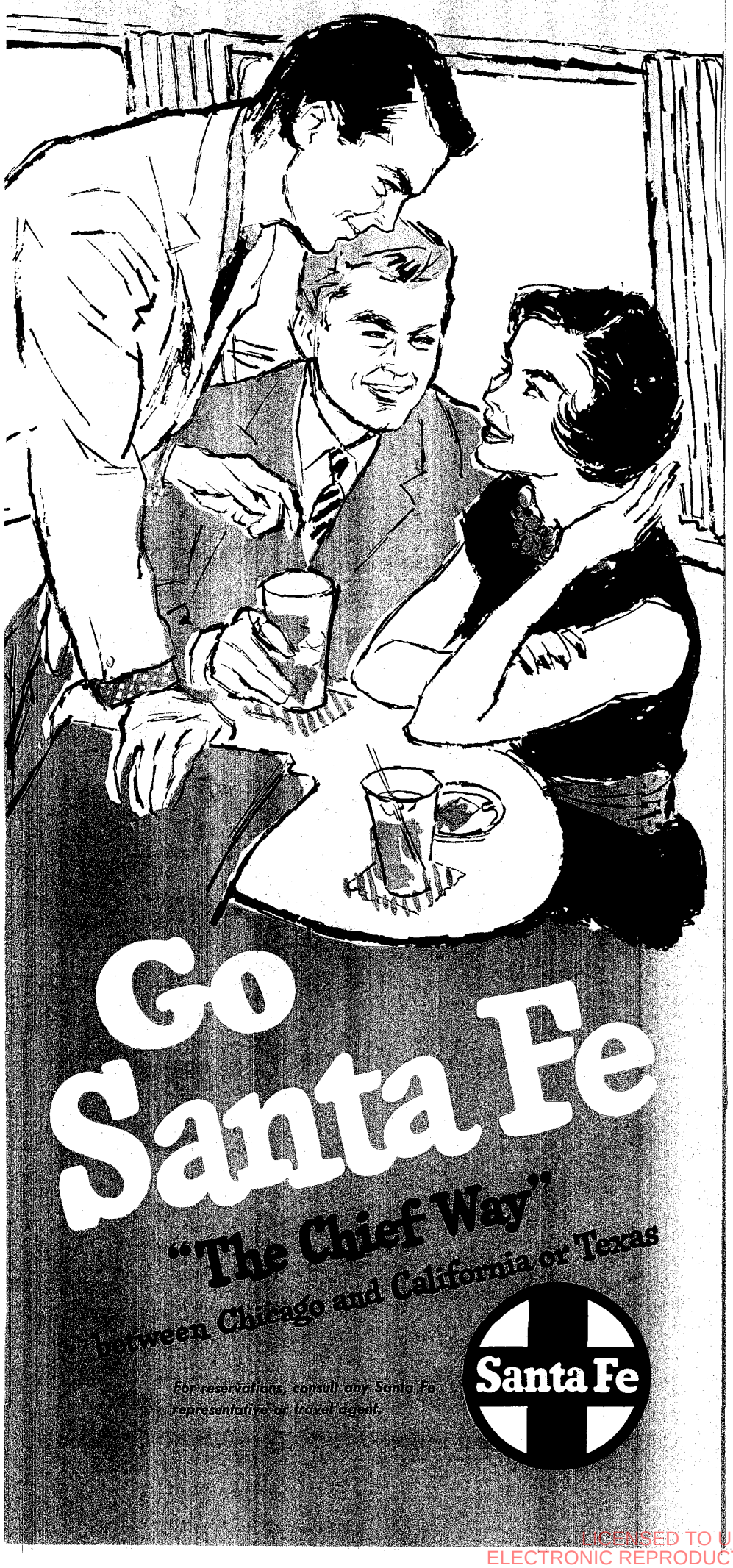
The big man in the tweed coat discovered that Cathy Ann was still watching him soberly. He winked at her. Then, in a sharp, almost furtive manner, he looked past her at the pretty lady in the red hat.

"But I like him," Cathy Ann said, yawning openly this time. "I like him very much. He's kind of a funny man, isn't he? But real nice."

She snuggled down comfortably. Then Elizabeth looked out at McTiernan, and McTiernan looked in at her. Their glances held for not more than two and a half seconds, and yet there was something that passed between them in that time—a promise and appeal, a looking forward for each of them—very curious—and perhaps an acceptance. The right term was difficult to find at just that moment, but Elizabeth seemed to know what was meant, anyway. She colored nicely.

"I'm glad," she said. "Because you know something, Cathy Ann? So do I."

THE END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America's Strangest Religion

(Continued from Page 27)

copperhead, two water moccasins and four timber rattlers, ranging in length from three to five feet.

Hutton, his white shirt buttoned at the throat and wrists despite the 100-degree heat, had stretched ropes between stakes to form an enclosure where the saints would officiate. For the "sinners," meaning everybody who shuns snakes, there were benches at a safe distance outside the ropes. An arbor of tree branches shaded a platform, more benches, a pulpit and a microphone. Johnson and Meadows, whom Hutton addressed as "honey," his term of endearment for friends and strangers alike, deposited the cages behind the pulpit. Three lanky youths loped across the enclosure carrying cymbals, tambourines and a guitar.

Since early morning, the cultists had been drifting toward the hollow, about 125 of them all told. Some walked down the mountain paths, the men in faded blue denims, the women in shapeless cotton dresses, herding broods of children. Others drove jangling pickup trucks and jalopies. A sign pasted to the bumper of a sedan proclaimed: IF JESUS RETURNS TODAY THIS CAR WILL BE DRIVERLESS.

Upon arrival, the sexes drew apart to opposite sides of the hollow. "'Twouldn't be decent to set together, honey," Hutton explains. "If I set next to your wife or

When a man and woman see eye to eye, he's probably her optometrist.

CARL G. MCFRANKLIN

daughter time after time, purty soon I'm li'ble to be gone with her, you knows that, honey dear."

Worshipers of the same sex greeted each other with "the holy kiss," embracing mouth to mouth. The saints began mounting the platform. There were ten of them, including two obese middle-aged women and a yellow-haired girl of twelve. The last celebrant to arrive, carrying himself like a star actor, was Raymond Hayes, a hulking, shaggy-browed man of sixty. Brother Hayes is probably the highest-ranking Kentucky saint in the Holiness Branch hagiography. He suffers from tuberculosis, and in accordance with the sect's tenets, he won't be treated. The father of "a passel of young 'uns," he lives in a shanty by a coal tipple with his second wife, on a miner's pension of $100 a month. Often unable to rest at night, he roams the hills alone, soliloquizing at the top of his voice.

Hayes is one of the rare saints who do not confine their faith testing to snakes. In his wildest transports of ritual ecstasy he sometimes gulps down phials of what purports to be strychnine, without incurring so much as a stomach-ache. He plays blowtorch flames over his arms, chest and face. His flesh shows no discoloration, and he apparently feels no pain. That the phials actually contain strychnine rational observers find hard to believe. The fire, however, is unquestionably real, as skeptics have learned to their grief when they touched it.

While Hayes exchanged a round of holy kisses, Hutton called to the musicians, "Play somethin', honey. Hit helps to bring the power." Cymbals, tambourines and guitar exploded into a tuneless clangor, a pounding, one-two, hillbilly beat that shook the arbor. Now the trio bellowed hymns of unknown origin: "I git happy down in my heart. . . . Glory to God, they set me free. . . . I got it like the Bible says, an' I'm gonna keep it. . . ." The congregation, clapping hands, stamping, jigging, lifted their voices, and the echoing din carried half a mile.

Hutton moved to the middle of the enclosure and belted out the standard Holiness Branch sermon. Serpents are Satan incarnate, whom man must dominate to save his soul. "Tha's ri'!" the saints behind him chanted. "Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!"

Now Hayes took over. Jog-trotting around the enclosure, he uttered disjointed phrases, punctuating them with "hay-mens." "'Fore I was saved hay-men, I was a drinker hay-men, I was a sinner with women hay-men. But hit don' matter hay-men how rough you been hay-men. You kin git salvation in the Lord hay-men. If the serpents bite me today hay-men, hit'll be forty-six times hay-men." The hammering, hypnotic repetition lifted preacher and hearers to the threshold of hysteria.

On the platform, the saints were waiting for the power to descend. The saints share with many unorthodox sects the conviction that the charismata, or apostolic gifts—not only snake handling but healing, speaking unknown tongues, visions, trances—are as accessible to modern believers as they were to Christians of the Biblical era. In his classic treatise, The Small Sects in America, Dr. Elmer T. Clark reports that such phenomena flourish mainly among ignorant and nervously unstable populations. Here primitive frontier revivalism persists, as emotionally starved people cast off rational controls and induce in themselves psychomotor disturbances.

For speaking unknown tongues, or "tongue talking"—a strident, ululating gibberish—the primary requisites include an intense longing and expectancy. The crowd is indispensable. The tongue talker catches the contagion through mass suggestion.

Kelsey Meadows was the first to respond. "Llullallullalulla!" he shrilled, bounding off the bench, his head snapping back, tremors contorting his entire body. "Thank you, Lord! Thank you, good King!" He unlocked the snake cages. A shudder coursed through the crowd.

"Glo-ree," a woman screamed, "there he goes!"

"Back, back!" Hutton yelled. "Ever-who that's scared!"

Meadows hauled out a black rattler and cradled it in his palms. Its six-ringed tail stood erect, quivering, making a sound like dried twigs clacking together. Larry Johnson grasped the copperhead between his tattooed fingers. The saints surged around the open cages, tongue-talking, jerking from head to feet. They passed the snakes to and fro. The little yellow-haired girl twined a water moccasin around her neck. Hutton thrust a rattler into his shirt front until only its swaying head protruded. Hayes heaped a pair of rattlers on his head, handed the first to Hutton, tied the second into knots. Dropping it to the grass, he crouched over it and brought his smoldering eyes to within an inch of its darting tongue. Incredibly, none of the saints was struck.

One of the obese women, her sweat-dampened hair cascading to her waist, rocked on her knees, moaning, "Thank you, Jesus, for what you put into my soul this day! All the years I've waited! Oh,

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I'm gonna take up them serpents at last! Bless the Lord, bless His name!"

Another woman writhed full length on her back, convulsed, and at length swooned.

In a transient mood of calm, Hutton moved closer to a sinner, fondling the copperhead. "Now, honey," he said genially, "I don't handle this ol' serpent to make a show. The Lord He tol' me to. An', honey dear, when you git down in this an' put your back to the world an' to sin, the people say you're crazy. I'm crazy, all ri'. I'm crazy for the Lord. Ever'body loved me when I was in sin. Didn't make no difference who shot John, how much ruckus juice I craved. I got hit on credit. But when you git down in this, they ain't many folks to stan' up and call you brother."

He contemplated the uneasy sinner a moment, and added, "If you feels the power, honey, an' want to take up serpents yourself, you kin handle 'em. But if you git bit, that's yours an' the Lord's business." The sinner disclaimed any such impulse. Hutton sighed commiseratingly. "Miz Hutton, my wife," he observed, "she das'n't go near 'em neither. That's 'cause she don't pray hard enough."

There was little danger that the snakes would escape into the sinners' section. The saints never let them out of reach. Supercharged female snake handlers, however, have been known to dash at a male sinner, bent upon converting him by force. When that happens, it is time, as they say in the hills, to "light a shuck for home."

The frenzy raged on through the afternoon. Hayes stuffed gasoline-soaked rags into a tomato can, ignited them and held his tongue six inches from the flame for half a minute. When a younger saint leaned over the can preparatory to smothering the flame, he scorched his fingers at a distance of almost three feet.

As the sun dipped behind Stone Mountain and the evening cooled, the religious fevers subsided too. The spent worshipers disbanded, heading back to their mountain villages. But during the next week, and every week thereafter, they would attend similar services in their local meetinghouses.

Why do the snakes, in nine services out of ten, fail to strike at the handlers? The question baffles herpetologists. None of the theories advanced fits the facts. The snakes are neither drugged nor tampered with in any way. It is true that in captivity snakes tend to grow less vicious, but the cultists often take up freshly captured specimens. Last year, in a Holiness Branch church at Arjay, Kentucky, a corn-likkered scoffer, after watching the saints handle copperheads unharmed, reached for one himself. It sank its fangs into his hand. He lost the hand.

The herpetologists find it easier to understand why the fatalities among bitten handlers remain comparatively low. Many variables determine the toxicity of snake venom—the age, size and health of both snake and victim, the proximity of the bite to a vein or vital organ. Baby snakes secrete the most potent venom. Young, fat adult victims stand the best chance of recovery. Toxicity also varies widely with different species. Of those readily available to the cultists, none are sure-fire killers. Barely 3 per cent of untreated bites by copperheads prove lethal; by water moccasins, 6 per cent; by timber rattlers, 12 per cent. Even the largest, deadliest North American species, the Eastern and Western diamondback rattlers, kill only 50 per cent of their victims. They chiefly inhabit Florida and the desert wastes, so that cultists rarely come by them.

Holiness Branch membership throughout the South totals perhaps 2000, though the saints themselves have never numbered more than a few hundred. Weird as their rites appear to outlanders, they differ more in degree than kind from the extreme fundamentalism and emotionalism which have long typified religion over wide areas of Dixie. It was during the Kentucky revivals of the nineteenth century that hordes of worshipers circled trees on all fours, barking and snapping like dogs to "tree the Devil."

Sociological and cultural factors conspire to perpetuate snake cultism and kindred excesses. Few people lead a bleaker existence than the mountaineers of Kentucky and Tennessee. The coal mines, on which so many of them depend for work, often reduce production for lack of orders; the veins eventually peter out. The mountaineers' chief occupation, besides mining, is subsistence farming—"cornbread livin'," they call it—or working cut-over timberland that belonged to their ancestors.

Obliged to scrabble for a livelihood from an early age, the majority can neither read nor write. They are isolated from the modern world by limited transport and communications and by ways of thinking scarcely altered in a century. Until drafted for military service, some mountaineers never venture farther than the next village.

They are heavily inbred. The women fade young from excessive childbearing. Large families occupy shacks without electricity or running water. Typhoid is not uncommon, and the tuberculosis rate is among the nation's highest.

What trifling pleasures the mountaineers might afford, their stern moral code denies them. The strain of Calvinism, inherited from Scotch-Irish pioneers who colonized the region, runs deep. They view as sinful tobacco, tea, coffee, spirits, dancing, cosmetics, personal adornment, most games. Not long ago a controversy rent a Holiness Branch parish over the propriety of imbibing soda pop.

"Hit don't say nothin' agin it in the Good Book," a parched young preacher argued.

"Show us where hit says anythin' in favor," the (*Continued on Page 156*)

Song Before Bedlam

By Mary Margaret Milbrath

The thin new paint is on
the walls.
The wax is on the floors.
The housemother has
braced herself
To wait the slamming doors
When trunks arrive and
taxis screech
And heels clack in and out
And telephones begin to
ring
And female voices shout.

But *gaudeamus igitur* . . .
And what's a little noise?—
The college girls are coming
back
To study college boys!

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An obstinate oilman named Si,
When well after well came in dry,
Wired home in a flash,
"Telegraph me some cash—
I'll drill and I'll drill till I die!"
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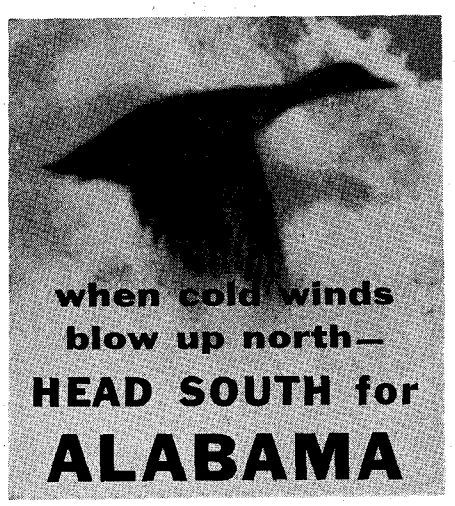

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(*Continued from Page 154*) elder retorted, "an' I'll shet up." The elder prevailed.

Thus, only in their perfervid church services do these repressed people find a release to which they can surrender without a sense of guilt.

The Jerusalem of the snake handlers is Tennessee's Grasshopper Valley, thirty-five miles northeast of Chattanooga. There, in the summer of 1909, arose their messiah, George Hensley, a dwarfish but iron-thewed Church of God preacher. Though almost totally illiterate, "Little George," as the valley dwellers dubbed him, constantly pondered scriptural meanings, and it was he who first took Mark 16:18 to be a mandatory test of faith.

What Hensley did not know, what the snake cultists still refuse to accept, is that no such verse appeared in the earliest known texts of Mark's Gospel, Chapter 16, which stopped at Verse 8 with the words "for they were afraid." Authorship of Verses 9 to 20, found in the King James Bible and some other translations, is a matter of scholarly speculation.

Nevertheless, Little George climbed White Oak Mountain to challenge a snake. Near the crest, in a craggy ravine, a glistening timber rattler confronted him. Falling to his knees, he besought God to fortify his soul. Presently he leaped at the reptile, seized it with both hands and held it aloft. It did not strike him.

Rejoicing in what he conceived to be the bestowal of a true charisma, the runty evangelist tore down the mountainside, brandishing the conquered rattler. As terrified natives fled before him, he vowed to spend the rest of his days seeking converts.

Tramping the Southern backwoods, Hensley tirelessly preached his eerie doctrine. He won proselytes in Tennessee, Kentucky, Virginia, the Carolinas, Alabama, Georgia and Florida. For a while the Church of God sanctioned snake handling, but in 1920 outlawed the practice and excommunicated those who persisted in it. The Hensleyites have ever since scorned the parent body as a "fallen church," claiming to be the only custodian of the pure faith.

According to his wife, Sally, Little George was fanged more than 400 times, but without grave effect. Some of the proselytes proved less durable. During a service at New Hope, Alabama, Mrs. Ruthie Craig, joining the saints for the first time, shrieked, "I'm gonna handle that rattler! Anybody don't believe better go!" The rattler lay inside a wide-mouthed glass jar. She smashed the jar and picked up the snake. It struck her below the elbow. The congregation accompanied Mrs. Craig to her home, singing and praying.

"Do you want a doctor?" somebody asked, as her torment increased.

"Anythin' for ease," she gasped.

"Oh, Sister Ruthie, you're losin' your faith!" a saint lamented. She repented her weakness. Four hours later she was dead.

In Trenton, Georgia, Preacher Reece Ramsay expired in the arms of his wife, forbidding her to summon an ambulance, while the congregation sang, "I'm gittin' ready to leave this world, I'm gittin' ready for the Pearly Gates." Not far from the site of Hensley's exaltation, two women cultists, one the mother of nine children, died after drinking strychnine.

In Grasshopper Valley, Brother Hutton told a novice snake handler named Lewis Ford, "If I don't see you agin on earth, honey, I'll meet you at the great feast."

"Don't you fret," said Ford; I got everythin' fixed." He was mortally bitten.

The most recent fatality occurred near Lenox, Georgia, last January. The victim was a farmer, Johnny Cadwell Graham, aged forty. He left a widow and ten children.

Snake handling had been spreading for almost a quarter of a century before the various state legislatures got around to enacting statutes against it. The new laws set fines of fifty dollars and/or thirty-day jail terms. At first the police zealously pursued the cultists, breaking up their conclaves, arresting the leaders and killing the snakes. But the saints' ardor was not dampened.

Magistrates, uncertain as to what might constitute a violation of the right to free worship, were inclined to be lenient. Usually they imposed a small fine and if the offenders could not or would not pay it, released them. Nowadays, unless a death ensues, the police seldom trouble the cultists.

"It's useless," says Sheriff James West, of Bell County, Kentucky. "Nobody's going to do anything about it."

The Holiness Branch meetinghouses, bearing names like the Shrine of Divine Healing, the Church of the First Born, Holiness Pentecost the True Church of God, generally consist of a single room built of concrete blocks or pine boards. The principal religious object displayed is a calendar print depicting Jesus, distributed as an advertisement by the local funeral parlor. Most services are held on Saturday and Sunday nights, starting around eight and continuing if the fervor does not flag, until three or four next morning.

There is no co-ordinating authority among the churches, no archbishop. The preachers receive no salary. No collection plate is passed. Occasionally, the parishioners "make up for" a needy family. Impoverished themselves, they can seldom pool more than three or four dollars.

Snake hunting begins in March, when the snakes emerge from hibernation. The cultists value the reptiles beyond price. They would not dream of destroying one, even after being bitten. During the winter they keep the cages at home behind the kitchen stove, feeding the snakes milk, live mice, rats and sometimes a chicken.

Now and then, a skeptical outsider will contribute an exceptionally big snake to see if the cultists can cope with it. The challenge is rarely ducked. "I wish they'd send us some o' them co-ber-as," says Hutton. Three years ago, a wealthy Middlesboro, Kentucky, businessman, eager to film the ritual, rented sixty snakes from a wild-animal dealer and consigned them to Hutton and his fellow preachers. The next meeting, one of the most frenetic in Holiness Branch history, attracted an audience of nearly 2000. Three handlers were bitten. A doctor in the crowd, equipped with antivenom serum, tried to treat them. They dismissed him with furious contempt, and were borne away by their families, fainting, hands black and swollen. All three recovered.

"We shore don' aim to git bit, honey," Hutton says. "If hit happens, hit jest means we ain't been payin' attention to the Lord."

To die of snakebite does not, according to Holiness Branch theology, necessarily signify a fall from grace. At certain times preordained by God, the saints believe, there must be martyrs to prove to doubters that the snakes are not defanged. Such proof was afforded twice during the summer of 1955. The founder of the sect, then in his seventieth year, had made a missionary journey to Altha, Florida, with his wife. At an outdoor service Little George handled a diamondback rattler. It bit his right arm. "If hit's God's will to take me," he said, as he was carried to a friend's home, "I'm ready to lay down my life." To the indignation of the faithful, the county authorities listed his death as suicide.

The second victim, bitten a month later, was Lee Valentine, a former Kentucky moonshiner who had mended his ways and joined the sect after a series of misfortunes. Eight of his ten children had succumbed to disease. Mining coal, he had narrowly escaped death in a slate fall. For thirty years thereafter he manipulated snakes with unsurpassed recklessness. He predicted his own death a few days before the event—a diamondback strike in a vein behind his ear, at Fort Payne, Alabama. His widow figures prominently today in the twice-weekly rites of the Holiness Pentecost the True Church of God.

The cultists deem it a special grace to handle a snake that has killed a saint. At Valentine's graveside, near Harlan, Kentucky, howling droves of believers fought to caress the diamondback. The police dispersed them and killed the snake. One of the officers still wears a belt fashioned from its skin.

There probably exist no worshipers on earth more convinced of their own righteousness, more confident of their reward in the hereafter, than the Holiness Branch saints. As Brother Hutton says, "Honey dear, life is jest a dressin' room for eternity. Hit's either take up serpents or hell."

THE END

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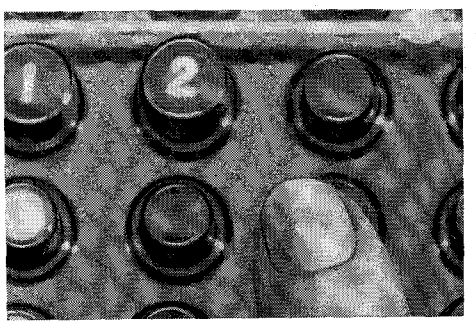

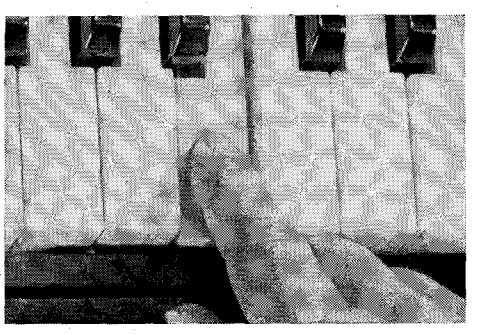

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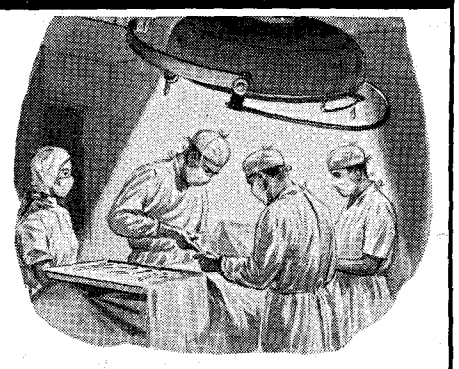

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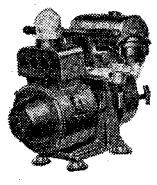

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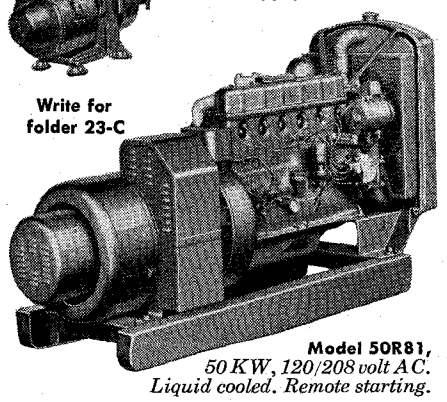

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Before I Knew You

(Continued from Page 36)

twelve years old next May. He plays what experts technically call a violent game. The house was calm. But outside it had been raining since early morning and the rain fell harder and faster after dark. I moved my Queen's Knight in what I thought was an elegant strategem because it forked his Queen and Queen's Rook. He would have to lose one or the other. It was a neat attack. I had once seen it in a book on chess. It was used in a game between Capablanca and Alekhine in London in 1924. Alekhine made the series of moves leading up to the deadly fork. The situation looked hopeless for Joey. If it had not been for the splashing noises, which you can hear distinctly in our living room, I would have felt good.

"We should get that drain fixed," I said to my wife.

Mary did not look up. "It's not the drain, it's the gutter," she said.

"We should get that gutter fixed," I said.

"Yes," she said, "we should."

"It's about time we got it fixed," I said. "The more we let it go, the more it corrodes."

"Yes," she said.

"What I mean," I said, "you can't neglect things like that."

"No, you can't," she said.

"I mean if you neglect them, they only get worse and it costs more in the end than if you had taken care of it right away."

"I think you're right," she said.

"I'm going to call What's-his-name in the morning."

"Who?"

"I have his name in my book," I said. "I'll call him in the morning to fix it."

"That's a good idea," she said.

"It's your move, Joe," I said.

"I know," Joey said.

He was staring at the chess board in deep thought. He had on his glasses. He got them last month. At that, he took longer to need glasses than I did. I began wearing them at ten. My wife needed them even earlier—seven or eight. You see, it's a hereditary deficiency when a child has weak eyesight. Joey had the point of his shirt collar in his mouth. He was chewing it. It's a nervous gesture. Joey is a high-strung boy with plenty of nervous energy. Just like me.

"Well, if you know, let's get going," I said. "Let's get with it. This isn't an international tournament. We don't have to take a year between moves."

"I got to think out the possibilities," Joey said.

"Can't you think them out faster?"

"I think I have it figured out now."

Just then all the lights went out. The music stopped. "Great," I said. This was the perfect time for a fuse to blow. "Where's the searchlight?"

"I don't know," Mary said.

"I'm going down to the basement," I said.

"Maybe it isn't a fuse; maybe it's the storm. Why don't you try the light in the kitchen?"

"We'll see," I said.

I went into the kitchen and pulled the string. No light. Every time we have a bad storm in Crestwood a tree gets knocked down on Mt. Hope Boulevard and it knocks over wires which put the local generator out of order. I don't see the connection, but that is the way it has been explained to me. We went out on the porch and we could see that the street lamp was out and all the houses up and down the block were dark. People were lighting candles in living rooms.

"If they don't get it fixed by tomorrow, all the stuff in the freezer will spoil," I said. We have one of those refrigerators with a freezer compartment.

"We haven't got so much," Mary said.

"Enough."

We went into the living room and lit the two candles on the mantelpiece. Then we lit two more candles and set them on the coffee table, one on each side of the board.

"It's your move," I said. The room became smaller in the flickering light of the candles.

He moved his Queen out of the way. I captured the Rook. Suddenly his Queen captured a Bishop and put my King in check. I got the King out of check, but defeat was inevitable. Joey mated my King in six moves. It was discouraging. Lately, he beats me all the time even when it seems I have victory in my grasp.

"I just thought of something I haven't thought of in many years," I said. I was hypnotized by the aliveness of one of the candles on the table.

"What's that?" Mary asked. She was almost entirely in shadow. You could not see her face. She had put away her sewing.

"I think this will interest you, Joe," I said. He was still staring at the board as if memorizing the final positions of the remaining pieces. "When I was a little boy, we lived in this tenement house and we had gas and sometimes we forgot to put a quarter in and everything blacked out just like tonight."

Joey stopped chewing his collar. "What do you mean—you had gas?"

"We had gas in all the rooms for purposes of lighting," I explained.

"Really?" Joey said. I could see he did not believe me and also he was not particularly interested in the whole thing.

"Sure," I said. "We didn't have electric lights in those days."

"We had them in our house in Detroit," my wife said.

"Of course you did," I said, quite sharply. I detected skepticism in her voice as well as my son's. "Your family was rich."

"Oh, they weren't so rich," she said.

"They were rich enough to have electricity," I said. "Until I was seven years old, I didn't live in a house with electricity."

"You're not that old, dad," Joey said. "Edison invented the electric light in 1885, I think."

"Well, I was born in 1913," I said.

"Say, that makes you forty years old, doesn't it?"

"More than that," I said, with a sigh; "more than that."

I could see that Joey didn't believe in my being forty-four any more than he believed in the existence of gas illumination. "I was born in a tenement house on East 127th Street and Second Avenue in New York," I said. "It was really Manhattan. But Manhattan they always used to call New York in those days. They've torn down the building I was born in. It was in a slum area. They've got a low-cost housing development there now. I went back to look at the old homestead fifteen years ago and it was torn down. We had these brackets—no, they were called something else—what was it now? I think they were called mantles. That doesn't sound right. Gas mantles. Anyway, they were metal fixtures, like an elbow pipe, that came out of the wall, and you turned a handle on a screw, and the gas came on and you lit it with a match. The more you screwed it out, the more gas you got and the bigger the flame."

"Is that really true, dad, or are you making it up?"

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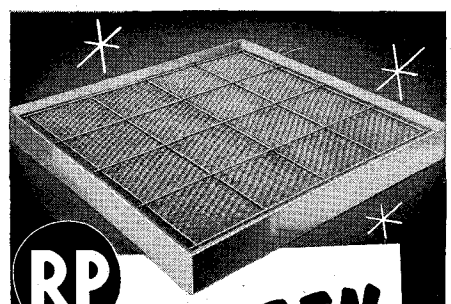

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"Of course, it's true. While families who were better off did have electricity, as your mother said, the poor people did not have electricity. I remember we had two gas mantles—I'm pretty sure they were called gas mantles—in the parlor. We didn't call them living rooms then. Parlors. We had one gas mantle in the bedroom. There was one bedroom in which the whole family slept. My mother, my father, myself and Edna."

"Aunt Edna?" Joe asked. Aunt Edna is married to an insurance broker and she lives in Manhasset, Long Island, and she has four children.

"That's right," I said. "Aunt Edna. She was about two or three years old then. Aunt Eleanor had not been born then. She was born in 1923. By then we lived in a more modern apartment house in Brooklyn. We moved to Brooklyn in 1919, I think it was. We did not even have gas lighting in the first house we lived in in Brooklyn, though. I remember being cautioned by my mother never, never to blow out a gas light. You had to be careful to turn down the screw all the way until the flame went out by itself. Otherwise you could asphyxiate the whole family. A lot of poor families were asphyxiated. You would hear about it. But I wanted to tell you about putting a quarter in the meter. We had this machine in the kitchen. I remember it as being located high up, near the ceiling. It had a meter in it. You didn't have any gas bills coming in the mail. You had to put a quarter in every two or three days, depending on how much gas you used. If you forgot to put the quarter in, then the lights just went out. My mother always kept a few quarters in a cracked teacup which had no handle."

"Paul," my wife said, "are you making all this up?"

"Does it sound as though I am?"

"You do have a vivid imagination," she said.

"I have a vivid memory," I said. "There's a difference."

"Yeah, but, dad, how could you get enough light from the gas? I mean to read by and like that?"

"It gave enough light. Don't worry about that. And I'll tell you something else. There were many times we didn't have that quarter in the teacup or anywhere else, and it got black in the house and it stayed black. I think that's where I started being afraid of the dark. My mother would scream at my father and my father would scream at my mother. She was sore because we ran out of quarters. He made eighteen dollars a week."

"Now, really, Paul ——"

"Don't be so smug, Mary," I said. "You lived in this big mansion on Atkinson Avenue in Detroit and you had two servants and an automobile. My father supported a family of four on eighteen dollars a week. He was a cutter in a leather-goods factory. That was the whole deal—eighteen dollars a week—no deductions for hospitalization, income tax or social security. Why, I didn't eat in a restaurant until I was about twelve or thirteen years old. I didn't even ride in an automobile until I was fifteen. Why, my family didn't even own a car until 1931 or 1932. I'll tell you something else—when we moved to Brooklyn, the first house we lived in was like a farmhouse."

"What year was that?" Mary asked.

"About 1919."

"They really had farms in Brooklyn then?"

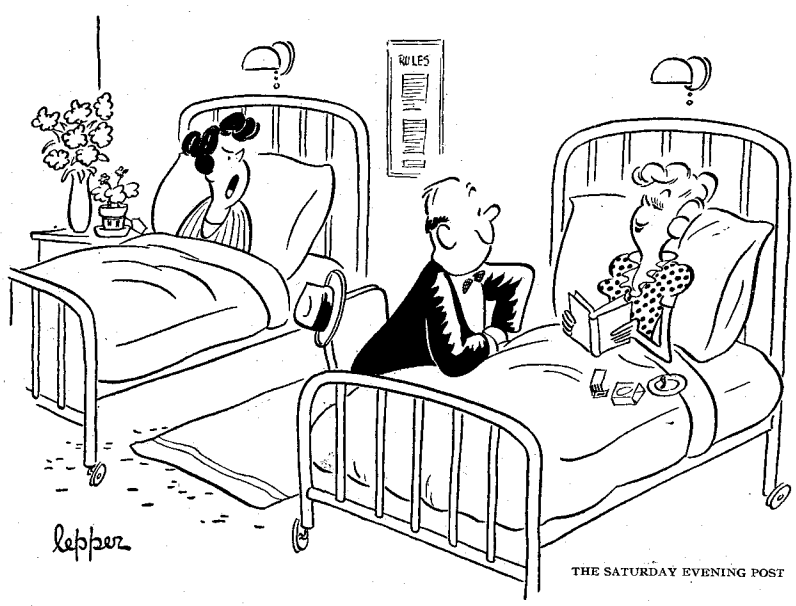
"Sure," I said; "at least in the part of Brooklyn we moved to. As I said, we were very poor and the way I reconstruct it my mother was anxious to get the children out of New York—I mean Manhattan—the way mothers now want to get their children out into the suburbs, Long Island or Connecticut. Except they were too poor to buy a house in a fancy suburb, so they moved way out to this part of Brooklyn—and, believe me, it was way out. Bath Beach. You might not believe it, looking at that neighborhood now, with all the apartment houses, but it was all farm country in those days. The streets were not paved. There were no sewers. We had to go out in the back yard to go to the toilet."

"Now, really, Paul, you never told me these things."

"The streets were mud when it rained," I continued, beginning to relish the grip I had on my audience, but also feeling as if all this could not possibly have happened to me, as if I must have read it in a book long ago. "There was one house to every two or three blocks, if you could call them blocks. Our landlady, Mrs. Mulrain, kept ducks, chickens and goats. A man down the road had cows. I used to walk over there with a glass at milking time and he'd let me hold the glass under the cow's udder and he'd squirt milk right into the glass. I wish you could taste milk right from a cow. It's still warm and has a rich taste you don't get in pasteurized, homogenized milk."

"This is simply unbelievable," Mary said.

"I forgot to mention the kerosene lamps," I said. (*Continued on Page 162*)



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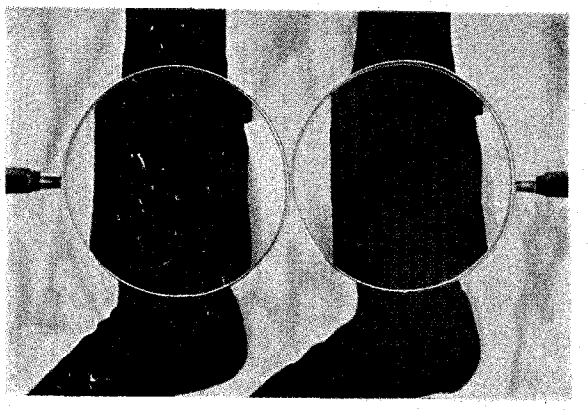

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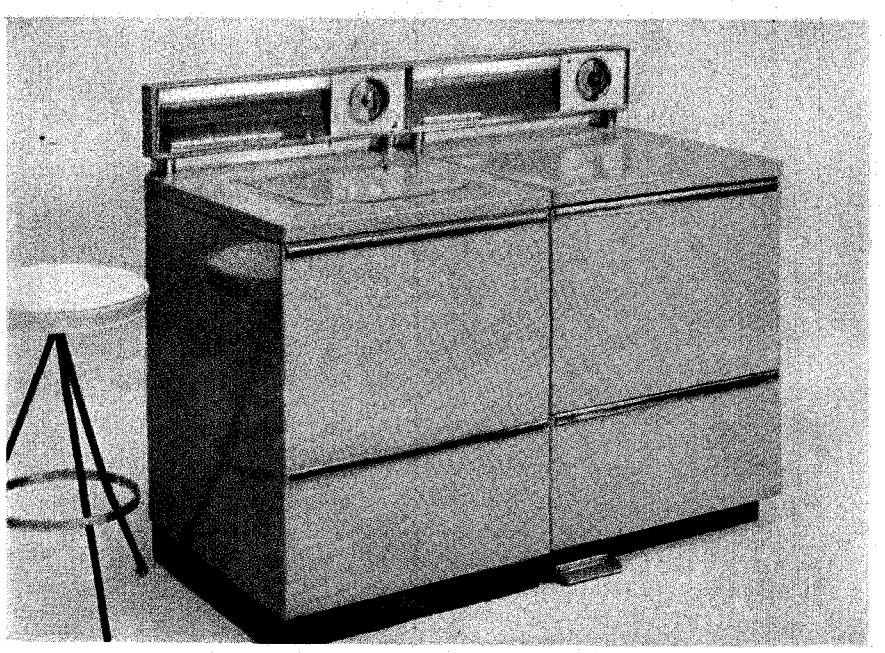

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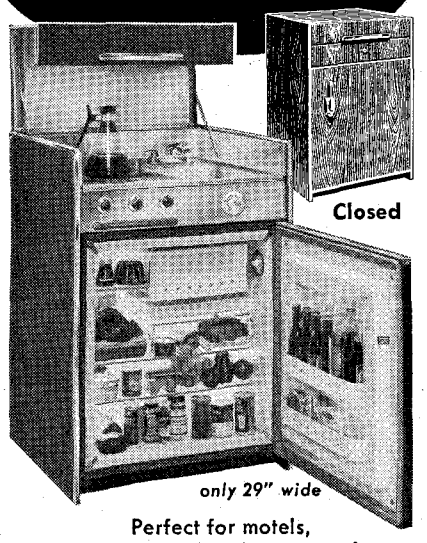

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(*Continued from Page 159*)

"Don't tell me you had kerosene lamps," she said.

"We certainly did, at this farmhouse in Bath Beach. And my mother cooked on a wood-burning stove. I remember helping her start the fire before dinner."

"What's a kerosene lamp?" Joey asked.

"I had no idea you were brought up in such primitive surroundings," Mary said, a note of tender sympathy in her voice.

"A kerosene lamp—well, it had this glass part on top, very thin glass, shaped like a pear, it kind of bellied out in the middle, and it fitted into a metal base. It wasn't heavy or big. There was a hole in the bottom, around the base, and you poured the kerosene into this little hole. I'm not sure I have this part right, but that's the way I remember it. I was only six years old at the time. Then it had a wick. When you had her filled up with the kerosene, you just lit the wick. It worked like a cigarette lighter, except not with a spark."

"Where did you say you put the kerosene?" Joey asked.

"You put the kerosene in this little hole in the bottom," I said. "It worked just like a cigarette lighter. The kerosene was like lighter fluid."

"You did that? Yourself? You put the kerosene in?" Joey asked.

"I don't know who put it in," I said. "What difference does it make who put it in? The point is we had these kerosene lamps. You don't realize how the world has changed in the last forty years, Joe. In my lifetime. I'm just trying to give you a perspective. A sense of history. History is the sense of the past as a living experience for your ancestors. Even such a simple phenomenon as light in the home illustrates the complexity of past human experience."

"I don't understand how you could get enough light from the kerosene lamp," Joe persisted.

"You didn't get as much light as you do from a hundred-watt bulb, but you got enough," I said.

"Where did they put the lamps anyway?" Joey asked.

"On tables," I said. "You had two or three in a room and you put in the kerosene and it gave plenty of light."

"It's amazing," Joey said.

"What's so amazing about it?"

"It's just amazing."

"Everybody in Bath Beach had kerosene lamps. It's very simple. There were no gas pipes or electric lines out this far in Brooklyn. They only had street lamps on the main street. A man used to come riding on a bicycle every night and light the lamps. He had a long stick and he stuck it up into the lamp and he lit it. We were way out in the middle of nowhere. That's why the rent was so cheap. My father probably paid five dollars a month rent for a whole floor of rooms. We had more rooms than we ever had before. They had to use something for light. So they had kerosene lamps."

"I don't see how they could get enough light from a little thing like that," Joey said.

"I'm telling you they could get enough light," I said. "Everybody was happy with the light. I never heard anybody complaining. They were perfectly satisfied with kerosene lamps. They didn't want gas lamps or electric lamps or *anything-the-hell* else. They were much happier with kerosene lamps than people today are with electricity. You didn't hear of people going to psychoanalysts in those days."

"Did the radio play on kerosene?" Joey asked.

"Radio play on kerosene?" I shouted. "What radio?"

"The radio. The television. The phonograph," he said.

I was walking up and down the room. "Good heavens," I said. "Good heavens."

"How did the radio work, dad?"

"It didn't work."

"It didn't work?"

"No, it didn't work; for the simple reason that we didn't have any radio to work. The radio wasn't invented then and the television wasn't invented then, and when the radio was invented it worked on a battery."

"What kind of a battery?"

"A wet battery like the one we have in the car."

"It really did work on a battery? Really, dad?"

"Of course, it really did work on a battery. Do you think that things have always been the same as they are now? About once every week we had to lug the battery down to the radio store and get it recharged. I heard the first program Amos 'n' Andy ever broadcast. I remember the Happiness Boys, Harry Horlick and the A and P Gypsies, Jessica Dragonette, Larry Funk and his Band of a Thousand Melodies. He had a banjo in his rhythm section."

"They had Amos 'n' Andy on television," Joey said.

"Television! Television! Listen, we didn't have any television when I was your age. And the phonograph didn't get plugged into the wall. You had to wind it up. There was a crank to wind it up. And people even had to crank up their cars to get them started. And we didn't have frozen foods or air conditioning or two-hundred-horsepower cars. You didn't see an automobile in Bath Beach. It was all horses. Now the only time you see a horse is when a junk dealer comes around to buy junk. We didn't have airplanes."

"Now wait a minute, dad; they did, too, have airplanes."

"I tell you they didn't have airplanes."

"I know the Wright Brothers flew a heavier-than-air ship in 1903," Joey said. "I read it in a book."

"I mean they didn't have airplanes as a normal method of transportation," I said. "You didn't see them in the air. You didn't know anybody who flew in airplanes."

"It must have been terrible in those days," Joey said.

"It was not," I said. "It was very nice. It was very peaceful. Nobody wanted to fly in airplanes anyhow."

The lights suddenly went on.

"It's about time they fixed it," I said. "We didn't have such troubles with kerosene lamps."

Joey was setting up the pieces. "How about another game, dad?"

"I'm not in the mood."

Mary started sewing buttons. The phonograph suddenly came alive and the room filled with music as well as light. I was conscious of the rain still splashing noisily in back.

"Just one more game."

"All right, just one more," I said. "I'll tell you something about airplanes, Joe. When Lindbergh flew the Atlantic Ocean in 1927 and they had that big parade for him on Broadway, I was there. I was selling souvenir buttons and pennants. I made about ten dollars that day. I remember Lindbergh as clearly as if he was sitting in this room. He was known as Lucky Lindy. He stood up in the back of the car, this open touring car. Even though he was kind of slouched down, he looked young and brave and slender, like a god. The thing I remember, he didn't smile. He turned his head and everybody was screaming and cheering, but it was as if he wasn't listening, and he didn't smile. Now he's married and he's got five kids and he's an executive in some company. He used to be a hero. We all wanted to be like Lucky Lindy. That's how recent flying in airplanes is. And a lot of people didn't have telephones. We didn't have a telephone in our own home until 1928. What do you think of that?"

"It's your move," Joey said.

We played three games. He beat me twice, and one game was a stalemate.

Just before he went to bed, Joey looked at me in a curious way and said, "Are there really such things as kerosene lamps?"

"Yes," I said, feeling dumb and helpless.

When Mary and I were alone, I said, "Everything is different. The whole world is different. The world of our senses is a different world than it was to our senses then. And we didn't know it was happening to us. It is almost as if we were asleep this whole time, these forty years. And Joey doesn't believe it was the way it was. Do you think people really cannot grasp the fact that the past was totally different from the present?"

"Yes," Mary said, "and we cannot believe that the future will be any different than the present."

The next day as I was about to take the 5:38 home to Crestwood, I got an idea. I walked out of Grand Central Station and went over to Third Avenue. I walked up Third Avenue and looked for an antique shop. I thought I would go in and see if they had an old kerosene lamp. I planned to buy a lamp and bring it home and put some kerosene in the hole in the bottom of it and prove to my son that you didn't have to flip a switch to light a room.

I had to walk a long time, but I wasn't tired suddenly. I felt tense all over. I found a big antique store at 54th Street. It really was more of a secondhand junk shop than an antique store. I looked in the window. I didn't see any kerosene lamps in the window.

I wanted to go into the store and ask if they had any old kerosene lamps for sale, but, for some reason I cannot explain, a feeling of embarrassment swept over me. I simply could not do it. I kept looking in the window, trying to get up my nerve. I smoked one cigarette. I smoked another cigarette. I finally came to the conclusion that the whole project was useless and stupid.

I went into a bar on Third Avenue and drank a double Scotch with a small beer for a chaser. Then I walked back very slowly to the station. On Lexington Avenue, the enormous office buildings loomed menacingly in the slowly gathering darkness of the evening, and the lights—the electric lights and the fluorescent lights—beginning to shine in the geometrically spaced windows, seemed dead and impersonal, as cold as the light that glowed in the filaments and tubes. As the alcohol loosened me up, I knew that it was not only a kerosene lamp I wanted to bring home but the world of my past, and my very youth itself, which was gone forever, and which was unreal, and which nobody could believe in, most of all myself.

THE END

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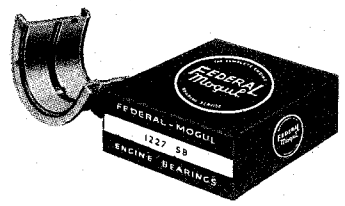

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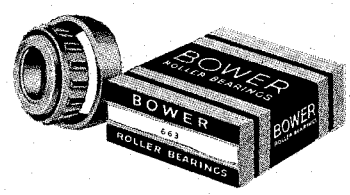

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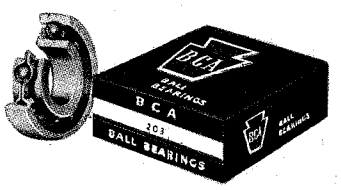

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Violent City

(Continued from Page 49)

Morgan used the patrolman's flashlight. The material and color of the suit, a shoe, the shredded straw hat, the colored band—it had been Fred Hatfield. Morgan turned away, walked three steps and came to a stop on spread, braced legs. His back was toward the shattered car, erect and unyielding; his face was toward the crowd, set and unbroken. But inside him there was sickness and grief and hate beyond measure. He waited.

Sirens were coming from several directions. Two women were kneeling beside Sandy, holding her.

A siren howled in the street, headlights swung into the parking area, and the heavy, chrome-laden police car that Pete Groth drove came to a bouncing, tire-screeching halt. The door was flung open. Pete Groth in shining boots and flared breeches, strode toward Morgan. "What happened here?" he demanded.

"Whose car ——"

Morgan's voice was stiff, clipped. "Take care of the crowd."

"Yeah, sure. But I want to know ——"

"Out on the street!" Morgan said. "Jump, damn you!"

Groth's sudden backward step and his turn were clumsy. He stumbled a little. Then, big, hard striding and angry, he went into the street and began yelling at the ranks of quiet, unmoving people.

"Sandy," Morgan whispered. "What can I say to you?"

The women could not get her to her feet.

In a moment a fire truck came thundering into the area, trailing fire hose. Helmeted men swung down, light gleamed on the brass of chemical extinguishers. Morgan stopped them.

"Not yet!" he said. "Not unless we need it."

"But the gas tank ——"

"Stand by!" Morgan said. "Douse the first flame, but not a drop until you see a flame! I know—it's taking a chance. But I want it just the way it is, if I can have it that way!"

The men stood by.

The fire truck backed a little at Morgan's orders, its floodlights filled the area with the brightness of day. Two more police cars came. Morgan used the four patrolmen they contained to clear a wider area of people and to stand guard. "Lieutenant Dente?" he asked one of these, and the man answered, "Got him out of bed; he's on his way." An ambulance came, a doctor. To the doctor, Morgan said, "The man in the car is dead. Help the woman there, if you can. She's the daughter-in-law of the man in the car."

The doctor went to Sandy, spoke to her and tried to draw her hands from her face. Sandy made fists of her hands, shook them at the doctor and covered her face again. A priest came. Morgan said, "He's gone, father, but do what you can." And then Lt. Sam Dente came into the lighted area.

"Fred Hatfield," Morgan said. "Dynamite under the seat, I guess. Hooked to the ignition, the starter, a plug. He didn't have a chance, Sam. Not the ghost of a chance."

The rigid set of Morgan's face told Dente much, the hand that went to Morgan's shoulder told him more. The muscles of that shoulder were rock-hard.

"I know—I know," Dente said softly. "I know what it means and how it feels. But you can't help or do a thing this way. Come loose, Ed. Come loose."

Morgan stared at Dente a moment longer. Then a muscle began to twitch in his cheek, a shudder shook him, his eyes closed. Sam Dente's arm was across his shoulder as the two walked to the deep shadows in the corner of the parking area. They did not speak for some moments.

"A good man," Morgan said. "Fred and the chief, they were like that, you know? I knew Fred all my life, and I never knew him to do a rotten thing. Even an unkind thing." His eyes were searching Dente's face. "You knew him, too, Sam."

Dente nodded silently.

"And now this happens. But why did it have to happen to Fred? Why not me? I get paid for it. I mean, if there's a fight, I'm paid to stand up there and take the knocks. You know that. I didn't duck. I ——" He shook his head.

"You're getting your knocks now."

"But I'm alive! I ——"

"Wait a minute, Ed," Dente said. "I know how you feel about it. I feel the same way. But it's done, it's happened. So what comes next? We go on. Isn't that right? You know it is. You've got to tell us where to go. And what to do. We're waiting for you, Ed."

"Sam, I ——"

"An order, chief. Give me an order."

Morgan looked into Dente's eyes a moment longer. Then his face began to tighten. His voice was sharp.

"Go after Gus Helm, Sam. Move fast, hit hard. Never mind warrants. Go anywhere, take anything, take anybody. On my orders, Sam. Say that, and let me handle the beefs."

"I'll go," Dente said.

"Go hard, Sam. Get hold of Gus' outfit by every corner and shake it—shake the living hell out of it!—and catch what drops. Gus may be clean. He'll try to be, if this is his. But the Barkley boys. Where were they? Where are they? Rattle them hard, shake them. Their rooms, their car, their clothes—sift them. And Si Broom—he could have made this bomb blindfolded—beat the town for him or word of him." Morgan lifted a stiff hand. "You know what to do, Sam. Don't miss anything. Break anything, any face, but hit with everything you've got."

"You'll be here?"

"Or at the station. But here until I fine-screen everything here. Move out now, Sam. Take Baker and Janney, if you want them. Leave me Hargood and Groth."

"I'll break out the day-side. You'll need all these."

Dente went across the lighted parking area, got into his car and drove away. Morgan moved out of the shadows slowly. His mind was full of the problem ahead. He had limited forces, limited facilities—how best to use them? There would be opposition and interference—how best to avoid them? He wanted to waste nothing, not a movement, a man or a tool. His mind was full of planning, but his heart made him stop beside Sandy. She was still sitting on the pavement, her face covered.

The doctor said, "She needs help I can't give her."

The two women kneeling with Sandy looked up at Morgan. One was gray-haired and wore a chenille robe wrapped tightly about her; the other, in the uniform of a waitress, was not yet twenty. They both had aching faces. When Morgan took hold of Sandy's arms, they helped bring Sandy to her feet. She did not want to stand.

Morgan held her, speaking with a gentle roughness, "Sandy—Sandy, listen to me. This is no good. It's not helping, and you've got to help. Come on, now. You're a brave girl. Show us your courage. Show us ——"

Suddenly Sandy's body straightened. Her head came up, her hands left her face and her arms, thrown wide, jerked free of Morgan's supporting grip. Her face was not swollen and tear-streaked; it was stiff and masklike, and her eyes were dry and hot. She looked at Morgan with complete loathing.

"You killed him!"

This was hysteria. Morgan was sure of it. But the dryness of her eyes, the clearness of her voice, made it seem the product of a thinking mind. More, he had first blamed himself, and the feeling of guilt had not yet wholly left him. He needed only to be named a murderer with such absolute certainty to feel the pain of guilt again, multiplied a thousand times. His face turned white, and sickness moved in him. Now she flayed him with other names, each filled with hate and anger. He backed a step, began to turn, and Sandy lunged. The two women caught Sandy's arms and saved Morgan's face from her clawing nails. The doctor stepped in front of Morgan and caught

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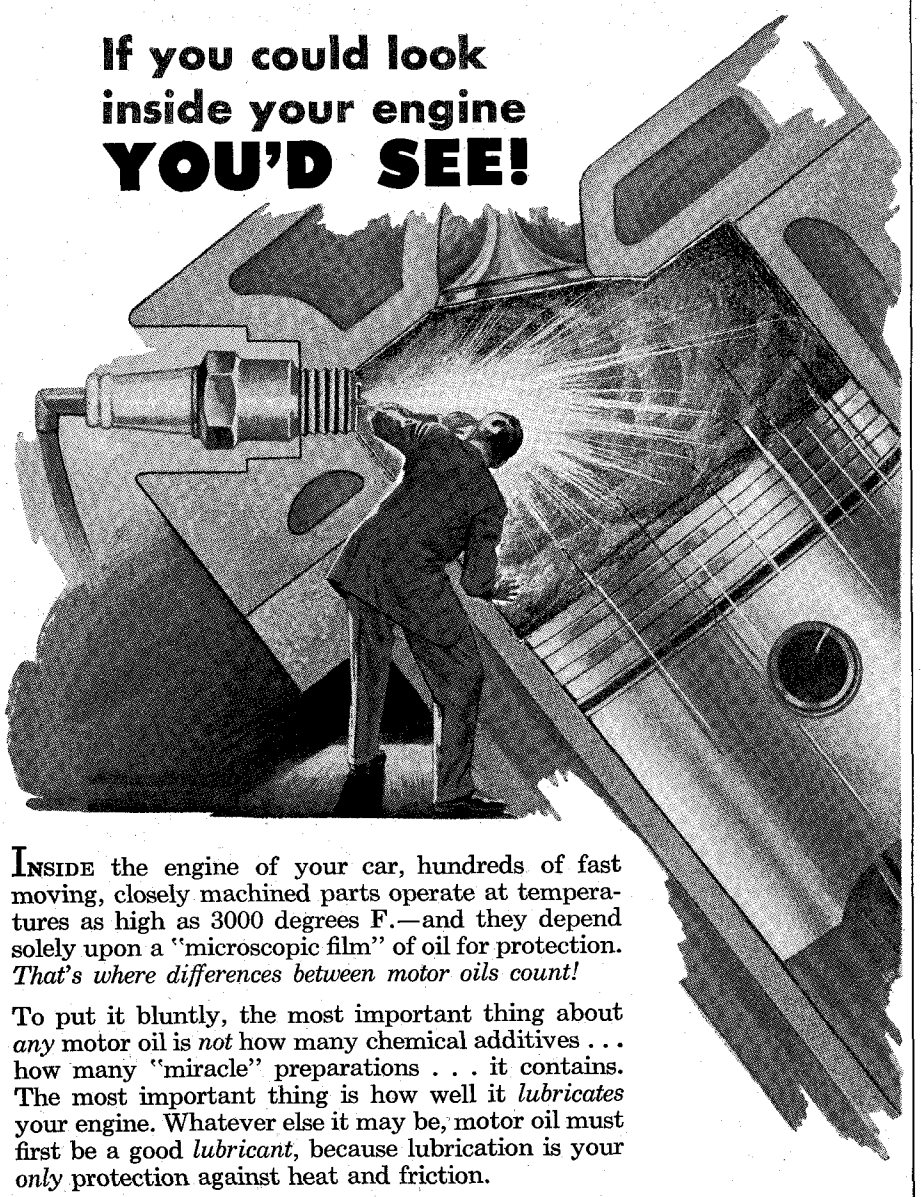

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Sandy's wrists. His face was understanding, but his voice was like a slapping hand.

"That's enough! You're going home now!"

Sandy stopped fighting. The doctor released her wrists and she covered her face again, shoulders drooping. They led her to the doctor's car. Morgan didn't follow. He watched the gray-haired woman in the chenille robe get into the car with Sandy.

The doctor came back to speak to Morgan. "Mrs. Peterson is a neighbor; she'll stay with Mrs. Hatfield. I'll stay as long as anything can be done."

"What can be done?" Morgan asked.

The doctor looked at the wrecked car. "Very little."

Now Morgan turned away from Sandy and any thought of her. And he turned away from grief and pain and self-recrimination. Now there was only the task ahead.

The number of men in uniform had been doubled with the addition of the second night relief reporting for duty. None of the first night relief asked to be relieved; both shifts together numbered only nine.

There were no plain-clothes men among these, no detectives experienced in homicide or explosives. There were no fingerprint men, no laboratory technicians and no police photographers. The modern, fully equipped police force that Fred Hatfield and Sandy had planned was not yet in existence, and the burden of all the nonexistent departments came to rest on Morgan's shoulders.

The sport shirt, open at the throat, the slacks, the rope-soled shoes he'd worn for a Sunday evening off duty were out of place in this area of violence. All his men were uniformed and armed. But no one questioned his authority. The cold set of his face, the sharp cut of his voice, were uniform enough.

One patrolman was kept on guard at the wrecked car. No one was to approach within ten yards of it. "And that goes for any state and county police who might show up," Morgan said. "Alert me when the coroner arrives." Groth and Hargood were kept on crowd duty. "Send everyone home who'll go; keep the rest at a distance." Four men were assigned to a minute, inch-by-inch search of the immediate blast area. "I want every bit of metal, cloth and wire that came from the blast or might have had something to do with the blast, located and marked. We'll chart the locations first, pick up the pieces later." The two remaining men were assigned the task of hunting witnesses.

"The car came into this lot at about ten-fifteen," Morgan said. "It got here in one piece, so the bomb was placed after that, placed while the car was parked here. It blew at eleven-twenty-three. Who was seen near here in that sixty-eight minutes? Who saw them? Get me all the names you can. I don't care how unreasonable they might seem, get them!"

He used an Enterprise telephone to call Seattle. A laboratory technician and basic equipment were promised at the earliest possible moment. He went back to the wrecked car to find the coroner had arrived. There were also two cars of the state patrol, the sheriff's car and another car holding two of his deputies. For the coroner Morgan had only a word of caution, "Be careful of anything that might be evidence." The sheriff, the deputies and the men of the state patrol were waiting in a group beside the sheriff's car. Morgan went to them.

"Hello, Clyde."

He had met the sheriff, Clyde Bates, on his trip to the county seat and he had liked him. The man was tall, big-shouldered and freckled. He was young for his job, but there was a clean, capable look about him. He shook hands with Morgan and held Morgan's hand in his firm grasp an added moment.

"Your big trouble broke," he said. "And fast."

"It did, Clyde," Morgan said. "I told you I was going to ask for it. But I—I didn't want anything like this."

"Who could?" the sheriff said. "The county's going to miss him. The state's going to miss him. Me, I owe him my job."

"We'll collect for him."

"You want to run things?"

"It's got to be that way," Morgan said. "It's my town, my job, my war. I can use help, though. All the help I can get. From you and your people, Clyde." He looked at the state patrolmen. "And from you people too."

One of these said, "Name it and you'll get it."

Morgan thought for a moment. Then: "I'm shorthanded on the detail I sent out looking for witnesses. The car was wired between ten-fifteen and eleven-twenty-three. Rigged here. There's only one entrance to the lot. If your men can ——"

"We can," the sheriff said.

He reached into the back of his car and from it brought out an electronic megaphone.

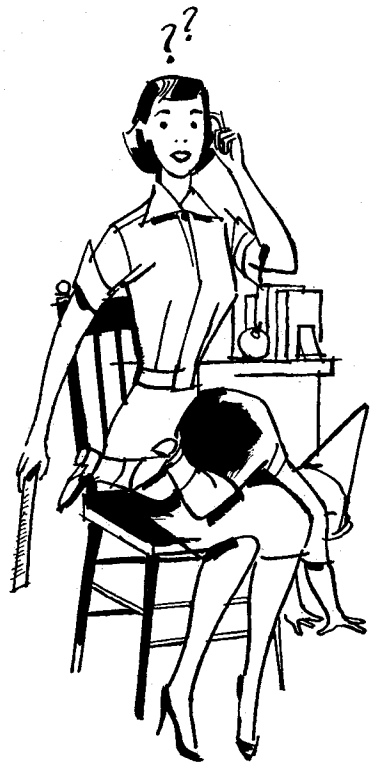
His voice, built up by the megaphone, boomed through the night. "Listen, you folks! We need your help. The bomb was put in the car sometime between ten-fifteen and when it blew. Whoever did it had to drive in here or walk in. A lot of people must have seen the man or the car without thinking anything about it. Think about it now. If you saw anything or anybody, come forward and give us a statement. Don't be afraid of hurting an innocent person. We'll give everybody a fair break. We'll check 'em out, and that's a promise. Come on, now, this is your job too."

There was a moment of silence in which the crowd was motionless. Then a man stepped out. He was followed by a teen-age boy, then two women, then three more men. The deputies and the state patrolmen went to help the sheriff take their statements. And Morgan felt his burden grow lighter. Few, if any, of the volunteers were likely to furnish information of importance, but the work of taking the statements and running down every lead was a necessary and arduous task. A task in good hands, Morgan thought.

The coroner completed his work. The remains of Fred Hatfield were taken away. Now Morgan began a careful examination of the ruined car. No blast, however powerful, can destroy every bit of evidence. There are always fragments of the device that can be found. A complete examination under powerful lights by a technician would come later; Morgan's search was for the immediately obvious. A short length of fine copper wire was still attached to a spark plug. This had supplied the electric spark that had detonated the bomb. A ragged patch of black friction tape was caught in a snarl of broken seat springs. Had the tape been used to bind sticks of dynamite together? The broken blade of a pocketknife, black-smeared from cutting rubber, lay beside a knife-cut hole in the rubber floor mat. The detonating wire might have come through here. The bits of evidence were small but important; they were carefully placed in marked envelopes.

Morgan was not allowed to give all his attention to the work. The curious and the morbid could be held away, but not the officials. Mayor Harry Strahl, agitated to the point of near-collapse, arrived to infuriate Morgan with accusations, questions and commands. He waved limp white hands in Morgan's face, his too-large head jerked from side to side.

"Good heavens, man, what have you done? Fred Hatfield was an important man, a great man! To let him be killed—it's an outrage! A ghastly outrage! Every newspaper in the world will print this! We stand disgraced! Who did it? Do you know yet? I want the murderer behind bars within twenty-four hours. That's an order! Twenty-four hours!"



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Charles B. Schooler

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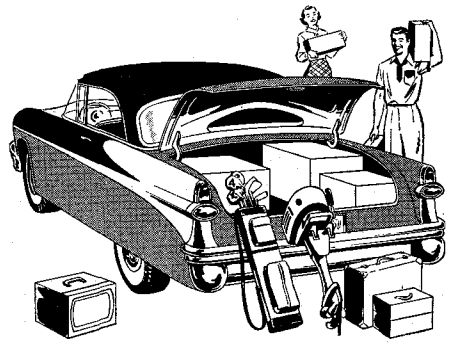

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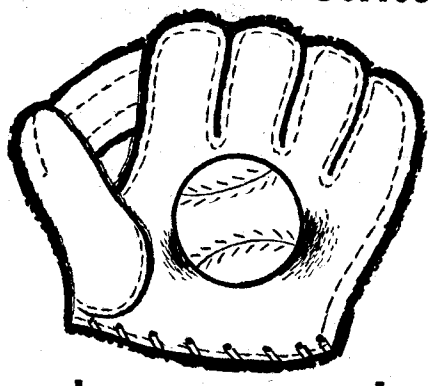

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He was the mayor, the man who could fire Morgan. He had to be listened to, he had to be quieted. "Fred Hatfield was a lifelong friend of mine," Morgan said. "It wouldn't have happened if I could have prevented it. I'm hit as hard as anyone. And I'm doing everything that can be done, I promise you. I'll have the killer in less than twenty-four hours if it's humanly possible."

Mike Beckett, garage owner, car dealer, burly, redheaded and sour, was a member of the city council. He, too, could walk through the police lines. He shoved his jaw at Morgan, dislike darkening his heavy face.

"Goin' to clean up the town, eh? Going to wipe up the scum and make the world safe for democracy. And what comes of your blue-nose cleanup? A few punks, a few hustlers in jail, and this. You get the town's Number One citizen blown to hell. Nothin' like this happened before you came. Y' satisfied now? Y' real happy? What've you got to say for yourself?"

Mike Beckett was an open-city boy. Any business was good business. Slots, games, booze around the clock—sure, why not? Look at Las Vegas, look at Reno. He had voted against the cleanup; he had voted against Morgan's appointment. But he was a councilman. He could say what he wanted to say to the chief of police. Morgan locked his anger behind set teeth.

"I've got this to say," Morgan said: "The rotten town you have here killed my father and it killed Fred. And this is not the end of it. More are going to die. It'll go on like this until the town is clean. If you care a damn about the town or the people in it, you'll come with us, you'll lend a hand."

"Very well put," a voice said.

Mike Beckett swung like an angry bull to find that George Kell had come up behind him. The small attorney, the most vocal member of the citizens' committee, had been allowed to pass through the police line. His head was tipped to look at Beckett, light glinted on his glasses. He did not give way before Beckett's belligerence; his voice was brittle, sharp.

"Any sane man would know Morgan is right," he said. "You can't support Gus Helm another day, Mike. Gus and his rotten crew have got to go. This is proof of it!"

"What's it prove?" Beckett demanded. "To me it proves you blue-nose characters don't know what you're doin'! We didn't have this kind of trouble before. We were all makin' money, all gettin' along. Then this do-gooder here comes in and starts slappin' everybody in the face. Naturally, somebody's goin' to get sore. Naturally, somebody's goin' to slap back. An' don't be blamin' it on Gus. This guy jailed pretty near a hundred people, didn't he? Any one of them could've gone crazy and did this. All Gus ever did was give people what they want, and a square deal every time. You say Gus has got to go. I say this blue-nose cop has got to go!"

"He's staying!"

"We'll see about that!"

"That we will," George Kell said. "We need him now more than ever. And how badly we needed him before is certainly clear now. The majority will see it. If you want to fight the majority, that's your business. But you'll lose your shirt."

"I never lost a shirt yet," Beckett said, and stamped away.

George Kell looked after him, then looked at Morgan. He shook his head. Then he found a white handkerchief and wiped his face and his glasses, making a long job of it. He had the look of a man who had hurried here, a man hurting.

"I heard the radio report just thirty minutes ago," he said. "I was with friends in Blackston. That's thirty miles of crooked road. I couldn't get here sooner."

"Driving like that, you're lucky to get here," Morgan said.

With Fred Hatfield gone and Sandy turned against him, George Kell's was the strongest voice that could speak in his behalf. Perhaps the only voice. Without George Kell, he would certainly be relieved of duty. That must not happen. He couldn't fight without his position, and if he couldn't go on fighting he knew he would surely go insane. No matter what he felt about George Kell—indifference verging upon dislike—he had to keep the man on his side.

George Kell was looking at the wrecked car. "What can I say, Ed? What words can serve at a time like this? Fred was the last man who should have been taken."

"They picked him because it would hit us the hardest," Morgan said. "And it's the thing that will kill them. The chief, me, you or anybody else—the people would forget in time and things would settle back. But they're not going to forget Fred. They'll want this paid for, if it takes a hundred years."

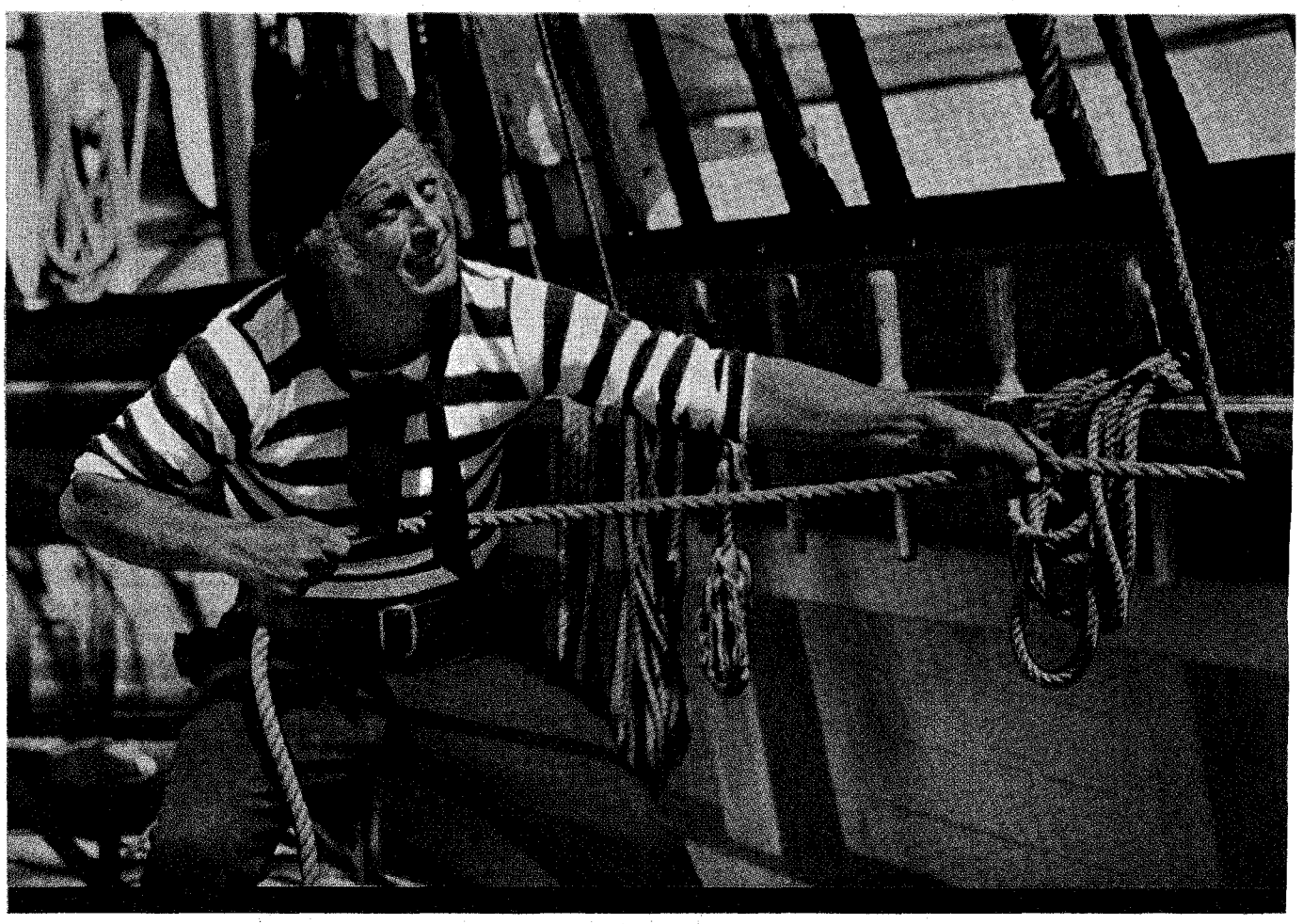
"It's Gus Helm's work," George Kell said.

"I'm looking at Gus," Morgan said.

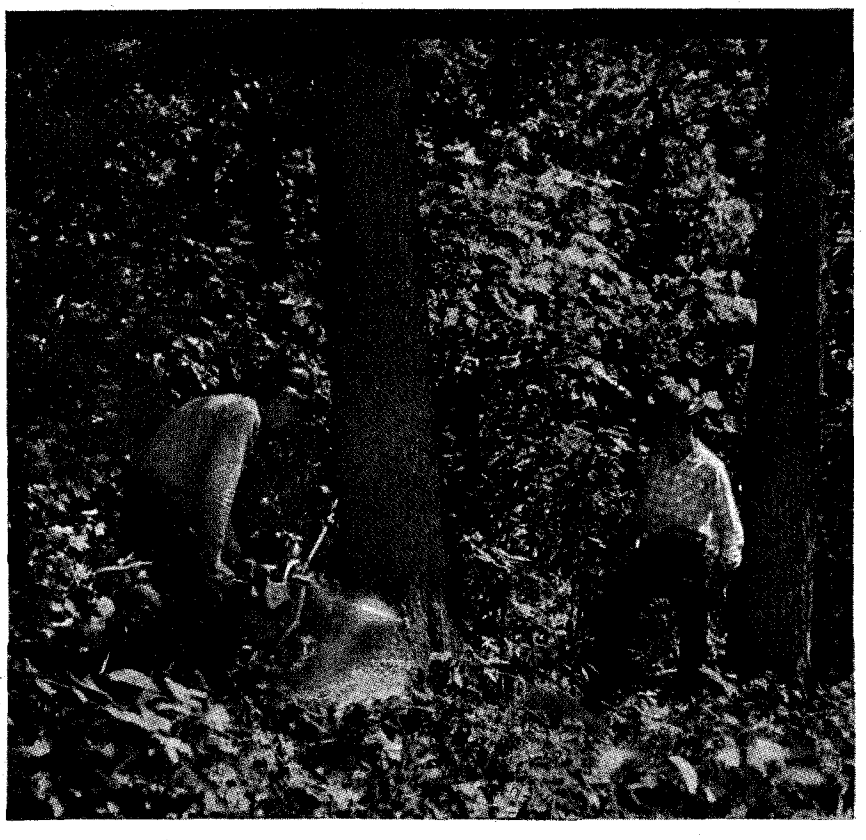
"Have you found anything?"

"Not yet."

"No witnesses?" George Kell looked around the parking area. "The man had to come in here to place the bomb, driving or walking. Somebody might have seen him."



The iron man . . . the red oaks . . . and tl



THE era of "iron men and wooden s would seem to be long past. But a some sea-going booby trap, the magnetic has forced it back into the present.

Today, a sleek ship of *laminated re* timbers is plying the waters off the At coast. It is the *USS Bittern*, first of the Navy's new non-magnetic minehu Equipped with sonar and electronic sea devices, its mission is to find and chart for destruction.

Red oak was used in the constructi the Bittern, because white oak, normal choice for shipbuilding, is in short supply oak, however, does not have the dur for rugged sea duty, so it had to be fied. The timbers first had to be pro

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"Some of my men, the sheriff and his man and the state patrol are working on that angle. If they had anything hot they'd have told me. Quite a few people volunteered information, but you know how that goes. They see things that aren't there, and they can't remember the things they do see. We'll give it the works. Depend on it."

George Kell took hold of Morgan's arm, head turned. He shook the arm gently, emotionally. "The picture seems clear to me. You declared war on Gus, he struck back. And he threatened you with approximately this the night you made the arrests in his place. But"—he shook his head—"I won't presume to tell you what to do or how to do it. You know your work far better than I. Let's say I'll be behind you all the way, aching to help. Ask for anything you need."

"I'll do that."

George Kell was silent for a moment. "I'm afraid to think about Sandy. But I've got to."

"She knows," Morgan said. "We were together at their place when it happened. We came right here. She saw it when it was still smoking. There was nothing anybody could do."

George Kell made a hurt sound. "First her husband, Fred's son, and now Fred, a man who was like her father—how much can a girl stand? Why does it pile up on one person?"

"Don't know. I didn't write the book."

"Had I better stop and see her?"

"A doctor and a neighbor went home with her. They'll give her a sedative, I'm sure. Make it tomorrow."

"Tomorrow, then." George Kell looked up at Morgan. "Ed, let me do all I can, will you? I'm not a policeman. But I do know criminal law and I can think clearly. Perhaps I can think of ways to use the evidence you find that might not occur to you. I'd like to if I could. I'd feel I was helping."

"I'll keep you in touch," Morgan said.

George Kell went back to his car. Before starting it, he arched his back against a stiffness, a muscle fatigue that lay across his shoulders. It was true he had driven the thirty miles of winding road that lay between Blackton and Westbury in less than thirty minutes—leaving at the moment of the radio bulletin, arriving when he'd said he'd arrived—and the strain of it was still in his slender body. He had been playing bridge at the home of a member of the state legislature. It was a fact that could be easily verified.

Now he drove to the Sattler Building and parked near the entrance. The front of the two-story building was dark. He lighted a cigarette. There was no more than the usual trembling in his thin hands. The fact pleased him. He left the car, entered the building and climbed the stairs to the upper floor. The reception room of his office was dark. He went through it to an inner office, and through this to the narrow room that was his law library. Paul Tanner was here. Playing cards were spread before him in a small pool of light on an oak table. The blinds of the single window were drawn, the book-lined walls gave the room a tomb-

No one is more likely to get lost in the Pentagon than an efficiency expert.
E. J. KIEFER

like stillness. Tanner moved two of the cards, but he did not look up.

"I heard somewhere a man got used to killing," he said. "It's a lie." His face was set in unreadable lines, but it was stiffly set and paper-white. "Of course, killing the girl was really an accident. I was drunk, crazy with an insane idea. But it hit me hard. And killing Hatfield hit me the same way. You don't know how it feels. It rips you up inside. Your head feels like it was being squeezed in a vise."

"You'll get over it." George Kell found a straight-backed chair and brought it to the table. He tapped an ash from his cigarette and waited for Tanner to lift his eyes. The man kept his eyes on the cards. "Look at me," George Kell said then.

The eyes came up and stared at him. They were sick eyes in a white, sick face. The sum of this man's life was written in his face—good breeding blurred by moral bankruptcy. His father was a near-wealthy Eastern manufacturer; his mother, once socially prominent, was now a stage-struck scatter-wit. Tanner had been expelled from college in his third year because of an orgiastic party, and his father had disowned him for the same reason. His mother had supported him, unaware that she was supporting his corruption. Satiated with the ordinary, he had turned to the bizarre, and soon a girl was dead at his hands. The murder, still unsolved by the police, was the grip that George Kell had on him—a grip, he saw now, still unbroken.

"You'll be all right," George Kell said. "Take my word for it. A couple of days, that's all you need. I'll get you a drink now if you think you can handle it."

"Try me with a small one."

George Kell brought a bottle and a glass from a cabinet and poured a drink.

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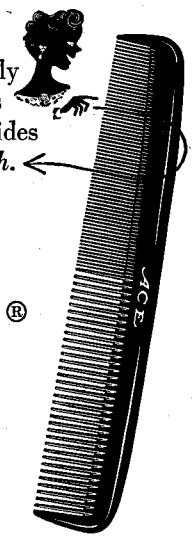

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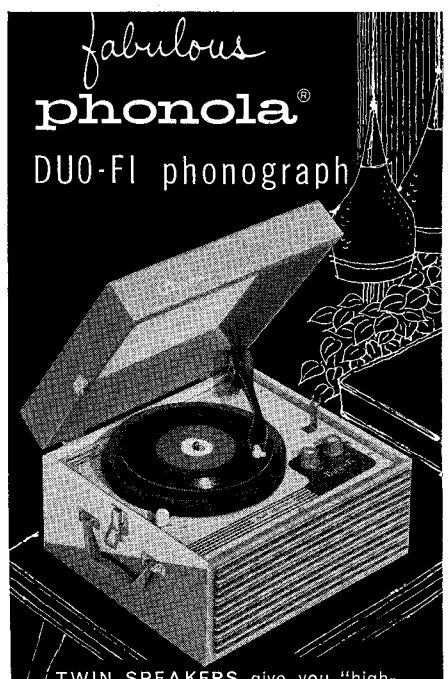

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He watched Tanner toss it down and hold it down. Then he said, "You may not like the work very much, but you're very efficient and completely lethal. My only concern is that you might have been seen."

"I wasn't." Tanner pushed the cards away and leaned back in his chair. "I used a car I found on the street, unlocked, with the keys in it. If anybody saw it and remembers it, a man by the name of William Bowens will have some explaining to do. I put the car back. He doesn't know it was gone. And nobody came near while I was in the lot."

"Good," George Kell said. He stubbed out the half-smoked cigarette, inserted a new one in the holder. "What about Asa and Art Barkley?"

"I gave them the pitch; they took off in a hurry. And it's six to two they're still out on Butte Road, waiting. To meet a guy who promises to give them a load of dirt on Morgan, they'll wait all night."

"Their car?"

"The wire's in it, along with the tape and side-cutter and the awl I used on the powder sticks. I put a little of the powder in the trunk for good measure."

"Gus' car?"

"It's rigged." Tanner poured himself another small drink. "Everything is all set. Now I've got something worrying me. You keep telling me how dumb Morgan is. Maybe he's too dumb. How do you know he's going to find the clues we planted? Find them, that is, before Gus and the Barkleys do."

"It's a chance we take," George Kell said. "But Gus has the obvious motive, the Barkleys do his work for him. It seems to me even a rookie cop would know enough to shake them down."

"Maybe. But me, I don't like to take chances I don't have to take. I like to save a little something to be sure." He took a penknife from his pocket and laid it on the table under the light. "So I saved this."

"What is it?"

"It's the snapper," Tanner said. "One blade is broken. I broke it cutting a hole in the floor mat for the wire. It was too dark to find the piece, but I'm glad I didn't. It must be still in the car or close by. Let's hope they find it."

George Kell's eyes held a hard shine. "Very good. They won't even need a microscope to match the broken pieces. The man who is caught with it in his possession will surely be convicted." He picked up the knife and rolled it on the palm of his hand. "I'll put it in the safe."

"Do," Tanner said. "Just so you keep it away from me. Like you say, that knife is a ticket to the gas chamber."

Morgan was in his office at police headquarters at five A.M. He was making a list of items found at the scene of the explosion: bits of fire-blackened metal, a short piece of insulated wire, some fragments of friction tape, a key, a piece of knife blade smeared with a black, rubbery substance, and a part of a steering wheel. A poor haul for a night's work. Johnny Crenshaw, lab man, bomb expert, would be hard put to contrive a miracle of these ingredients. Morgan lighted a cigarette he did not want. The telephone rang then.

"I ran into something." It was Sam Dente's voice. "A nasty piece of business. You better come over."

Morgan said, "Where are you?"

"In Gus Helm's office."

Morgan said, "What ——"

He stopped there, frowning. The phone had gone dead in his hand. Morgan swept the tagged articles into a desk drawer and locked it. He left the office at a run. There was a big, chrome-decorated police car at the curb in front of the station. Pete Groth was dozing at the wheel. Morgan shook him awake.

"The Pastime," he said. "Let's go!"

Westbury was an around-the-clock town, but this was the tired, slack end of the day. Only a few people were abroad on the streets. There were parking places to be had in front of the Pastime Club. Morgan had a look through the ground-floor windows as Pete Groth put the police car against the curb. A small crowd, but business as usual. No excitement. A drunk slept with his head pillowed on crossed arms. A floor man yawned and stretched in his tall chair.

Pete Groth, said "What—what's cookin'?"

"I need your gun," Morgan said.

"What for?"

"Insurance," Morgan said. "This was my night off. Mine's home in the dresser drawer." He leaned across the seat to take Groth's pistol from its holster—a flash job, a .38 on a .45 frame with ornately carved ivory grips. Groth's gun; it would have steer heads carved on the grips. "A pretty thing," Morgan said. "Will it shoot?"

Pete Groth said, "What do you want me to do?"

"Stand by." Morgan tucked the gun into his waistband. "Stay awake, if it's not too much trouble."

Morgan got out of the car and pushed through the heavy glass door of the Pastime Club. The floor man looked down from his tall chair, looked away. A couple of card games were going in one corner of the big room; some of the slot machines were getting a play. Morgan went through a door at the rear of the room, climbed a stairway to the second floor. Here two women were sitting at accounting machines—just sitting there. Morgan went past them quietly. He walked into Gus Helm's office without knocking.

And here was trouble—the smell and the taste of it. Sam Dente was standing a little way from Gus Helm's desk, facing the desk, and there was that about him that said he'd been standing there for a long time. His shirt was sweat-soaked between his shoulder blades. His hands were fists on his hips.

Morgan said, "What is it, Sam?"

Gus Helm was sitting at his desk, an angry, bristling boar of a man, his anger locked behind a face as stiff as a slab of granite. His hands lay on the desk top, open and empty, but there was a black .45 automatic on the blotter between his hands. His shirt sleeves had been rolled up on hairy arms. The tall windows that looked down on the parking lot back of the club were open to the morning wind. The room was cool, but Gus Helm's heavy face was oiled with sweat.

"What is it?" Morgan said again.

Dente said, "Gus wanted you here."

"All right," Morgan said. "I'm here."

He closed the door and moved into the room. He walked around Sam Dente to face the desk from a spot on Dente's right.

"He had to do it the hard way," Sam Dente said quietly. "He's had me under the gun for ten or fifteen minutes now. He said he'd shoot if I tried to leave."

Morgan said, "Is that true, Gus?"

"You heard him," Gus said.

"Front or back, he didn't care," Dente said. "All I had to do was reach for the door and I'd get it."

"Why?" Morgan said.

Gus Helm said, "He tried to steal my car."

"Not quite." Dente's voice was soft. "I want it, sure enough. It's parked in Gus' garage with one of Gus' special cops and one of our lads keeping an eye on it. I came up here to tell him I was going to take his car down to the station. He let me start to leave, then he pulled the gun."

Morgan said, "Do we need his car?"

"We do," Sam Dente said.

Gus Helm said, "Give me a reason."

"We been over that," Sam Dente said. "No reason, Gus. I'm not going to tell you anything." He was still facing the desk, leaning forward a little, moveless as stone, but poised and balanced, ready to move.

Gus said, "The town's fulla cars. Why pick mine?"

"You're just lucky," Dente said.

Morgan said, "Put the gun away, Gus."

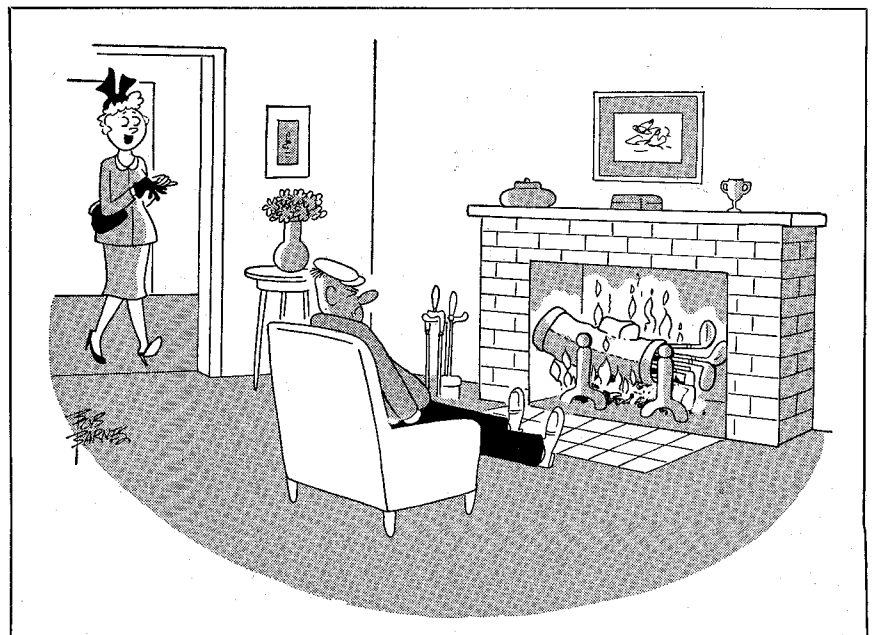
"No." Gus Helm lifted heavy shoulders, straightening, but he did not move his hands. "You don't push me. Badge or no badge, you don't push Gus Helm around."

"You're wide open," Morgan said. "Pulling a gun on a police officer, threatening an officer, interfering with the performance of his duty."

"Stealin' cars," Gus said. "Some duty!"

"Quit it!" Morgan said quietly. "You know better. Sam's working at his job. He says we need your car; that's good enough for me. We're going to take it, Gus. We'll give you a receipt. You'll get it back when we're through with it."

"Try," Gus said. "Somebody gets shot." (*Continued on Page 170*)



"How'd the game go?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 168*) "Not unless you're a fool," Morgan said.

"O.K.," Gus said. "I'm a fool."

"You can't win." Morgan's face was woodenly without expression. "This is no back-alley beef you can square by getting on the telephone. This is a big one, Gus. We had a murder a few hours ago. Have you heard about it?"

"Rumors," Gus said.

"You've heard about it," Morgan said. "Fred Hatfield was blown to pieces. Somebody put a bomb in his car, wired it to one of the spark plugs. Fred turned the switch and that was it."

"I heard a noise. I heard rumors."

"Did you do it?" Morgan said. "Did you have it done?"

Livid color came to Gus Helm's face. His hands twitched and then were still. "Cheap cops!" The words came at the end of his breath. "Morgan," he said, "I got some questions for you. The syndicate had a man in town lookin' around. How come you didn't do something about him? Whose payroll are you on? I got a good thing here, real good. The syndicate boys would like to move me out so they can move in. Maybe the boys on the coast sent you in to get rid of me."

"You know better," Morgan said.

"You can use money like anybody else," Gus said. "That badge don't make you smart and it don't make you honest." His lips curled. "Cops!" he said. "Half the cops in this town've had their hands in my pockets."

"Not Sam," Morgan said. "Not me."

"Maybe I didn't offer you enough," Gus said.

"The bomb was planted between ten-fifteen and eleven-twenty-three," Morgan said. "Where were you between ten-fifteen and eleven-twenty-three?"

"Here," Gus said.

Morgan said, "Where was Asa Barkley? Where was Art?"

"Ask them," Gus said.

"I'm asking you," Morgan said. "They're your men. They work for you seven days a week. Either of them could make a bomb. Years ago they spent a lot of time as powder monkeys on road-construction jobs."

"You want powder monkeys, try the air base," Gus said. "They're blasting down a butte out there. Take yourself a ride and you'll find a hundred powder monkeys."

"There's another lad who could make that bomb in his sleep," Morgan said. "Si Broom. Si was around your place a lot before I came to town. Where's Si now?"

"You keep comin' at me with that Si Broom." There was hate in Gus Helm's voice, his eyes. "I run a business, Morgan. Anybody's got a dollar to spend, he can spend it with me, no questions asked. I ain't interested in names. I don't know any Si Brooms!"

"What time is it?" Dente said. "Do you know that?"

Gus said, "I'm tellin' you! Get off my back!"

"We want your car," Morgan said quietly.

"It's clean," Gus said. "I'm clean. I been right here all night. My car ain't turned a wheel all night."

Morgan said, "Then you've nothing to worry about."

"You're tryin' to pin this thing on me—I got that to worry about." He wiped his lips with the back of his hand. "One of two reasons," he said. "You're stupid, stupid enough to figure I'd sail for a dumb play like this bombin', or you want me so bad you ain't goin' to look any farther."

"Wrong," Morgan said. "On both counts."

And now he knew why Gus had wanted him here. Rough and brutal, Gus wore the scars of a hundred barroom fights. He was no coward, but neither was he blind. He could see what Hatfield's death could mean to him. Alive, Fred Hatfield, well known, well loved, outspoken, had been only another enemy. Dead, he could become a symbol, a weapon of destruction in Morgan's hands. Gus Helm feared nothing he could see, but there was much in the shadows here. What was Morgan trying to do? Why did Dente and Morgan want his car? Gus, innocent or guilty, was a man looking into the rifle muzzles of a firing squad. Fred Hatfield's death could very well mean the end of him.

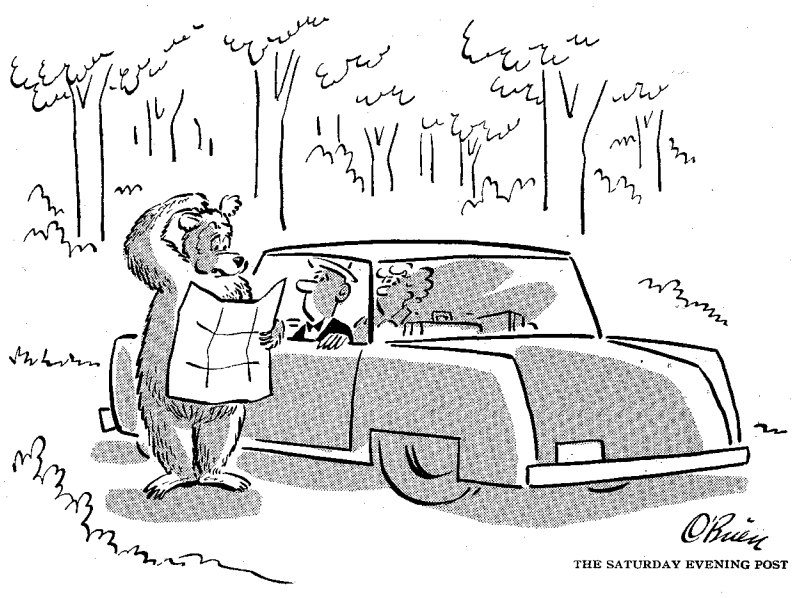
"Listen to me," Gus said. "Listen hard. I'm clean, all the way clean; get that in your head. Fred Hatfield was no friend of mine, but if you got so much as an ounce of brains you'll see I'm the last guy to want him killed."

Morgan said, "So?"

"So take the car," Gus said. "I'll give you a release, you give me a receipt. I was goin' to make you tell me why you want it. I changed my mind. You find anything in my car, it's something you or your boys put there." He lifted one hand slowly to point a finger at Morgan. "I'm warnin' you! You're not goin' to frame me for something I didn't do. Cop or no cop, you come for me, you better come with a gun in your hand. I'll shoot the man who tries to frame me, cop or no cop. You hear that?"

"I heard it," Morgan said.

TO BE CONTINUED



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Strange Alliance in the Kremlin

(Continued from Page 37)

author or anybody else could have guessed six years ago. The Times correspondent was thinking only of military matters when he called Marshal Zhukov "Russia's Eisenhower." He meant that the Soviet commander was preparing the Red Army for any eventuality, just as General Eisenhower was then preparing N.A.T.O. armies which he had organized in Europe. But these two professional soldiers were destined to play far more influential roles in their respective countries than either of them could anticipate in 1951. The American five-star general had not yet decided to become a candidate for the presidency, and Marshal Zhukov, although Stalin was using him during Russia's years of danger, was kept out of public sight until the dictator died.

Russia's most popular soldier, like General Eisenhower, did not deliberately seek political power. Yet he was fated, like his American wartime counterpart, to reach the summit of world politics. Today, Marshal Zhukov is playing a unique role in Soviet Russia. He is the first career army officer to sit in the supercabinet of the all-powerful Communist Party—its eleven-member Presidium. In addition, as Defense Minister, he directs Russia's combined army, navy and air force. Since Stalin's death early in 1953, the Red Army, under Zhukov's leadership, has become by all odds the most powerful organization in Russia outside of the Communist Party itself. The Red Army's political influence has mounted so high that during all the post-Stalin crises Marshal Zhukov has wielded the balance of power. He has been the kingmaker who assured victory for party boss Nikita Khrushchev in the dizzy series of Kremlin palace putsches which reached a climax last July.

Soviet politics is so much like an old-fashioned ten-twenty-thirty melodrama that most Americans probably are getting bored with it. The complicated plots and counterplots which have kept the Soviet empire in an uproar for decades are so shocking and confusing to Americans that many of us would like to forget the Moscow conspirators. Unfortunately that is not possible, because Russia and the United States are the only two superpowers in this nuclear age. A third world war would inevitably involve them both.

So Washington policy makers have been following with the closest attention Marshal Zhukov's plunge into Soviet politics and the Red Army's spectacularly expanding powers in the Soviet system. This is a subject in which President Eisenhower has a strong personal interest. He has repeatedly discussed publicly and privately the friendly relationship he formed with Marshal Zhukov while they were serving together during several postwar months in occupied Germany. The two old soldiers renewed this acquaintance in 1955 at the Big Four Geneva Conference. Recently the President revealed that he is still giving a great deal of thought to his discussions with Marshal Zhukov. He is well aware of the great gulf separating him and the Red marshal. The two men are products of political and economic systems of polar extremes. Yet their common military training and experience did create a bond between them in 1945. The President has been wondering out loud whether this personal acquaintance might somehow help to prevent another world war, now *that Zhukov has attained almost as much* influence in Russia as the President has in the United States.

Stimulated by Mr. Eisenhower's interest, American governmental and private intelligence organizations have been making fresh analyses of the new powers of Marshal Zhukov and the Red Army. This article will undertake to summarize the American conclusions, some of which are published here for the first time. Our investigators can be fairly confident about their facts, because the Kremlin is less mysterious than it has been for decades. Numerous peepholes have opened in the Iron Curtain, especially through such restless Communist countries as Poland and Yugoslavia. And the savage quarrels among Stalin's associates since his death have produced many significant disclosures. But even though so many new facts are known, every Russian specialist has learned from experience that attempts to add up Russian facts can be embarrassing. The speculations of rash commentators have blown up in their faces. It is possible that some details of the dramatic story related here may be out of date before it gets into print.

However, last July's crisis has convinced a number of leading American analysts that the Red Army's intervention is producing a more predictable pattern in Soviet politics. They have decided that the Army's political maneuvers since 1953 have followed a master plan, brilliantly conceived and executed. The chief architect of this plan is believed to be not Zhukov, but his most intimate associate, Marshal Vasili Sokolovsky, the army's Chief of Staff for almost five years.

Throughout the war Sokolovsky was Zhukov's chief of staff, and after the war he served first as Zhukov's deputy in occupied Germany, and then as his successor. More Americans have worked closely with Marshal Sokolovsky than with any other Red Army chief, and the Americans who watched him in action for years have told me that he is the most underestimated Russian leader. He and Zhukov, having worked together over a period of at least eighteen years, complement each other perfectly. Zhukov is the military genius, but Sokolovsky is considered the master strategist in political as well as military affairs.

Marshal Sokolovsky was Gen. Lucius Clay's opposite number on the Allied Control Council in Berlin for almost three years. He mixed socially with Americans more freely than any other Russian commander—even after Stalin shelved Marshal Zhukov in 1946, and it was rumored that Zhukov's friendliness with Americans had been partly responsible for his exile. Sokolovsky demonstrated unshaken self-confidence. He accepted invitations to informal dinner parties in American homes, and he and his wife exchanged a number of social visits with General and Mrs. Clay almost up to the period of the Berlin Blockade in 1948. Only then did Clay and Sokolovsky become undisguised antagonists. Marshal Sokolovsky directed and probably suggested the blockade, and General Clay brilliantly frustrated it with the air lift. That duel in Berlin may well have prevented World War III by demonstrating America's formidable air power to the Russians.

So the Americans who associated with Sokolovsky in Germany learned to respect his tough-minded ability, and they were not surprised when it was revealed in February, 1953, that he had become the Red Army's chief of staff. That became known only nine days before Stalin's fatal illness was announced. The secretive manner in which Marshal Sokolovsky assumed this powerful post did not attract much attention at the time, because the Russians often act secretively for no particular reason. Foreigners in Moscow learned of Sokolovsky's appointment only when invitations were issued to a Red Army reception in the name of the new chief of staff. But since last July's crisis, this 1953 episode has been recalled and restudied. It suggests, when connected with recent developments in the Kremlin, that Marshals Sokolovsky and Zhukov may have formed a secret working agreement with Nikita Khrushchev even before Stalin died.

The possibility that a Zhukov-Sokolovsky-Khrushchev triumvirate has been taking shape for many years is supported by the revelations of a remarkable book published recently in France which has not yet appeared in America. Its author, French journalist Victor Alexandrov, has made an exhaustive study of Khrushchev's associations with the Red Army, and his book contains much hitherto-unpublished material. He describes one incident during the decisive Battle of Stalingrad in 1942-43 which, he says, cemented relations between Zhukov and Khrushchev.

Marshal Zhukov and his chief of staff planned that prolonged battle following their triumphant defense of Moscow. But during its closing stages they were removed, and not long afterward reappeared in beleaguered Leningrad. It has previously been assumed that Stalin transferred Zhukov to Leningrad only after victory in Stalingrad was assured. But Alexandrov's book declares that Zhukov and Sokolovsky were under a cloud when they were relieved at Stalingrad. Their fellow commander, the Polish-born General Rokossovsky, complained to Stalin that Zhukov had inadvertently given away to the Germans the Stalingrad defense plans. He had done this by stationing the same units under the same commanders in such a way that the Germans would know that the Moscow plan was being duplicated at Stalingrad. So Rokossovsky was left in sole command to accept the German surrender at Stalingrad, and for a brief period Zhukov and Sokolovsky did not know what might happen to them.

Nikita Khrushchev was the Communist Party's representative at Stalingrad, with direct access to Stalin at all times. The French journalist reports that he stuck out his neck by rushing to Moscow to defend Zhukov. His vigorous intervention persuaded Stalin to put the Zhukov-Sokolovsky team in charge of Leningrad's defense, which they accomplished with brilliance. From that point onward they directed one great victory after another, culminating in the Battle of Berlin. Marshal Rokossovsky's version of this incident was given in his memoirs published in Russia in 1947.

Marshal Zhukov is the kind of man who would never forget such a favor, especially when it came at a crucial point in his personal fortunes. He also had other reasons for believing that Khrushchev was more sympathetic than other top Communist politicians to Zhukov personally and to the Red Army's professional soldiers. Time and again during the war the Zhukov-Sokolovsky team clashed with party commissars attached to their headquarters when the commissars attempted to interfere with military plans. These commissars really were policemen, assigned to watch and remove officers suspected of disloyalty. Zhukov threw out a number of the commissars, bluntly charging that they endangered military efficiency. As the member of the Kremlin hierarchy assigned to Zhukov's command, Khrushchev had to defend the marshal's behavior to Stalin repeatedly, with obvious success. Zhukov

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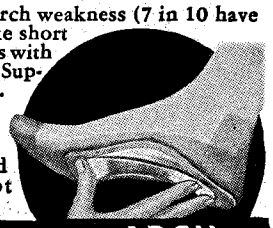

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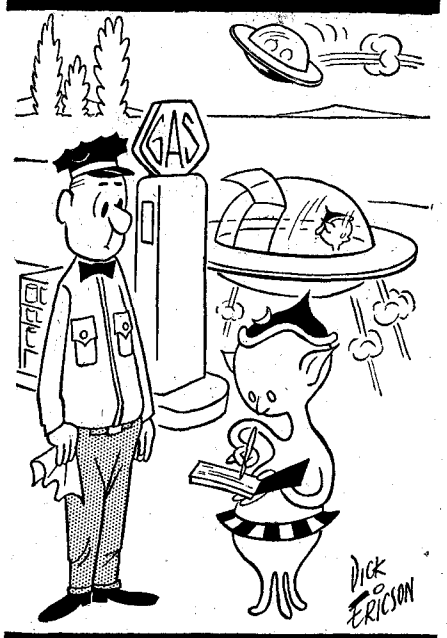

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emerged from the war in high favor not only with the Russian public but also with Stalin. When General Eisenhower visited Moscow as Stalin's official guest in August, 1945, Zhukov was his escort. The American noted that Zhukov was "included in every conversation I had with Stalin, and the two spoke to each other on terms of intimacy and cordiality."

But only a few months later Stalin decided that the Russian public was getting too fond of the victorious Red Army chiefs, and of Marshal Zhukov most of all. The same propaganda machine which had built them up during the war now began to tear them down. The Soviet press and Communist historians pictured Stalin as the strategic genius who planned all the great campaigns, with the help of party politicians. The Red Army and its commanders were largely ignored during the four years between mid-1946 and the Korean war. On the third anniversary of the Battle of Berlin, Russia's leading newspaper, Pravda, commemorated the victory without even mentioning that Zhukov directed it. This injustice to the great war leader was not corrected even after Stalin put Zhukov back on the General Staff in 1950. The Soviet press ignored him as long as Stalin lived, although after the Korean outbreak Stalin repeatedly had himself photographed surrounded by other Red Army marshals.

Then came the mysterious period of Stalin's last illness and death. Kremlin politicians have plotted murderously against one another so often, and told so many obvious lies about their plots, that the outside world never knows just what to believe about their conspiracies. But when Stalin died there was one organization in Russia whose leaders were not conspiring against one another, and that was the Red Army. Its most successful wartime commanders had survived, and after 1950 Stalin had reassembled them in Moscow. But apparently it was only after Stalin became too ill to know what was happening that Marshal Sokolovsky assumed the army's top post. Who was responsible for his appointment? That has never been revealed. Perhaps this was the first move of the Zhukov-Sokolovsky-Khrushchev triumvirate.

Ever since Sokolovsky took over the army during Stalin's last days, the army has been the great stabilizing force in Russia. Apparently the army alone has prevented the savage competition among Communist politicians from getting completely out of hand. There is little doubt now that the army's maneuvers have followed a bold long-range plan, probably worked out during Stalin's lifetime. Some American observers are convinced that the Zhukov-Sokolovsky team, which planned so many great wartime campaigns, also devised the political campaign which may prove to be their masterpiece as a contribution to Russia's national existence. The team's co-ordination seems to have been perfect. Sokolovsky has been content to remain far in the background, as he did during the war. After last July's crisis, when every American commentator was speculating about Russian developments, I did not notice any mention whatever of Sokolovsky's probable influence upon events. Marshal Zhukov was the publicized member of the team, as usual, immensely popular with the Russian public and his fellow officers. His political advancement seems to be one part of the army's plan, and the virtual invisibility of Chief of Staff Sokolovsky also seems to have been agreed upon.

It is only now, looking back, that the adroitness with which the Red Army has assumed political power in Russia becomes clear. It has come about through a series of steps, each of which took advantage of anticipated quarrels among Stalin's associates. Three of these steps have been particularly important. The first came in 1953, a few months after Stalin died, when the Red Army got a chance to shatter the power of its most hated rival, Stalin's police. This organization has been known at various times as the Cheka, the Gay-pay-oo, the NKVD and the Ministry of Internal Security. Stalin's police became even more powerful and sinister than the Gestapo in Germany. They made wholesale arrests without specific charges, and their political and other prisoners at one time numbered at least 20,000,000 men and women. These prisoners constituted such a huge labor force that it was estimated the police once operated and controlled almost one half of Soviet industry. Stalin also used his police for the terrible purges, including those of the Red Army.

I worked as a reporter in Moscow during the worst of those purges, in 1936 and 1937. Almost every Russian we knew disappeared during those terrorizing years, and not even their relatives knew whether they had been exiled, imprisoned or shot. The Red Army was one of the main targets and thousands of its officers were victims, including at least 300 generals. During the purges we correspondents were invited to several official receptions which Red Army chiefs were forced to attend. I shall never forget the looks on their faces. Every day some of their friends and close associates were being shot, and they could not know who would be doomed next. It was painful to watch them trying to act nonchalant.

The Red Army and police were bitter rivals, even though the chiefs of both were members of the Communist Party. The two armed organizations not only contended for power, but their programs conflicted. The army wanted a popular regime, assuring wide support for the armed forces. The hated police made the regime unpopular. Moreover, the police organization penetrated the army, so that commanders never knew who might be its agents. The police redoubled their activities during the Red Army's European conquests, and after World War II hundreds of thousands of combat soldiers became forced laborers in prison camps.

So the Red Army's first major move after Stalin died was not surprising. It participated in the arrest and execution of Stalin's last police chief, Beria, and his principal assistants. The army accomplished this very smoothly by surrounding Beria's headquarters in Moscow and other principal (*Continued on Page 174*)

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Job, a mountaineer, was mighty proud of his nephew Zeke's shooting ability. He boasted about it until some other mountaineers dared him to do a William Tell act. Undaunted, trusting Job put an apple on his head and commanded Zeke to blaze away. Just as Zeke squeezed his pistol trigger, the apple began to slip. Job instinctively threw back his head to balance it. The bullet caught him smack between the eyes. That was the end of Job. His widow tried to collect double indemnity on a $1000 life-insurance policy on the ground that his death was "accidental." When the insurance company declined to pay, she sued for the extra $1000.

"Zeke didn't mean to shoot my husband," she contended. "It was all a tragic mistake and pure accident."

"Zeke may not have intended to shoot Job, but his unfortunate death cannot be termed accidental," the insurance company replied. "He deliberately and knowingly took a chance of getting killed."

If you were the judge, would you give the widow $1000 or $2000?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The widow got only $1000. The court ruled that the death was not an accident, but was "the natural and foreseeable result of a voluntary, unusual and unnecessary act . . . target practice with a pistol and with an apple sitting on the head of a human being as the target. . . . One who volunteers with his head for such an experience must anticipate injury. . . ."

Based upon a 1956 Tennessee decision.

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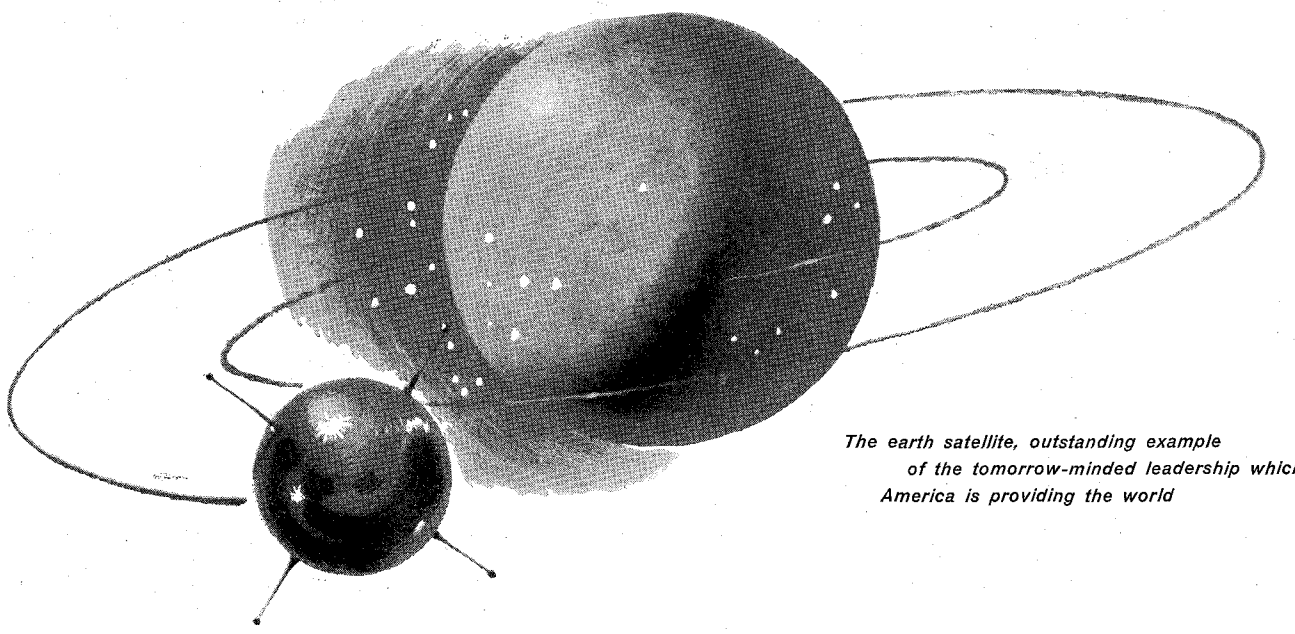

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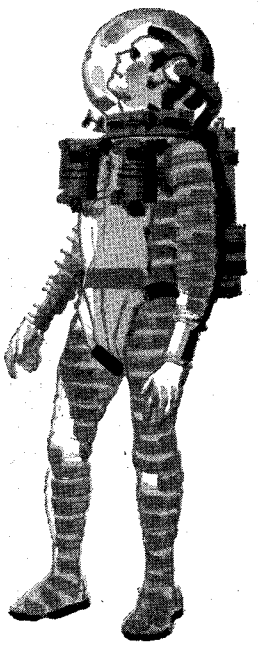

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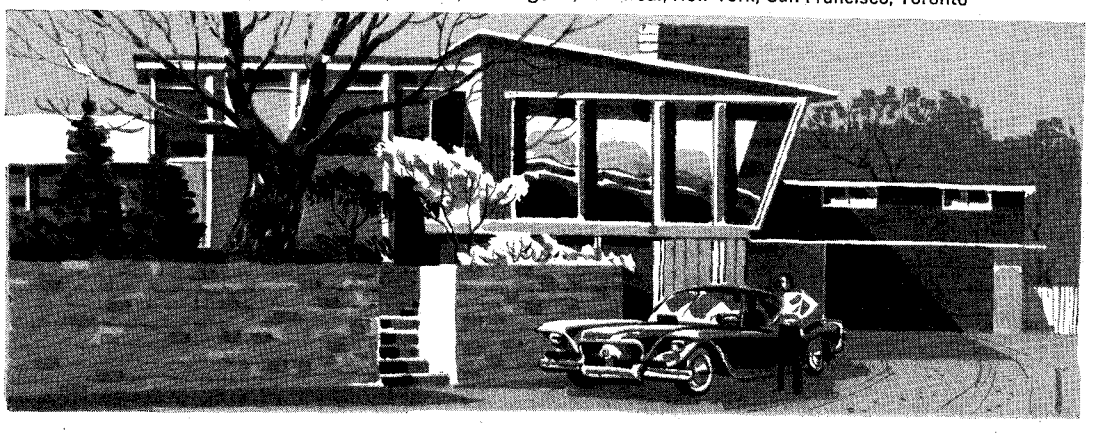

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(*Continued from Page 172*) cities. This move obviously had been prearranged in great detail, with Chief of Staff Sokolovsky co-operating with Kremlin politicians. After the police organization's heads had been chopped off and its power deflated, Marshal Zhukov was openly presented as the army's candidate for political advancement. He was first named deputy Defense Minister under Khrushchev's partner, Bulganin, then he became Defense Minister when Bulganin became Premier. Meanwhile the police organization was being rapidly reduced to manageable proportions. Several of its main prison camps were closed and many thousand ex-soldier prisoners were released. The vast industrial enterprises so long run by the police with prison labor were shifted to civilian ministries or the defense industries operated directly by the army.

It should be made clear that the Red Army has not tried to abolish the political police entirely. The Soviet system has remained uncompromisingly totalitarian despite all the recent changes, and its power still depends upon police controls. Marshals Zhukov and Sokolovsky, together with all other Red Army chiefs, have never shown any indication that they oppose the Communist Party dictatorship. But under Stalin the Ministry of Internal Security became an armed force which could, and twice did, chastise and purge the Red Army with impunity. In the 1930's and again after World War II, Stalin used his police force to humiliate and harass the Red Army. Since his death the army chiefs have sought to arrange matters so that this can never happen again.

This reorganization of Russia's policemen required more than two years, because under Stalin they had penetrated every phase of Soviet life. But the task was completed by the end of 1955, and the army's combat chiefs were ready to deflate another hated rival, the army's so-called Political Administration. This section of the army was really part of Stalin's internal spy system, and he had entrusted its direction during the war to the present Soviet Premier, Bulganin. When some of Zhukov's ablest officers were denounced as "security risks" during the war by the Political Administration, Zhukov demanded and obtained their reinstatement after heated disputes with Bulganin. After the war, Bulganin continued to direct the Political Administration, when it conducted widespread purges of combat officers. So Red Army chiefs had very good reasons for disliking Bulganin, and his recent ostentatious downgrading came as no surprise to observers who had noted the army's rising political influence. One eminent authority on Soviet affairs, Boris Nicolaevsky, writing in The New Leader magazine, predicted Bulganin's downfall last April, three months before the July crisis. Apparently that was one price the Zhukov-Sokolovsky combination demanded for its continued support of Khrushchev.

However that may be, Marshal Zhukov personally led the campaign to deflate the Kremlin spies in the army, who were untouched for three years after Stalin's death, still directed by Bulganin. Up to the winter of 1955, Red Army chiefs were still under constant surveillance, as they have been ever since the Bolshevik revolution. But in January, 1956, the Zhukov-Sokolovsky team struck at this second rival. At a Moscow meeting of army commanders Zhukov denounced the activities of the Political Administration in the presence of its chief, Colonel General Zheltov, an old Bulganin protégé. The completeness of Zhukov's victory was shown when all members of the Political Administration were eliminated, for the first time in decades, from the party Central Committee. They were replaced by combat career officers.

That set the stage for what may prove to be the army's greatest triumph, and the third step in its master plan. Last July the world's news spotlight centered for weeks on the Kremlin, when it was revealed that Khrushchev had emerged the victor in a knock-down-and-drag-out battle with several of Stalin's most durable associates, headed by two former premiers, Molotov and Malenkov, and the veteran industrial trouble-shooter Lazar Kaganovich. As usual, the real causes of this conflict were obscured by the wild accusations of the victor against his conquered opponents, some of which were patently false. Such antics became standard Kremlin practice decades ago.

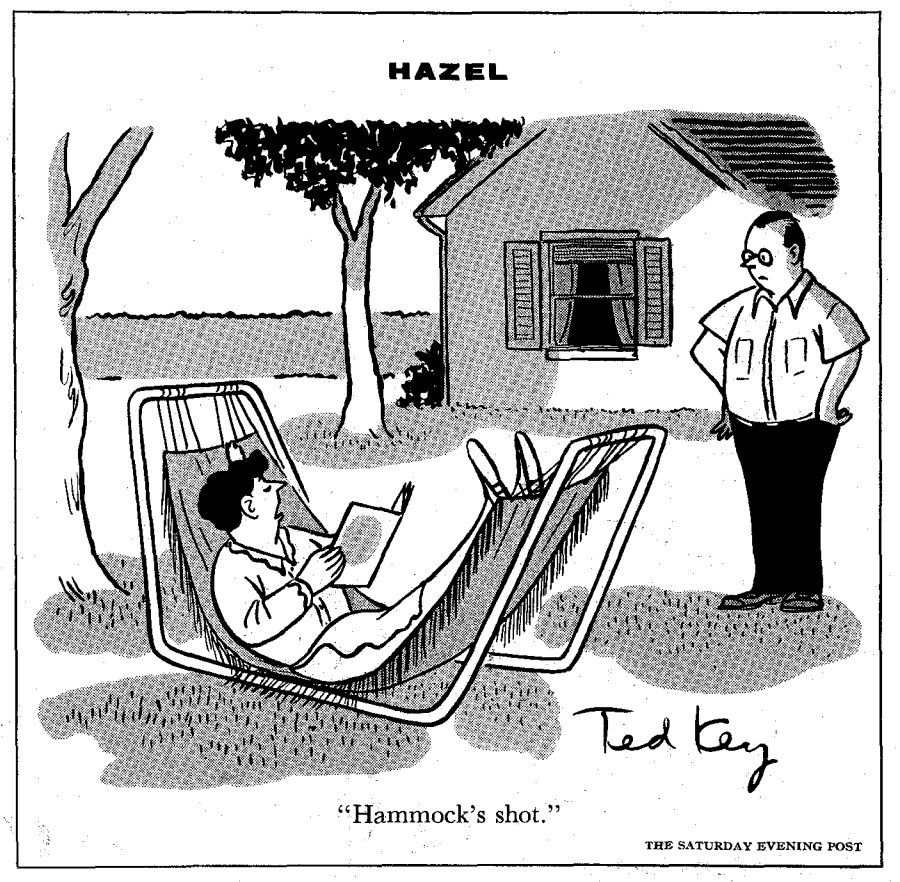
But several undisputed facts emerged from the thick smoke screen thrown up around last July's crisis. One fact was that Khrushchev had come out on top only because the Red Army threw its weight behind him. Another fact was that the army gained far more than any other group during this crisis. Marshal Zhukov was elevated to the party Presidium as a full member, and the army won what may prove to be permanent control of heavy industry. This economic victory has not attracted as much attention abroad as its importance merits. The issue was extremely complicated and the Soviet press, which was controlled by Khrushchev, deliberately made it more confusing.

What really happened was this: Last March, Khrushchev proposed a drastic decentralization of Soviet industry for the alleged purpose of increasing industrial efficiency. But his rivals knew very well that this scheme was aimed at them, and would give Khrushchev vast additional powers at their expense. It would do this by transferring industrial controls from managers of the huge state corporations in Moscow to a hundred regional offices. This would enable the Communist Party machine to control the managers. The party machine was solidly controlled by Khrushchev, whereas the industrial managers were not. If Khrushchev's Kremlin rivals had accepted this scheme without a struggle, it would have meant unconditional surrender. So they decided to fight, and might have won if Zhukov and the Red Army had not intervened.

Why did the Red Army support Khrushchev in this conflict? The possible personal reasons already have been cited. But in addition the army reaped enormous profits from Khrushchev's victory. The Khrushchev plan abolished twenty-five economic ministries in Moscow. But a new Ministry of Defense Industry was created, insuring that all ministries connected with the army and navy would remain intact. The army took over a vast economic realm of its own, including the machine-tool, machine-building and nuclear-energy industries. The whole of Soviet industry thus became largely dependent upon the army, just as it once was dependent upon Stalin's police.

It can be clearly seen that the Red Army, in the four years since it participated in the overthrow of Stalin's police organization and the execution of its chiefs, has gradually accumulated vast new powers. Its leadership during these years has been inspired. It has taken advantage of every feud among the Kremlin politicians to fortify its own position. Having acquired a virtual monopoly of armed might in Russia, it was then able to uproot Kremlin spies in its own ranks—the political commissars. And finally, only this summer, it began to become an independent industrial power, with a controlling voice in all Soviet industrial operations. Today the Red Army has achieved the status of a "state within a state," probably more independent of political controls than any other army anywhere.

How does the army propose to use this influence? So far, there is not the slightest indication that its chiefs, headed by Marshal Zhukov, are seeking a military dictatorship. Apparently they have gone as far as they care to go. They have nothing to gain by making further formal changes in the Soviet form of government. The Red Army's present role has been compared to that of the German General Staff under the Weimar Republic between world wars, but there is one great difference. The Red Army has had enough experience with totalitarian politicians not to let itself be subjugated again by any Hitler or any Stalin.



"Hammock's shot."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The alliance between the Zhukov-Sokolovsky team and Nikita Khrushchev has persisted through all the Kremlin feuds since 1953 because it has been mutually profitable. Neither could have got where he is today without the other's support. The record presents impressive evidence that this triumvirate was formed, at least tentatively, before Stalin died. The Red Army chiefs apparently concluded that Khrushchev was their best bet because, among the top Communist politicians, he seemed to be the most flexible, apparently more aware than the old guard that Russia's national security demanded drastic changes in Stalin's policies, internally and externally. So the Red Army chiefs put their chips on Khrushchev, and the bet paid off for them.

While preparing this article, I discussed the latest developments in Russia with two of President Eisenhower's advisers who became acquainted with Marshal Zhukov in occupied Germany and met him again ten years later at the Geneva Conference. I asked them, "Do you think it would be misleading to describe Zhukov again today as 'Russia's Eisenhower'?"

Both of them replied emphatically that it certainly would be misleading because the characters of the two soldier politicians are worlds apart. Marshal Zhukov still gives every indication of being a devout Communist as well as a Russian patriot, and he and Sokolovsky undoubtedly fully supported and probably insisted upon the brutal suppression of Hungarian rebels last autumn.

However, after some thought, one of the advisers added, "Perhaps it would not be misleading to say that Zhukov may be the nearest Soviet Russian equivalent to an Eisenhower."

He declared that the President's intense desire to prevent a nuclear war with Russia explains his continued interest in the personal relationship he once established with the Red marshal. It explains why Mr. Eisenhower has endeavored to maintain that relationship, not only by the meeting in 1955 but by private correspondence which the President has assured the Russian will be made public. My informant concluded, "From what we know of them, Zhukov and Sokolovsky are a restraining influence in Russia, because they know enough of the outside world to be pretty sure that Russia would lose a war with the United States, today or in the foreseeable future."

Thus Marshal Zhukov's plunge into Soviet politics, starting at about the time that General Eisenhower became President, has meant the elevation, in both the world's superpowers, of professional soldiers who are opposed to an all-out American-Russian war, although for different reasons. The President and his advisers have no illusions that this means the end of the cold war or even more favorable prospects for disarmament. A high-ranking American general told me recently, "We do not expect the Red Army chiefs to approve any large-scale disarmament. Soldiers never think they have enough of anything, whether they are Russian or American."

But the Red Army's greatly expanded political influence, which promises to persist, should be a comparatively conservative influence in Russia. The Hungarian revolution and the Polish rebellion showed how dangerously overextended Russian military commitments are. The army's high command is in the best position to judge that danger. So the Red Army's program, according to most American estimates, is based upon at least twenty years without another all-out war. THE END

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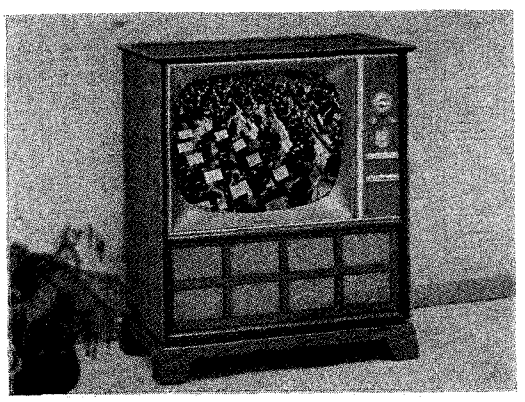

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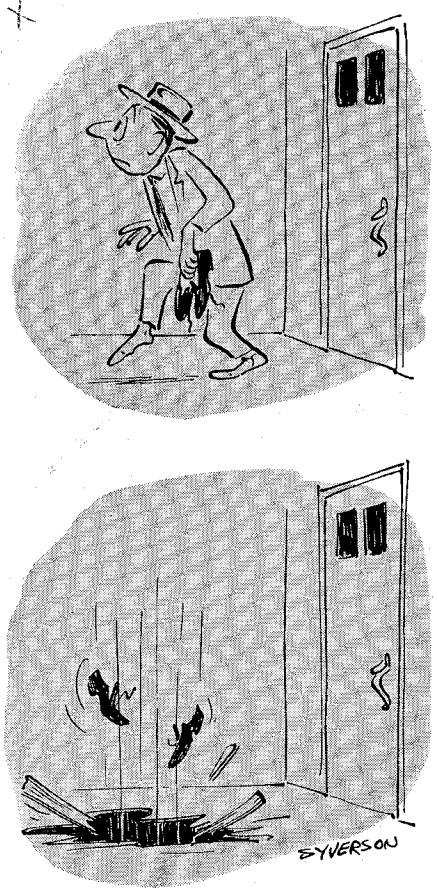

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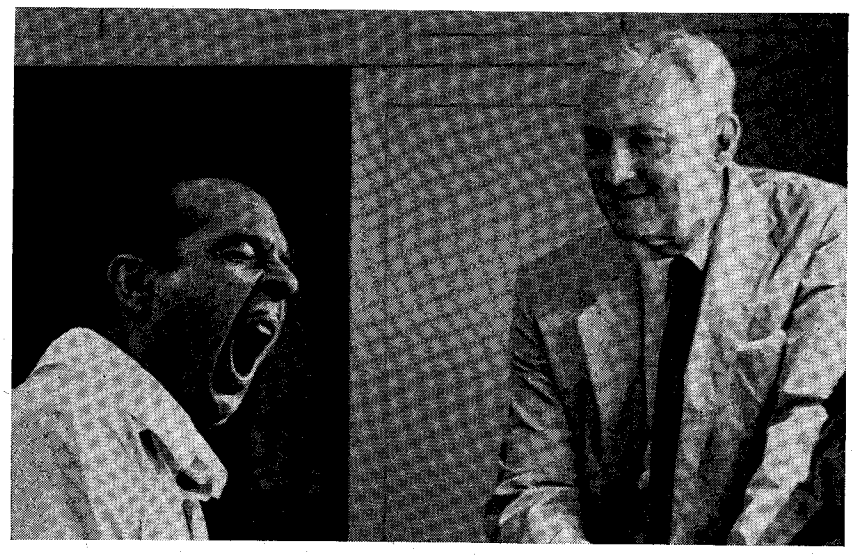

Ernie Ford yawns during Pete Martin call: later, weary Ford gave up morning shows.

All right, let's do it. "**Mr. Martin,** is there any marginal comment you'd like to make about your call on Tennessee Ernie Ford, page 34?"

"As a matter of fact, there is. In boiling down my interview material, I wasn't able to mention the very close friendship that for years has existed between Ernie and his manager, Cliffie Stone—the only contract they ever had was a handshake. I met Cliffie at a rehearsal. Physically, he's big in all directions; about 36 ax handles wide and looks like a barn door before the horse is stole. That crack is a Martinism, not a Fordism—now he's got me doing it."

"Mr. Martin, how does a barn door look after the horse is stole?"

"About two inches thick, because you're looking at it open. Well, Cliffie is a quiet guy and he didn't talk about himself, but Ernie talked about him. Way back when Ernie was disk jockeying in San Bernardino, Cliffie had a show at the same station, and they met and hit it off the way they are still hitting it off. Presently, when Ernie got his first bid to do a night-club show, he said to Cliffie, 'I don't know how much to ask for. Why don't you be my manager?' Cliffie answered, 'But I never managed anybody.' And Ford said, 'I've never had a manager, so we'll be starting even.' Then, the durable handshake."

"Mr. Martin, was Tennessee easy to call on?"

"For the first few minutes he was kind of shy, but after he learned that I came from Virginia, not too far from his Tennessee home, and we got talking about childhood days, he was as relaxed as maple syrup on corncakes. As for me, you might say I was pickin' cotton off my tongue."

Life Among the Authors

After researching a Southern religious sect which tests its faith by handling venomous snakes, **John Kobler,** page 26, returned to his Connecticut home in a crawly condition. When he started writing in his work-cottage, near a dense woods, he didn't know that a large black snake had slithered up on his doorstep to sun itself. He knew when he opened the door, for the creature, before leaving, had shed its skin there. Although a black snake wouldn't harm Kobler a bit, he then felt still crawlier, but his small daughters felt fine, for they operate an amateur natural-history museum.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Stern.

One day **Richard Stern** was watching the Battle of Flowers, a pleasant festival in Nice, and the cantankerous thought occurred to him that it was just too—well, innocent. "The underhand toss of little bouquets or the overhand push shots like patty-cake tennis, everybody smiling and polite, no wolf calls at the pretty girls—in fact, not even a single moppet stuffing a rock in a bouquet to see what happens when he heaves it. Well, take this flower battle, and suppose there's an ex-ballplayer ——". Writers get plots in bizarre ways, don't they? Page 32.

The Lady is an Able Seaman

Eve Fischer, of Bucks County, Pennsylvania, wrote mostly on medical subjects until she took a vacation trip on a cargo vessel, and since then she has spent part of each year riding "freighters," writing about their problems, and picking up occasional off-beat themes—see page 46. "My husband (artist Otto Fischer) knows what it's like to be married to a sailor!" At first, mariners weren't sure this woman could really understand their business, but one day at sea, when her ship passed another she had written about, "our captain signaled that I was aboard and—sweet glory—the other ship dipped her flag to me!" That night, at a party, she was given a certificate of rating: Able Seaman, 1st Class.

Otto and Eve Fischer.

Mrs. Fischer is a photographer, too, as the color pictures with her article demonstrate. Also she's a musician, teaming with mystery writer Evelyn Berckman in two-piano recitals of Bach programs. Otherwise she has nothing to do.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"They Befriend the Mentally Ill"

Just by being friendly, volunteers from college campuses are rescuing mental patients from the abyss of loneliness. And the doctors themselves warmly approve this effective therapy.

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